he Saturday Evening Post · July 31, 1965 · 25¢

POST

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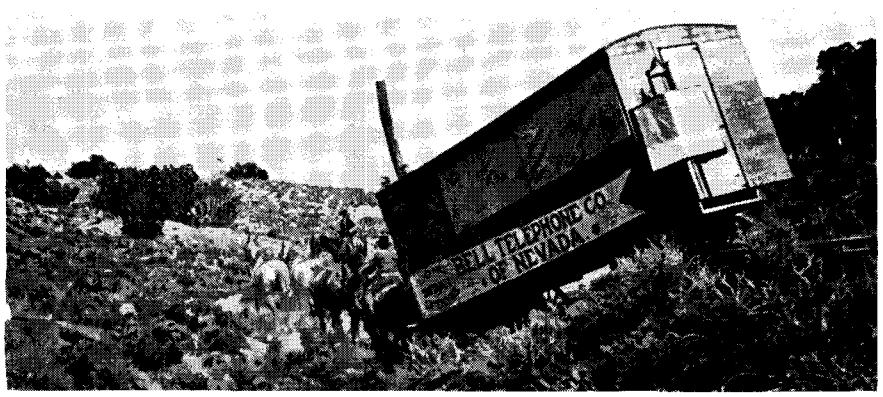
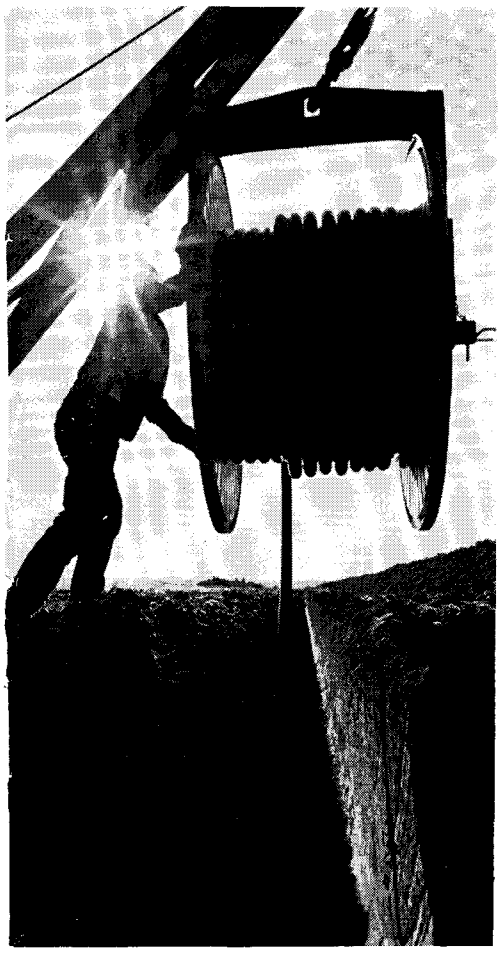
50 years ago a transcontinental phone call took 23 minutes to complete



Installers of the first transcontinental telephone line had to surmount hardships of windstorm, ice and scorching heat combined with rugged country.

The first open wire line (linked here at the Nevada-Utah border) could carry only three calls and was vulnerable to interruptions.

TODAY, WHEN YOU DIAL IT YOURSELF, THAT SAME CALL GOES THROUGH IN ABOUT 25 SECONDS (and costs about one-tenth the price)



Telephone service has come a long way since that historic call in 1915. It has grown in scope from 9,000,000 phones and a single open line spanning the continent to 88,000,000 phones and a huge network of several hundred thousand channels including 24,000 that cross the continent, via several different routes, from the east to the west coast.

Accomplishment has been the keynote since the first coast-to-coast telephone call. Improvements in local exchanges and Long Distance circuits have led to better and more efficient telephone service.

These developments have been effective in reducing the cost of calls. Fifty years ago, the cost of a three-minute call from New York to San Francisco was $20.70. Today, that same call costs you as little as $1. (Rate for 3-minute, station-to-station call, after 8 P.M. and all day Sunday, plus tax.)

And still the future is full of promise. New phones will be introduced, technology will be improved and advances made that will open up a whole new world of communications.

One of our newest routes is a blast-resistant cable that can handle over 9000 multi-channel conversations.

Today, 30,000 calls a day are completed quickly and easily between New York and the west coast and Long Distance is truly "the next best thing to being there."

Bell System
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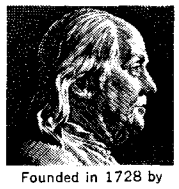
The Saturday Evening
POST



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About this issue

For correspondent TAD SZULC (pronounced Shultz), the crisis in the Dominican Republic was the climax of 10 years of covering Latin America for *The New York Times*. Since the completion of his article, he has been reassigned to Madrid. Szulc was joined in Santo Domingo by photographer I. C. RAPOPORT, who spent much of his time "running and dropping hard on the ground or behind walls, tires, barrels and trucks" to avoid sniper fire while attempting to photograph the rebellion. . . . The Fischer quintuplets treat editor-at-large JOHN BIRD just like one of the family. Bird has visited them frequently since their birth, often has them on his lap, but he still has difficulty telling them apart./Cover photo by WAYNE MILLER.

Tad Szulc

John Bird and friends

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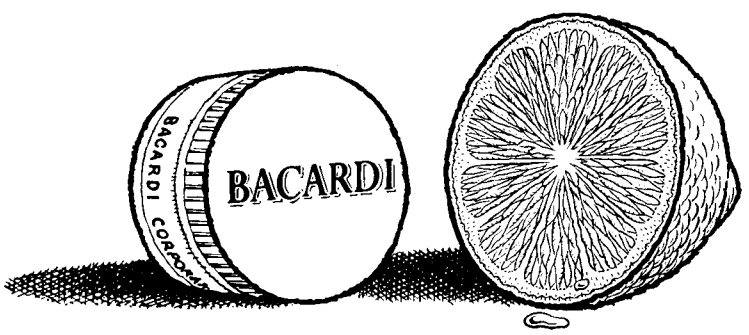

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Here's a tip on the winning combination for perfect Daiquiris

Lady Luck doesn't have to be on your side. Just Light Bacardi Rum. (The recipe's on the bottle.) Smooth, dry, light-bodied Bacardi and lemon or lime juice are *always* a winsome twosome. In fact, the *original* Daiquiri was made with Bacardi — and the best still are. So pick up a bottle of Bacardi — you'll have a born winner on your hands!

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Letters

Imperialism

For too long I've wanted to read what James Morris has said so well in LONG LIVE IMPERIALISM [July 3].

In 1947 I drove from a South China border village to Hanoi. For the previous two weeks my interpreter and I had been wheeling a jeep around the rough curving dirt and gravel roads of South China. When the French Foreign Legionnaire waved us through the check point with an "OK, Yank," the change from China to French Indochina was drastic and unforgettable. It was more than the smooth straight blacktop road—it was the people, the farms, the buildings, the activity. Everything was immediately better.

My interpreter remarked, "They say the Foreign Devils drain off the wealth and resources of their colonies and all they leave behind is Christianity. The French aren't much, but look what they've done here. Why, even the rice is greener."

RALPH E. BUERKE
Peoria, Ill.

• Would Mr. Morris agree with me if I suggested that the United States rule England for a while in order to improve space research and other aspects of her technology?

ANDY SHAW
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

• Mr. Morris's account of imperialism is romanticized hogwash. Whatever benefits a former colony received from imperialist rule are accidental: The few universities (very few) were designed only for training a native elite to carry out the orders of European overlords; the roads, railroads and telegraphs were designed to abet subjugation of the natives. As to introducing a government of "law and reason," the succession of regimes which marked French political history before De Gaulle, the frequently explosive conditions between the Flemings and Walloons in Belgium, the rigid dictatorship in Portugal do not say much for the capabilities of mother countries to govern themselves maturely, reasonably or responsibly.

And the contention that imperialism is not necessarily linked with racism is contradicted splendidly in Mr. Morris's own writing: his opinions of Wales and America and his scorn of the Ghanaians bowing down before the "Golden Stool of the Ashanti" (no mention of British bowing before the golden throne of Elizabeth).

WILLIAM JOSEPH MILLER
Lynwood, Calif.

The beginning

I read with much excitement the article by Max Gunther, THE SECRET OF LIFE [July 3]. Unlike the British scientist whose research prompted him to say, "I no longer find it necessary to believe in God," I find the possibilities of this new scientific frontier most encouraging. At last science will afford us clergy an answer to a perplexing biblical problem—the longevity of early biblical men and women, e.g. Enoch, Jared and Methuselah [who lived to 365, 962 and 969 years respectively]. Their DNA molecules were blessed and knew just the right combinations and directions to take in order to provide longevity.

RABBI SEYMOUR E. FREEDMAN
Middletown, N.Y.

• I cannot recall an article which has frightened me more than THE SECRET OF LIFE. Huxley's prophetic statements have come true; we have attained a "brave new world." Doctor Ahren's moral concern with the responsibility for distribution of human traits gives me little comfort. When we reach the point where any group of humans has the power to determine genetic traits of others in a kind of Alpha, Beta, Gamma society, then stop the world—I want to get off.

ELLIOTT ROSS
Philadelphia, Pa.

• I found myself carried away into a future in which science takes over the world to create the wonders of drugs that keep a person the same age for centuries, a future in which birth is controlled and life is full of plenty.

Sigmund Freud once stated, "Heaven is a kind of obsessional neurosis, brought on by desire for paradise beyond the difficulties and death of earthly existence." Here we are, in the 20th century, on the brink of such a heaven, and all taking place on Earth!

DICK HUTZLER
Santa Clara, Calif.

• It seems possible that one day a natural specimen prosaically (and thus imperfectly) sprung from the womb may cry out in Kiplingesque anguish:

By the test-tube trade that geared you
And the scientists who reared you,
You're a better thing than I am,
Lab-made man.

JACK MURPHY
Wilmington, Del.

• That British scientist who said he no longer finds it necessary to believe in God must have forgotten that life still needs air and water and sunshine in order to survive. Is he also working on a secret magic formula to produce these things without God, to say nothing of the most important essential, God's LOVE? Though man may have found the key of life and its wonders for humanity, I believe that God will allow man to turn that key only so far. God is not mocked. We are the fools.

JUNE R. TULLEY
Reading, Pa.

Heston's appeal

In your July 3 issue, Pete Hamill states that Charlton Heston "has all the sex appeal of a redwood tree" [HESTON: LARGER THAN LIFE, July 3]. Perhaps that's why Pete Hamill doesn't understand Heston's box-office success—a woman would never have made that statement.

ALICE ALLEN
Columbus, Kans.

• This guy has it a hundred times over Brando and Sinatra. Heston has *IT* in spades. Ask any woman.

ROSE WEBSTER
Brooklyn, N.Y.

• The reason he is sexy is that wonderful careworn and weather-beaten face. Only Gable has come close to having as much appeal. Another solution to the conundrum of Charlton Heston's success—he is a marvelous actor.

V. R. MARPLE
Columbia, S.C.

America the beautiful

Only an editor who sees the whole picture [BEAUTY VERSUS PROGRESS, July 3] could speak so truly of the federal programs (highway building and urban renewal and/or public housing); only a magazine like *The Post* could do so much to call to the public's attention the widespread damage and injury being done to people, cities and landscape. All over the country the depredations of the road bureaucrats are carried out without considering the needs of the people. What *is* considered are the wishes of aggregates of local special-interest groups in a position to negotiate for Government favors. No longer is America the land of the free—it has become the land of the freeways.

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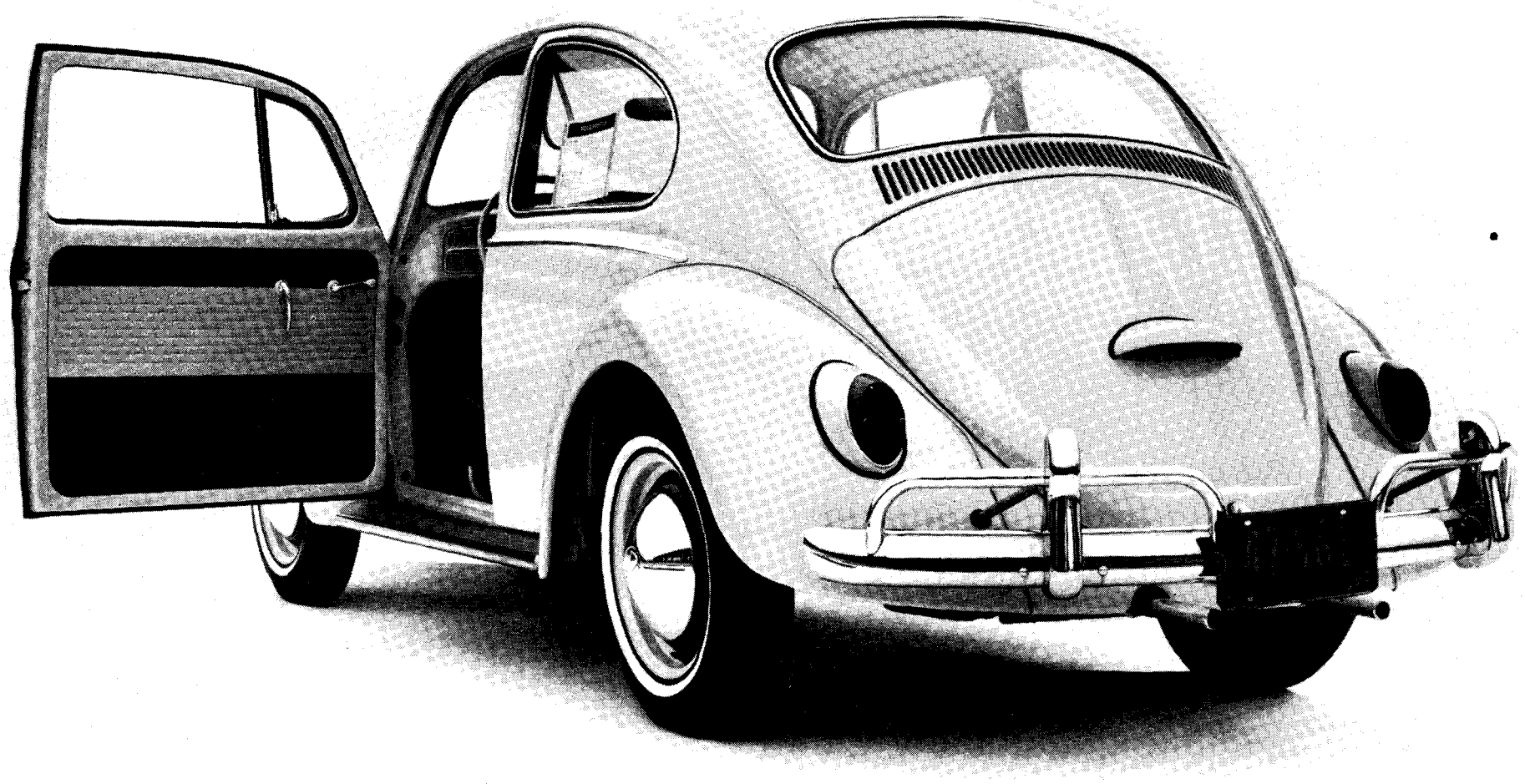

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You always know what's going on because you know what your car's going on.

And you know what's coming, because you'll see more of the road than you ever saw before.

(Our sloping hood doesn't cut off your view.)

When you twist the steering wheel a little, you can feel the wheels turn a little. So you know the car's doing just what you told it to. (Doesn't that sound satisfying?)

We can tell you that the Volkswagen parks shorter than other cars, and that it maneuvers more easily.

But we can't tell you how it feels to drive one.

So take the test.

Maybe you can tell us.

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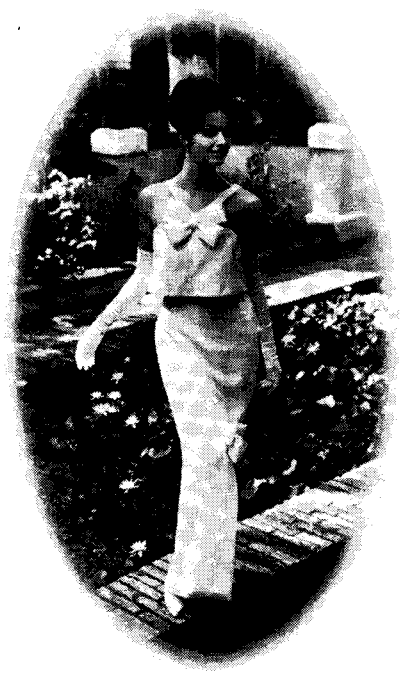
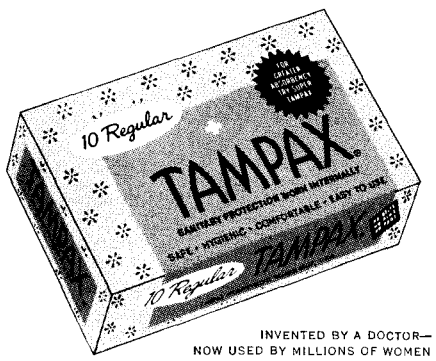
FEEL COOL, CLEAN, FRESH, SUMMER AFTER SUMMER AFTER SUMMER AFTER...



If you turn to Tampax, you'll never want to leave it. For Tampax does away with your prime hot weather worries. It prevents odor from forming. It prevents chafing. It prevents discomfort. You aren't aware you're wearing Tampax. And on top of all that, you can swim any time of the month. You'll feel so cool, so clean, so fresh, you won't believe it.



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Letters

Charleston is a beautifully situated town, lying at the confluence of two rivers in a circle of green hills. Every hillside within the city limits of Charleston is to be blasted for three interstate highways!

And so when we are told that the Federal Government is planting petunias and tilting at billboards, we refuse to believe in the sincerity of the program for beautification; petunias are no substitute for mountains. As in Orwell's book *1984*, where the government instructs the people through loudspeakers that "War is Peace" and "Ignorance is Strength," we are in effect being taught to believe that "Uglification is Beautification."

Is it true that we must live by the blueprints drawn by bureaucrats and set our personal compasses by Government mandates? It appears we must, unless we, the people of the United States, stand up all together and protest, all over the country, those personally besieged and those not. Only then will we be able to retain our constitutional rights and preserve our homes, our cities and the natural beauty of our mountains, plains and forests; only then will we be able to keep what is worth cherishing, "the old, the untended, the surprising, the vine-choked and animal-tracked," as it is so gently expressed in your editorial.

MRS. ROBERT CASSADY
Charleston, W.Va.

The visitor

THE VISITOR, by Audrey A. Boughton [July 3], is one of the most poignant, tender pieces of fiction I have come across in a long time. Ruth is real—she might be the woman down the block, the next-door neighbor, or oneself. Many of your readers will finish the story, sit quietly with the magazine still open, and thinking of Ruth's cry, "Damn you, rain!" respond with tears in their own eyes.

MARTHA S. ANDERSON
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Cross controversy

Why all the fuss going on in Eugene, Oregon [THE CROSS THAT INFLAMES A CITY, by Trevor Armbrister, July 3]? Here in New York City, during Christian holy days, several of our tall buildings have their lighting arrangement in windows to outline a cross. No one complains, not even people of other faiths or of no faith at all.

ROBERT F. SACHS
Brooklyn, N.Y.

• I am shocked that at least two ministers were opposed to the public symbol. As vicars of the Master, they should remember the words of Paul, Romans I: 16, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel. For it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth, to the Jew first, and to the Greek."

JOHN C. LONG
Princeton, N.J.

• The city of Eugene, in allowing a cross to be built on public land, is supporting the Christian religion but violating the Constitution. I myself like the idea of the cross, but unfortunately, like prohibition, it won't work.

CLEMENT SAMFORD JR.
Williamsburg, Va.

• Of course a city in the United States has a right to erect a cross on public property. The freedom guaranteed in our Constitution does not mean only freedom for dissenters and objectors, but freedom for all our people in a Christian nation.

MRS. EASTON HANSON
Loomis, Nebr.

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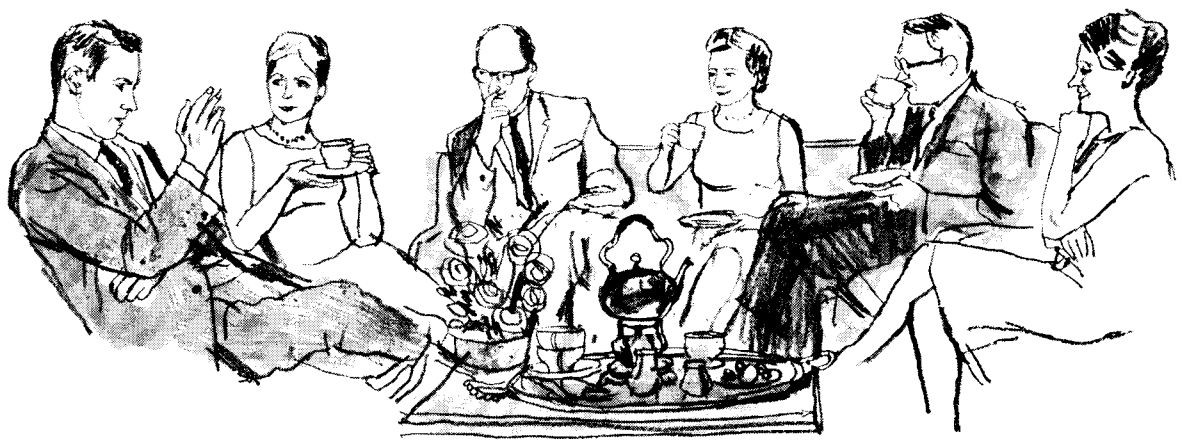

Now my friends listen when I talk

...all because I've become a regular reader of THE NATIONAL OBSERVER, the new national weekly newspaper that costs me less than 11¢ a copy

"As far back as I can remember, I've felt a little inadequate in group conversation. My friends always seemed so much better informed about world events, the latest scientific discoveries, educational trends, fashions, books, and so on. My contributions were few and unimpressive.

"Then last June I subscribed to The National Observer, a new kind of national news weekly in newspaper form. I hoped it would add scope and depth to my knowledge.

"The results have far exceeded my original expectations.

"For the first time, my friends are not only listening attentively to what I say, but are actually seeking my contributions. One evening last week, for instance, I was able to tell our group . . .

- . . . why the British Army recently recruited 35 apes
- . . . why a commercially available arthritis treatment is causing concern among public health officials
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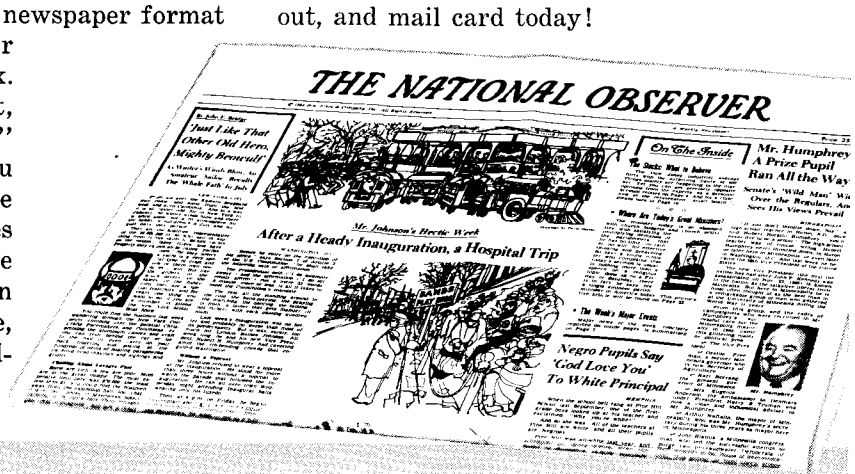
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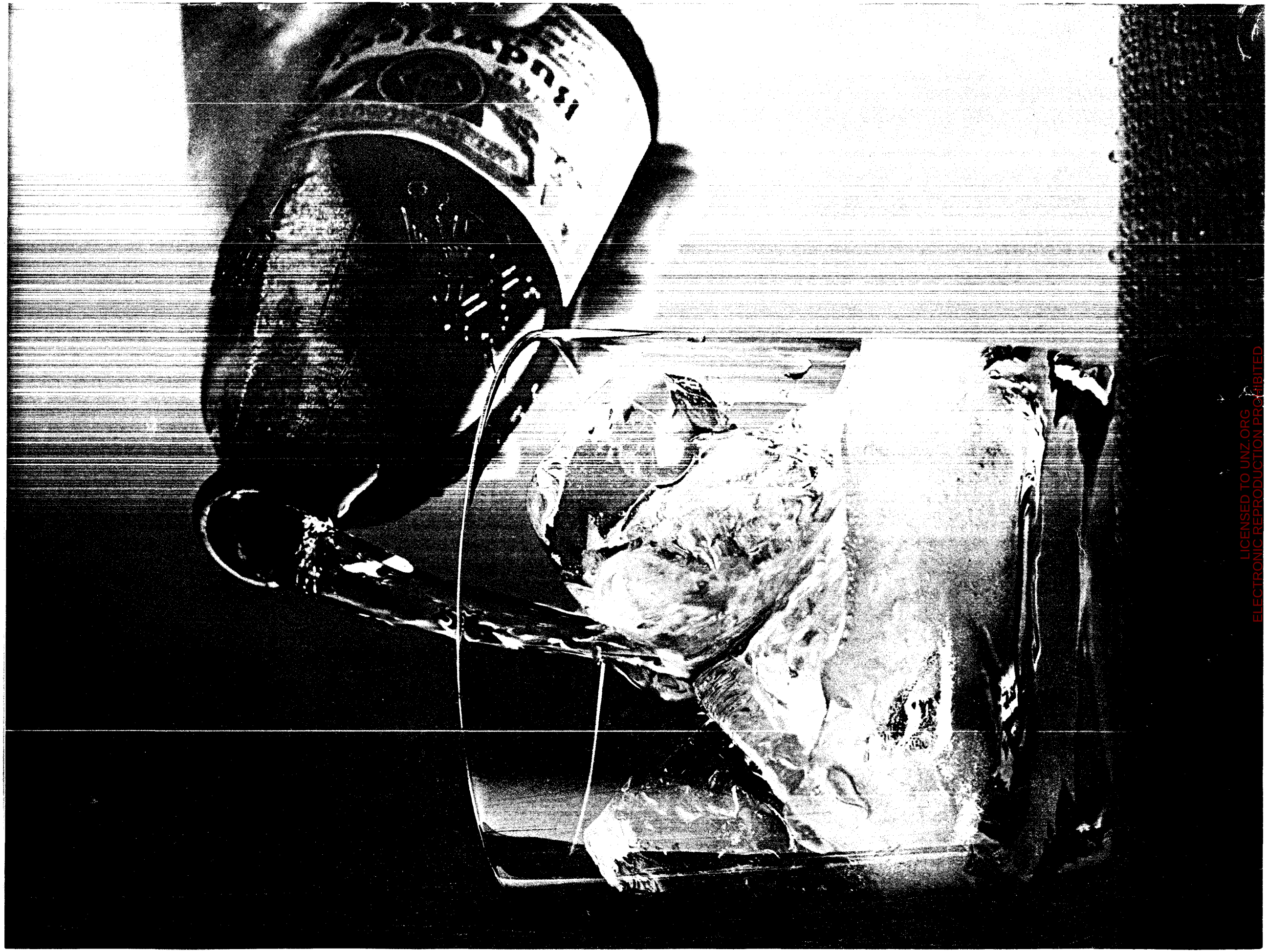

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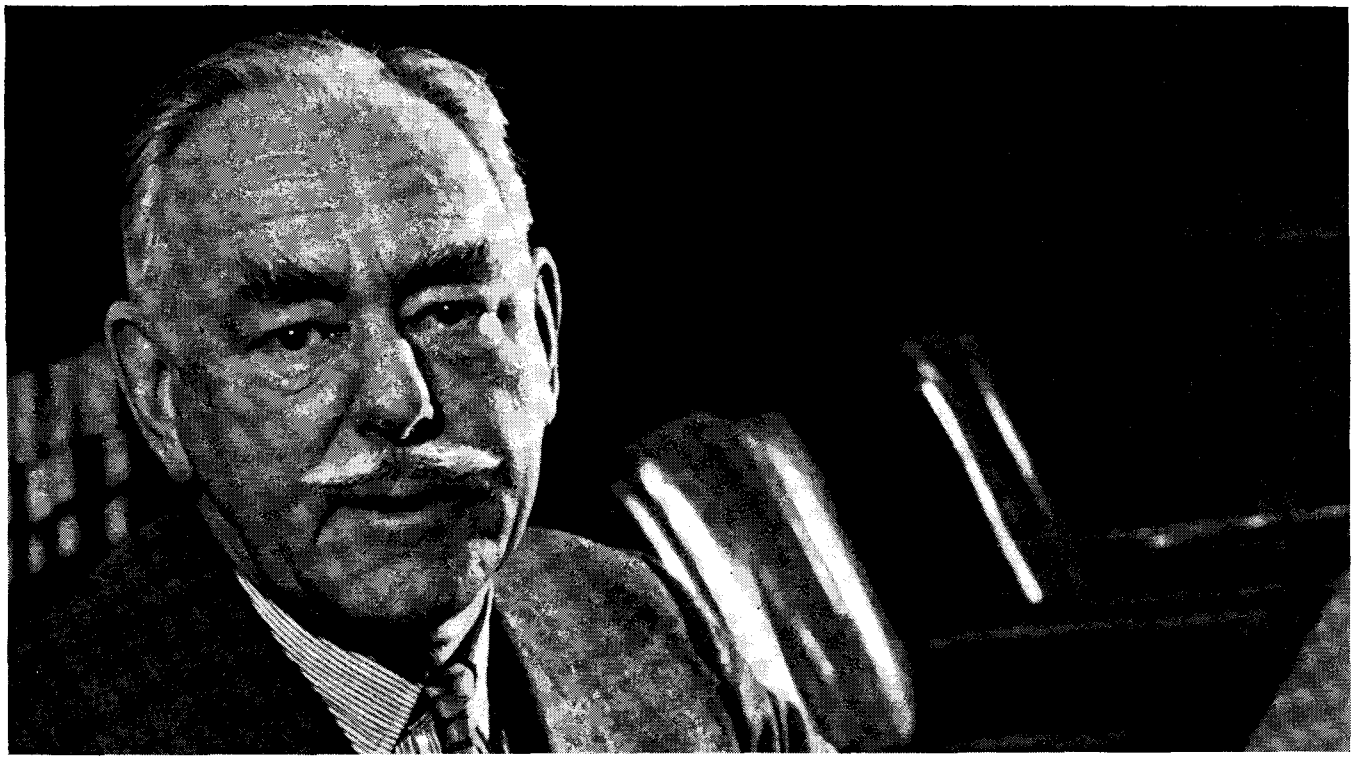

Secretary of State from 1949 to 1953 and an adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, Mr. Acheson has written four books on politics and will publish his memoirs, MORNING AND NOON, *in the fall. He practices law in Washington, D.C.*

ISOLATIONISTS ARE STUPID

BY DEAN ACHESON

There is a notion about in the press that the time has come for the United States to relax its interest and activity in Europe. We are not, so it is said, a "European power." This is also Gen. Charles de Gaulle's view. To him European powers are those—and only those—which are physically situated within the western part of the Eurasian continent, and only those nations are capable of dealing with European affairs. For instance, General de Gaulle said last February 4:

"The German problem is a European problem *par excellence*. . . .

"In truth it is only by understanding and by the joint action of the peoples who have been there for all time, who are there today, and who will remain those principally interested in the fate of their German neighbor—that is, the European peoples—that a solution can be found to a problem that is essentially European."

A commentator whose judgments over the years have been unusually error-prone writes that during the postwar weakness of Europe, "the image of the United States was that of the protector, the preserver, the guide and the leader of Europe. . . . I count it an event of high policy to have recognized that this extravagant concern with European affairs will not work any longer, and does in fact act as a boomerang." [From a Walter Lippmann column—*Ed.*]

Such a notion, in my view, is the grossest error. The United States is a European power. It is impossible for us to have "extravagant concern with European affairs"—or for Europeans to have extravagant concern with our affairs—because theirs and ours, as President Kennedy said in 1963 on his last trip to Europe, are common concerns.

The notion that the United States is not a "European power" rests upon a simple taxonomic error, an erroneous method of classification. No one doubts that the United States is a Western Hemisphere power. One cuts the globe to produce two halves of suitable descriptions, and that clinches the matter. Furthermore North and South America are connected by land. They "belong" together. But Europe and North America are "separated" by water (though we might just as well think of them as being connected by water, as Memphis and New Orleans are "connected" by the Mississippi River). Thus do we make classifications; and thus do we make them erroneously.

So let us make a new classification based on what it really means to be a European power.

First, there is geography. But let it be a modern geography, based not only on land or water surfaces and travel on them, but on the connecting air and travel through the air. The farthest spot in the United States is much closer to Europe in travel time today than President-elect George Washington was to New York when he set out from Mount Vernon to take the oath of office. And this is true not only of a V.I.P. traveling *de luxe*. Operation Big Lift demonstrated its truth with a whole Army division.

Second, from a political point of view the United States is a European power. Take General de Gaulle's own illustration—Germany. When he says that the people living in Europe "remain those principally interested in the fate of their German neighbor," and that only they can find the solution to a problem "that is essentially European," he is following a policy of selective recall,

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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Today, when sickness or accident strikes, most folks will find that instead of their health insurance paying the big share of the bills, they have to come up with the lion's share out of their own pocket. Until now there have been only two ways to solve this serious problem: You could gamble on never being sick, or take out more health insurance that you might never use.

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forgetting what it is inconvenient to remember. Twice in this century the problem which he describes as "essentially European" proved to be insoluble without the participation of the United States. Indeed, if we had left the problem with those who, he says, "remain those principally interested in the fate of their German neighbor"—and had made a pretty thorough mess of it—General de Gaulle would not be talking from the Elysée Palace today.

No, the good general is quite wrong. Whatever the initiation fees and dues may be in cash, or blood, or solicitude which admit to rightful interest in European affairs, the United States has paid them in full.

But enough of the past. The political reality of the United States as a European power, while growing out of the past, is firmly rooted in the present and future. The basic political truth of today is that equilibrium is not attainable within the area of the old geographical conception of Europe. Germany demonstrated this twice and, now, the Soviet Union has made it unmistakably clear. The preeminence of Soviet power within the old, narrowly conceived area of Europe makes inevitable the hegemony of Soviet will in a Europe so defined. General de Gaulle would escape from the inevitable by his dream of controlling and using American power as a mahout rides an elephant. But this is an illusion. The truth is that within the politics of reality the United States is essential to political equilibrium and progress in Europe, and Europe is essential to the larger political entity to which both Europe and America are inescapably bound.

No tolerable settlement of the political questions which preoccupy our fellow citizens who live in Europe is possible apart from both American and European participation. Whether the problems be those left unresolved in Central Europe and Germany at the end of the last war; or the control and limitation of armaments; or the proliferation of nuclear weapons, the United States and Europe are indispensable parties to any political solutions.

The same is true in economic and financial matters. The economy of Europe is as deeply affected by developments in the United States as by those at home. And we cannot forget that our economic collapse of 1929 was touched off by a crash in Europe. Property holdings across the Atlantic are enormous. Dwellers on this side hold $25 billion of property in Western Europe, while the Western Europeans have holdings of $30 billion here. Citizens of no European country have comparable interests in all of Europe outside their own borders. The value of goods bought and sold between Western Europe and the United States last year was over $13 billion, almost the amount—$14 billion—exchanged between the two European tariff areas, the six Common Market countries and the seven Free Trade Association countries.

The two great current economic issues before us—the Kennedy round of tariff reductions and the modernization of international monetary arrangements—are common problems, susceptible only of common solutions. Equally vital for the rest of the free world is the need that the solutions shall be outward-looking and favoring the expansion of trade and financial facilities, rather than narrowly seeking parochial advantage.

Turning to the military field, for 20 years the United States has deployed in Western Europe greater military strength than any other power. By two painful lessons those Americans and Europeans capable of learning have learned that the nations situated in Europe cannot resist the most powerful among them without the aid of the United States. They have learned, too, that the security of the United States would be gravely impaired by a Europe organized against us. Therefore we cannot and will not permit the hegemony over Europe of a power hostile to the United States; and Europe cannot permit a dissolution of the Atlantic ties that bind the United States and Europe to each other's defense.

For this reason we have maintained in Europe and for its defense more men under arms than any other European power—except in the last year, Germany. We have maintained there, also, greater fire power than the total used in all the prior wars in history, and have created a strategic reserve of nuclear weapons of vast magnitude. For this reason, also, European countries have joined their military power to that of the United States in Europe, under an integrated military command. The story that the United States could be frightened into detaching its security from that of its NATO partners has no basis either in American interest or European gullibility.

No political idea is more firmly held in this country or in most European countries than the interdependence of our interests, the mortal danger to all of an attempt to separate us. Not only do all the material interests mentioned bind us together, but we are common inheritors of a common culture which we have together enriched. Our thoughts, whether in the sciences or arts, all our skills whether in technology or the techniques of literature or the graphic or performing arts, come from the same springs; and the common whole is enriched by every contribution. Can anyone seriously believe that the Atlantic divides our culture?

So let us recognize the plain fact that, whatever General de Gaulle says, or the commentators, we are irrevocably a European power. When our Government acts as one, it is responding to the realities of our time. The escapists, the new (though mostly old) isolationists, are still with us. But let us recognize them for what they are—echoes from our colonial past.

Dean Acheson

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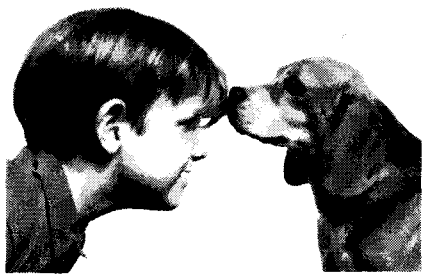

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The new big rich—a postscript

WASHINGTON:

A good many years ago George Kennan, then chief of the State Department's policy planning staff, suggested that I look up a certain Russian refugee in New York. The man was intelligent, Kennan said; he had been a major Communist functionary in the Soviet Union, and he knew a lot about how the system really worked.

The next time I was in New York I telephoned the Russian, and he asked me to dinner, giving a rich-sounding Park Avenue address. A maid dressed in Mary Petty style ushered me into a handsomely furnished duplex apartment, and I sat down to a memorable meal, with two good wines, followed by a really impressive brandy.

Over the brandy and cigars, the Russian remarked that when he arrived in the United States a few years before, he had only the clothes on his back and one five-dollar bill. "Then how in the world. . . ?" I asked—and finished the question by gesturing at the opulent surroundings.

"Very simple," said the refugee in his heavy accent. "In Communist Russia, way to get ahead is to be a Communist, so naturally I am a Communist. In capitalist America, way to get ahead is to be a capitalist, so naturally I am a capitalist."

So he was. Using a little borrowed money and a lot of foresight, he had acquired for a song an option on some mothballed World War II freighters and started a coal-shipping business. Then, under the Marshall Plan, the United States began shipping coal to Europe on a vastly greater scale than ever before—and the Russian's business did so well that, when I saw him, he was worth several million dollars.

In recent months, while working on an article on AMERICA'S NEW BIG RICH, which appeared in the last issue of *The Post*, I often recalled George Kennan's Russian friend. For what he said is quite true. If getting ahead and getting rich are the same thing, then "in capitalist America, way to get ahead is to be a capitalist."

In a capitalist society there is surely nothing wicked about being a capitalist. Aside from being interesting and original human beings, the six men who were the subjects of my article—who have made an average of $200 million in the last 20 years—created thousands of jobs in the process of enriching themselves. And yet the months I spent on the trail of the new rich raised certain questions in my mind about the tax structure which, in many ways, determines how the American capitalist system really works.

Under the present tax structure there are two ways a man can become a major capitalist. He can invent a useful new product, patent it, market it and enjoy a government-protected monopoly for the life of his patents. One of the men I wrote about—Dr. Edwin Land, who invented the Polaroid camera—became very rich in this way. A great inventor like Doctor Land has an indisputable right, recognized for generations, to the protection of the patent laws.

The five other men I wrote about became rich in the second, and much more usual, way. They piled up huge fortunes in certain businesses—notably oil, insurance, savings-and-loan and real estate—all of which have one thing in common. They all provide useful tax shelters. These days, in order to build a really big fortune, a man must be what Howard Ahmanson's nephew once called Ahmanson, the immensely rich California savings-and-loan man—"a genius at tax law." Either that, or he must hire a genius for a tax lawyer. One of the chief secrets of becoming very rich is to avoid—quite legally, of course—paying heavy income taxes, or even, in some cases, any income tax at all.

I did not ask my six rich men what income tax they paid. A man's income tax is his own business—and the business of the Internal Revenue Service—and if I had asked them, they would have told me, quite rightly, to go to hell. But it was not really necessary to ask. Certain statistics compiled by the Treasury Department tell the income-tax story of the new big rich, as a class.

These statistics show that the man with an "adjusted gross income" (income after business and other deductions) of $1 million a year pays, on the average, a smaller proportion of his income in taxes than the $50,000-a-year man. The man with an adjusted gross income of $5 million a year, in turn, typically pays a smaller proportion than the $1-million-a-year man.

The Treasury statisticians based their study on the year 1959, when the top income-tax rate (which literally nobody paid) was supposedly 91 percent. In the Kennedy-Johnson tax reduction passed by Congress last year, the top bracket was cut back to 70 percent. This was a useful step in the right direction. No man in his senses would risk his capital if he had to absorb all losses, while the Government picked up nine out of ten dollars of profit. Thus, if taxes had really been paid at the rates established in the tax tables, the capitalist system would have collapsed.

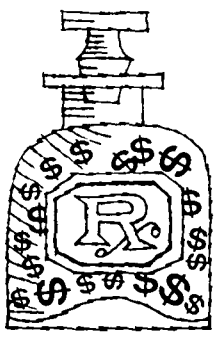
But even a 70 percent top tax rate puts an enormous premium on finding tax loopholes. A capitalist has a right to expect a reasonable return in "keeping money" for risking his capital. According to experts, if the chief loopholes were closed, the top bracket could be cut to 50 percent without loss of revenue, and 50 percent is surely not confiscatory. Then a genuinely progressive tax system, based on ability to pay, could be restored. But the most important loophole-closing reforms were knocked out of the Kennedy-Johnson program by Congress. Our "progressive" income-tax system therefore remains what it has been for years—a myth.

Our loophole-ridden tax system as it now operates gives the tax-sheltered businesses a big advantage over less-favored businesses. It thus has a distorting effect on the national economy. But what is much more important, the system is unfair in human terms.

The man who uses money to make money keeps far more of it than the unfortunate fellow who uses his brains or his talents to earn a salary in a company or a taxable income in one of the professions. But the unfairness does not end there. For example, a very rich man who has inherited his money can put it in tax-free bonds and pay no income tax at all, while a man with two dependents, earning a mere $5,000 a year, has to pay almost a tenth of his income to the Government. This is not only unfair—it is grossly unfair.

Gross unfairness can be very dangerous in a democracy, particularly if the economy runs into real trouble. In that case, the unfairness could endanger the capitalist system itself—a system which, for all its faults, has worked better than any other.

Stewart Alsop



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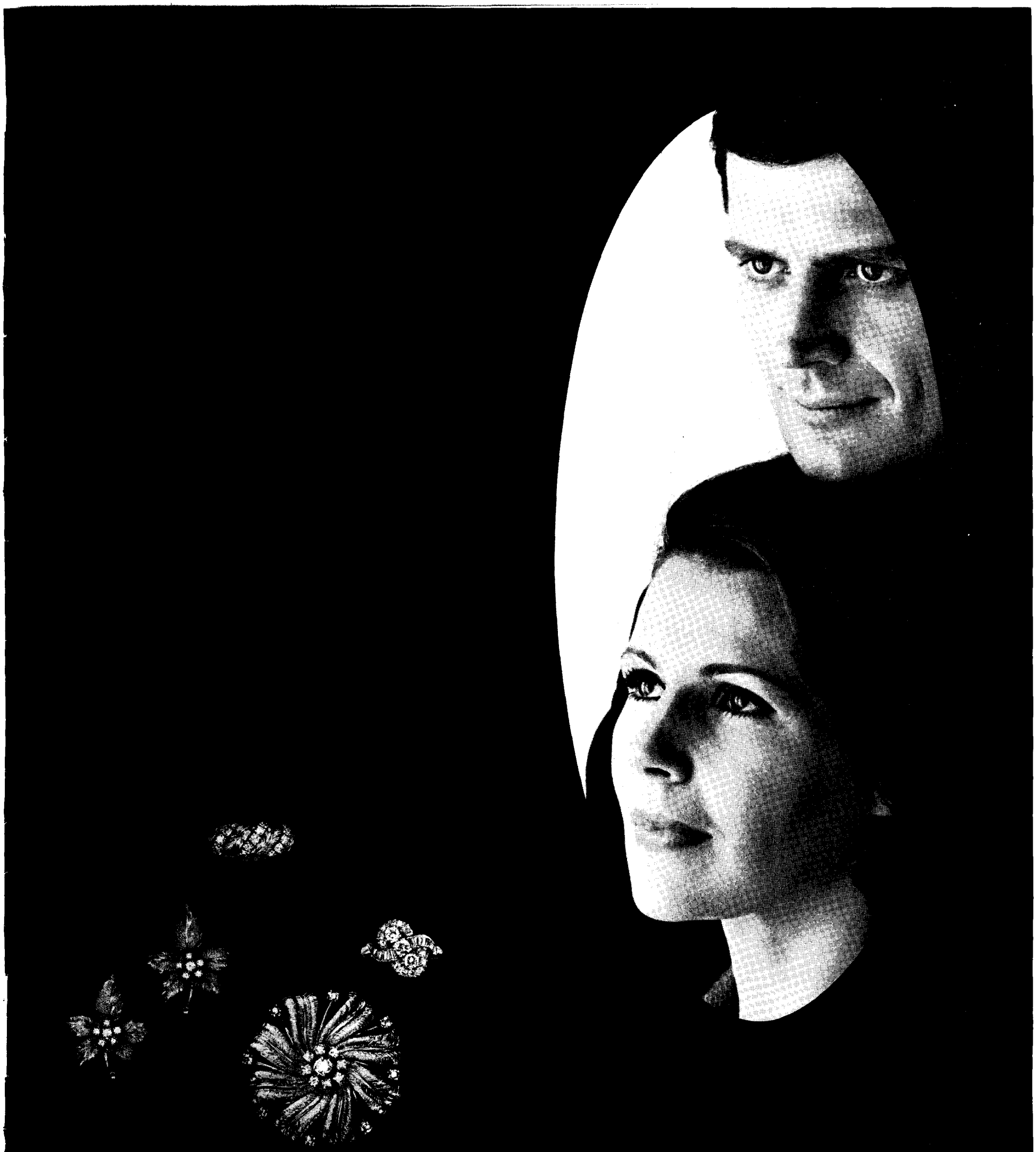

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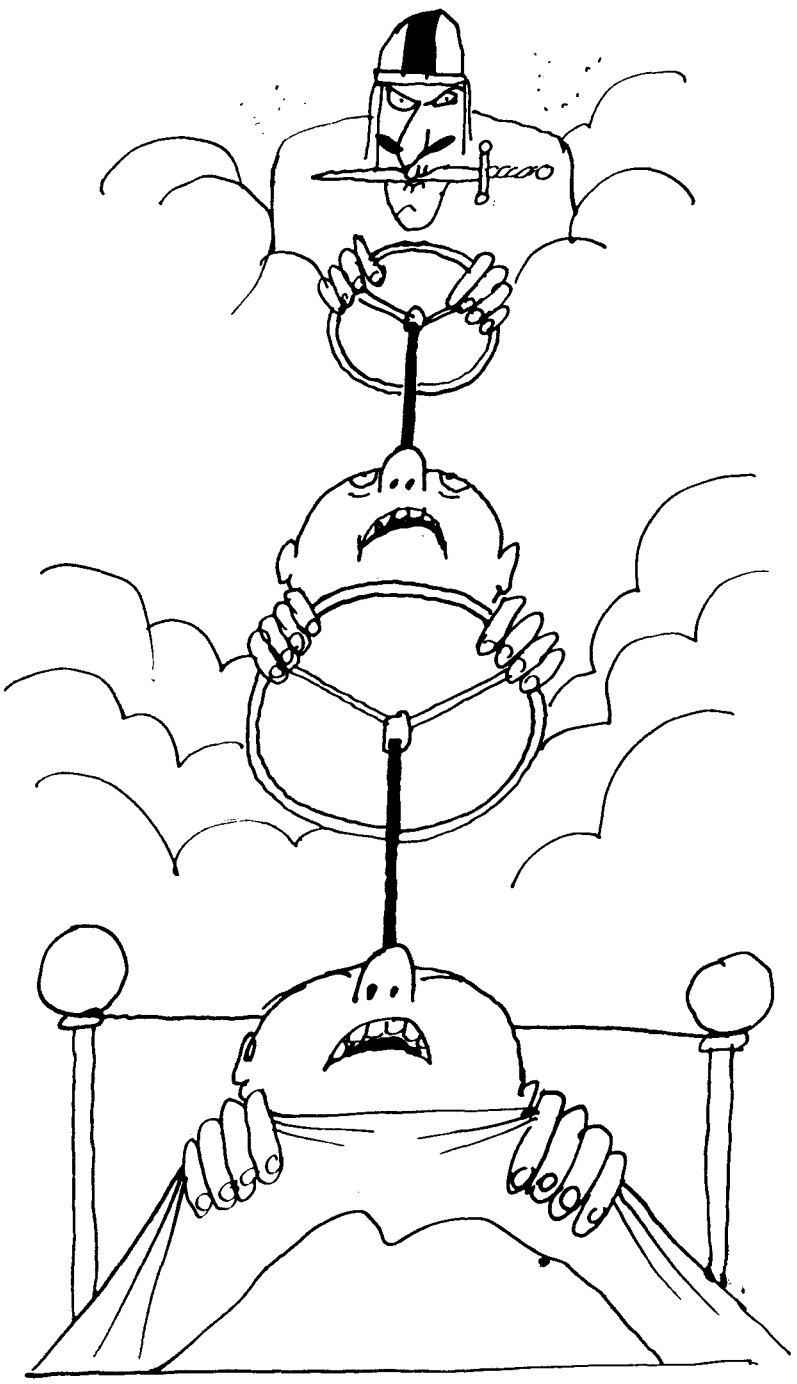
The Human Comedy

PLEASE DON'T CALL ME FIREBALL

By Thomas Meehan

Drawing by Tomi Ungerer



In this dream I keep having, I'm driving alone along a sunny, seaside road in the battered old Plymouth convertible I used to have at college, a red 1947 wreck with whitewall tires. Chugging down a steep slope, I'm amazed to discover where I am—I'm coming into Monte Carlo, on the Riviera. As I enter the city, I see that there are flags and bunting everywhere, and that the streets are lined with bleachers filled with thousands of tanned Belmondo types in wraparound sun glasses.

Puzzlingly, when I rattle past the crowd, a tremendous cheer goes up, and I suddenly understand what's going on. GRAND PRIX. CHAMPIONNAT DU MONDE DES CONDUCTEURS, MONACO, says a poster, and it dawns on me that this must be the day of Monte Carlo's annual Grand Prix road race, and that the crowd has absurdly mistaken me for one of the drivers. I chortle quietly at their ridiculous error, but then, as I reach the center of town, a burly giant in coveralls leaps into the road and begins gesturing angrily. "Where the *hell* you been?" he shouts.

"Are you speaking to me, sir?" I ask timidly, bringing my car to a halt.

"Who the hell else?" he roars, yanking me out of the car. "Come on, there's only three minutes until the race."

"Hey, wait, what's going on here?" I ask, as a short, pudgy chap in coveralls plunks a blue crash helmet on my head.

"OK, Lester, get Fireball ready to roll," says the burly man.

"Righto, Bart," answers Lester.

"Fireball—who's Fireball?" I say. "My name isn't Fireball." At that moment, though, I see that both Bart and Lester have the name FIREBALL MEEHAN stitched on their coveralls and that behind them, on an enormous billboard, is a picture of a broadly grinning simp holding up a pack of cigarettes—me. CHAMPION CONDUCTEUR FIREBALL MEEHAN FUME GAULOISES, says the billboard. "There's *got* to be some mistake," I say. "For crum sake, I don't even smoke."

"All right, let's hustle," says Bart, shoving me into the Plymouth as a dozen or so other cars, mainly Coopers, Ferraris, Lotuses and Maseratis, rev up.

"Now, wait a darn minute here," I say. "I can't drive a 'Forty-seven Plymouth in a Grand Prix road race."

"Shut your big trap, Fireball," growls Bart. "Now, listen carefully, here are the code names for the eight laps when you get your instructions—the back-trap lap, the crack-track lap, the claptrap lap, the flapjack lap, the track-back lap, the trap-clap lap, the track-crack lap, and the Jap-flak lap. You got that?"

"Got *what?*" I ask. "What are you *talking* about?"

"It's simple, stupid," snaps Bart. "On the crack-track lap, the flapjack lap, the track-back lap, and the trap-clap lap, you cut in your emergency double-overhead 1,385 intake system, or otherwise you immediately catch fire, and on the claptrap lap, the Jap-flak lap, the back-track lap, and the track-crack lap, you switch off your two-liter 1,460 compression system, or otherwise the whole car blows up."

"Could you go over that again?"

"Come on, moron, there isn't time," roars Bart, and the next thing I know, I'm lined up with the other cars. "Hi, gang!" I call to my fellow drivers. None respond, except for the driver in a Maserati, a menacing-looking, scar-faced Spaniard. "I'll get you for stealing my girl, Fireball," he snarls.

"Stealing your girl?" I say, my voice cracking. "I didn't steal your girl."

"Oh, yeah," he says, making a swift slitting-of-the-throat motion. Then Lester comes trotting up. "Hey, where are your lucky Hucky-Bucky baby booties?" he asks anxiously. "You never drove before without them."

"I don't have my lucky Hucky-Bucky baby booties," I shout, starting to scramble madly out of my car, "and I don't go nowhere without my lucky Hucky-Bucky baby booties."

"Simmer down, chump," says Bart, dropping a particularly grimy pair of infant's footwear in my lap. At that moment a gun goes off, and the race is on. Not knowing what else to do, I jam down on the accelerator, and, incredibly, my car rockets away. By the time I've gone five laps, I'm more than 300 yards ahead of the nearest car, the Maserati, and I notice the Spaniard is driving with a 10-inch stiletto clenched in his teeth.

Still in the lead, I come by the pit on the 17th lap and see Bart at the edge of the road, shouting.

"Fraaaaaaap fraaaaaaap laaaaaaap!"

"Whaaaaaaaaaaaaat?" I call back, zooming past at 165 miles an hour.

"Fraaaaaaaaaaaap fraaaaaaaaaaaaap laaaaaaaaap!" he shouts again every 12th lap or so.

"Hold up a signnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn!" I shout back angrily.

Maintaining a fading lead over the Spaniard through lap after lap, I'm only about 25 yards ahead of him as we turn into the quarter-mile straightaway that leads to the finish line. "I keeeeeell you!" the Spaniard shouts. Unnerved, I jerk the steering wheel, causing my car to go into a violent skid. Frantically trying to regain control, I slide sideways for about 200 yards before I crash into a guardrail, fly through the air and land on my back, as my car explodes in flames and the Spaniard buzzes past to win.

"You call that driving!" shrieks Bart, as I'm stumbling to my feet, and, with a roundhouse punch to the nose, he sends me sprawling.

"Golly, I did my darnedest," I say. I then see Lester carrying a parachute.

"Well, you can't win 'em all," he says cheerfully. "Better luck in the sky-diving championships, Free-Fall."

"My name isn't Free-Fall."

At once, though, the scene of my dream becomes an open-cockpit World War I biplane, with FREE-FALL MEEHAN lettered on the wings. A huge parachute is strapped to my back, and I'm cowing out on the right wing, clinging desperately to the wing struts. Bart is shouting at me, while Lester is in the cockpit behind him.

"There's *got* to be a mistake," I call, and, just then, a black-helmeted figure in a parachute floats by. It's the Spaniard again. "I keeeeell you for stealing Inez from me," he snarls as he drifts by.

"I didn't, I *didn't!*" I say.

"Shut up, Free-Fall," roars Bart. "Now, listen carefully, here are the code names for the 36 jumps—the keep-steep leap, the feet-deep leap, the steep-deep leap, the keep-deep leap. . . ." □

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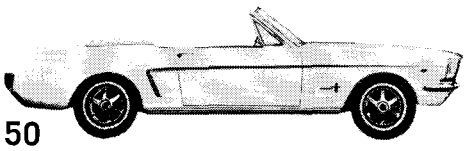

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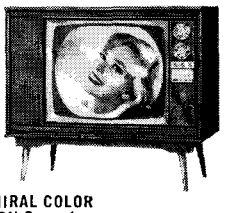

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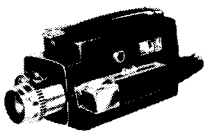

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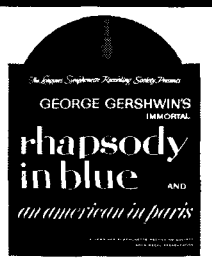

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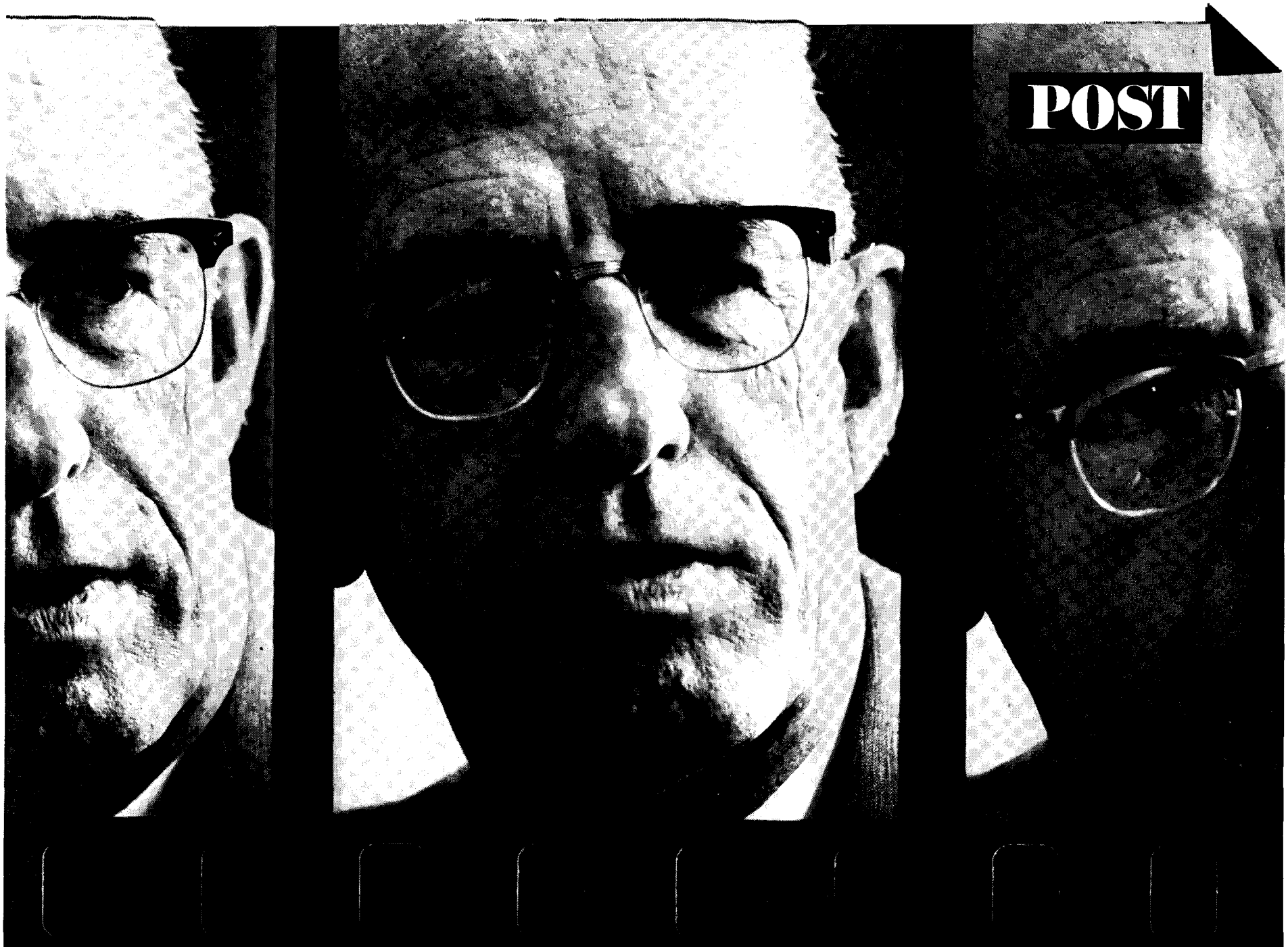

Tough, watchful, relentless—the face of L.A. police chief William Parker depicts the quality of the man who beat the Mafia.

THE MAFIA CAN'T CRACK LOS ANGELES

While other major U.S. cities writhe in the grip of the powerful crime syndicate, Los Angeles keeps the mobsters at bay. Police across the nation are rushing to copy the techniques that have stopped the Mafia.

By BILL DAVIDSON

For all their precautions and attempts at secrecy, the three travelers from Chicago might have been CIA agents. First they gave false names when they bought their plane tickets—"Michael Mancuso," "S. Whate," and "S. Man"—and then they boarded the airliner separately. At International Airport in Los Angeles three hours later, they were quietly met by two other men, and all five drove in a large black car to Perino's Restaurant for a dinner conference. They returned to the airport and, as they stepped from the car, they were stopped by officers of the Intelligence Division of the Los Angeles Police Department; the officers had been watching the three Chicagoans from the moment they arrived in Los Angeles. The encounter took place several years ago. At that time, "S. Man," better known as Tony Accardo, was boss of the

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Chicago Mafia bosses Sam Giancana (above) and Tony Accardo (below) tried to visit Los Angeles secretly, were picked up and publicly embarrassed by L.A. police.

When the Mafiosi visit Lo

powerful Chicago Mafia organization "Michael Mancuso" was Sam Giancana, soon to become Accardo's successor as overlord of the Chicago mob. "S. Whate" was Accardo's doctor. The two men who met and conferred with the three were the late Frank (Strongy) Ferrara, then the underboss in charge of the Mafia's gambling operations in Chicago, and the notorious Anthony Pinelli, known to the L.A. police as the Chicago mob's resident agent in California and today a fugitive from justice for federal-income-tax evasion.

The five men were not arrested by the intelligence agents; they were merely taken in for questioning. When the questions were over, the intelligence men called in the press. The three visitors begged to be let go without publicity, offering to board the first plane to *any* destination. Giancana, after a tantrum, observed with resignation, "Now that everyone will know I'm here, I can't do any business, so I might just as well go home." Accardo's remark was more revealing. "I'm just passing through," he said as he pleaded not to be exposed to the press. "Believe me, I don't want no part of Los Angeles."

One of the strangest of the strange circumstances surrounding the Mafia in the United States is that most of its members similarly "want no part of Los Angeles." Although they operate freely in nearly every other major American metropolis, they have labeled Los Angeles a no-man's-land. With its wealthy and expanding population, the nation's third largest city would seem fertile territory for the Mafia's illicit operations in narcotics, prostitution, gambling, usury, mayhem and murder, but as ex-Mafia member Joe Valachi sadly reported to the McClellan Committee, "We have only a very weak family out there." Since the 1940's, when the city was in the iron grip of Mafia boss Jack Dragna and his allies, Bugsy Siegel and Mickey Cohen, Los Angeles has had only one authentic gangland murder (compared with an average of 50 a year in Chicago), and all the Mafia's attempts to establish a stronghold in the rich province have failed.

In 1962, for example, the Gallo mob in Brooklyn, harassed by the New York police and by the rival Profaci gang, began to think about moving en masse to a less perilous environment and, with that in mind, sent a probing mission to Los Angeles. The advance men were Louis (Lefty) Castiglione and Michael (Rizzi) Rizzitello, both of whom had long criminal records in New York. When they arrived in Los Angeles, they checked in with Nick Licata, one of the three men considered to be the heads of the weak Los Angeles family of the Mafia, and got Licata's permission to operate. Somewhere along the way, they also picked up a local Mafioso, Anthony Zurica.

The Castiglione-Rizzitello-Zurica operation was crude. "In fact," says Inspector of Detectives Henry Kerr, "it was *so* rudimentary that we could only conclude they were testing our defenses." At about two A.M. on a Sunday or Monday morning they would enter a bar whose cash register was overflowing with money from the weekend business. They would pistol-whip the cashier in full view of the staff and patrons, then warn them not to talk to the police on pain of revenge from the rest of the Gallo mob. They were easily identified by the Intelligence Division of the Los Angeles police and promptly arrested.

Then came the typical Eastern Mafia tactics; witnesses were relentlessly intimidated (some had wheels fall off their cars), and a high-priced lawyer was flown in from New York to handle the cases. In Los Angeles, however, the Mafia tactics failed to work: On November 28, 1962, all three mobsters were given life sentences—punishments far more severe than the New Yorkers had ever expected—and the Gallo mob has not been heard from in Southern California since. Experts believe the Mafia deliberately sacrificed Castiglione, Rizzitello and Zurica just to see what the reaction of Los Angeles law-enforcement authorities would be.

The reaction of the authorities has been consistently the same for more than a decade, and one Mafia intrusion after another has been rebuffed. Certainly there is crime in Los Angeles, but it is not of the cancerous Chicago-New York-Cleveland Cosa Nostra type; certainly there are individual Mafia members living in the Los Angeles area, but they have not been able to organize the kind of massive crime complex that can take over as the second government of a city. The principal reason is that Los Angeles has an extraordinary police department; former Attorney General Robert Kennedy once described it to me as "probably the finest and most modern in the United States, if not in the world."

Unlike other cities—many of which are only now beginning to copy its methods—Los Angeles conducts its operations against the Mafia like a full-scale war. The key echelon in the war is the police department's 50-man Intelligence Division. On the wall behind its commander's desk is a large map of Sicily, homeland of the Mafia. Down the hall is a sprawling chart-filled room that looks like an Army command post, with drawings of Mafia family trees from all over the United States, volume after volume on the history of the Mafia in Europe and in America, and files crammed with such pinpointed facts as "Joe Sica observed in conversation with Angelo Polizzi in parking lot of Santa Anita racetrack," with cross-references to similar previous conversations.

The Intelligence Division knows the precise whereabouts of every Mafia member in Southern California, and what he is doing at almost any given time. It uses round-the-clock surveillance, electronic devices, informers and undercover agents to keep track of its foe. Through a remarkable organization called L.E.I.U. (Law Enforcement Intelligence Units), which it helped create, it has trusted police specialists all over the United States who tip it off whenever a Mafia member from another area heads for California; only rarely does

Joey Gallo's Brooklyn mob sent thugs to scout the Los Angeles area. All wound up in California jail.

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Angeles, they almost always wish they hadn't come.

it fail to spot a Mafioso the moment he sets foot in the forbidden territory. The Intelligence Division even has a "hot line" from Mafia-ridden Las Vegas, one hour away by plane, and it keeps a permanent reception committee at the airport meeting all airliners from Vegas.

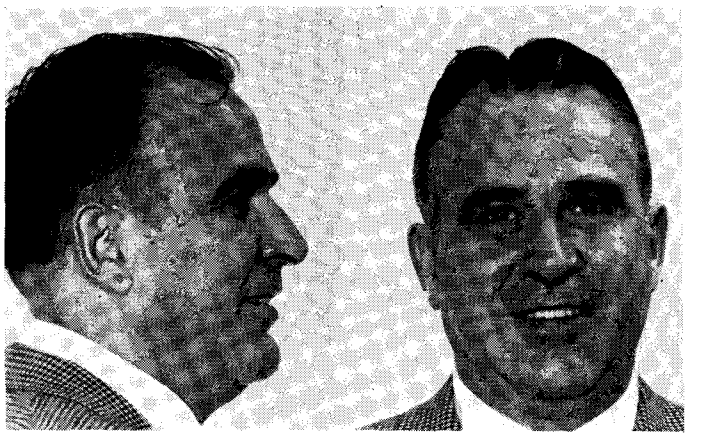
Intelligence Division officers are almost always on hand any time there is an opportunity to harass a visiting or resident Mafioso. In 1959, for example, Philadelphia's Blinky Palermo was waiting for a plane at the Los Angeles airport; he wandered over to a newsstand, and, his larcenous nature being what it is, he walked off without paying for 80 cents' worth of candy and papers. Suddenly two Intelligence officers appeared and arrested him for petty theft. Palermo, who was totally unused to such treatment by the police back home, threatened and blustered. He then called a movie-actor friend to bail him out. "Who made the pinch?" asked the actor. "Some guys from what they call the Intelligence Division," said Blinky. "Oh, no!" said the actor with finality, and Palermo had to stay in a cell until he could raise his bail elsewhere.

In the same year, the Intelligence Division was keeping an eye on another distinguished Mafia visitor, Gus Alex, identified in congressional testimony as an under-boss in charge of vice in downtown Chicago. Alex had been arrested more than 100 times in Chicago, but for some peculiar reason there was not a single police-identification photograph on him in existence. "We must rectify *that*," Lt. Marion Phillips of Los Angeles Intelligence told his men. "Let's see what we have in the file on him." The officers searched the file, and they came up with a five-year-old Los Angeles traffic ticket that Alex had ignored on a previous visit. Within an hour or so, Sgts. Robert Devin and William Unland had obtained a warrant for Alex's arrest on the $10 violation. The warrant gave them the authority to enter the Los Angeles home of Alex's mother-in-law, and there they found the dapper thug hiding in a closet behind a rack of women's clothes. They took Alex to police headquarters and made a mug shot, copies of which now have been added to every police-identification file in the United States.

Los Angeles' internationally famous Police Chief William H. Parker (often mentioned as a candidate to succeed J. Edgar Hoover as director of the FBI) describes his war against the Mafia in vivid terms. "The Intelligence Division," he says, "is the spearhead of my offensive forces. They jab and probe and do the reconnaissance, and they harass the enemy's flanks. When it comes time to deliver a major blow to the enemy, they lead the attack." Such a major blow was delivered in 1959. It eliminated one of the top Mafia figures in Los Angeles and shook the syndicate in strongholds as far away as Miami and Philadelphia.

The opportunity for a coup arose when Frankie Carbo, the Mafia's unofficial czar of boxing, tried to get a "piece" of a new welterweight champion, Don Jordan. Carbo agreed with Los Angeles boxing promoter Jackie Leonard that the "piece" would be 15 percent. But Leonard had neglected to get the agreement of Jordan's managers, Don Nesseth and Jackie McCoy. They refused to have any part of the deal arranged by Leonard, saying he had no right to speak for them, and this put Leonard on the spot with Carbo.

First Carbo phoned Leonard from his headquarters in Miami, telling him, "You're going to be hurt. And when I mean hurt, I mean dead." Then there was a series of meetings in Los Angeles at which the recalcitrant promoter and managers were intimidated by Carbo's emissaries, headed by Mafia hoodlum Blinky Palermo of Philadelphia. At one of the meetings, a Los Angeles Mafia "enforcer" named Joe Sica made some threats. This was unfortunate for Sica and the other Carbo emissaries, because both Leonard and his office had been wired with miniature radio transmitters by electronics experts of the Intelligence Division; every word of the conversation was being tape-recorded a block or so away. Included in the recorded dialogue was a remarkable description of Mafia mayhem technique, reported here verbatim: "See what they do? They use a water pipe, see? You know, regular lead water pipe. Lead pipe.

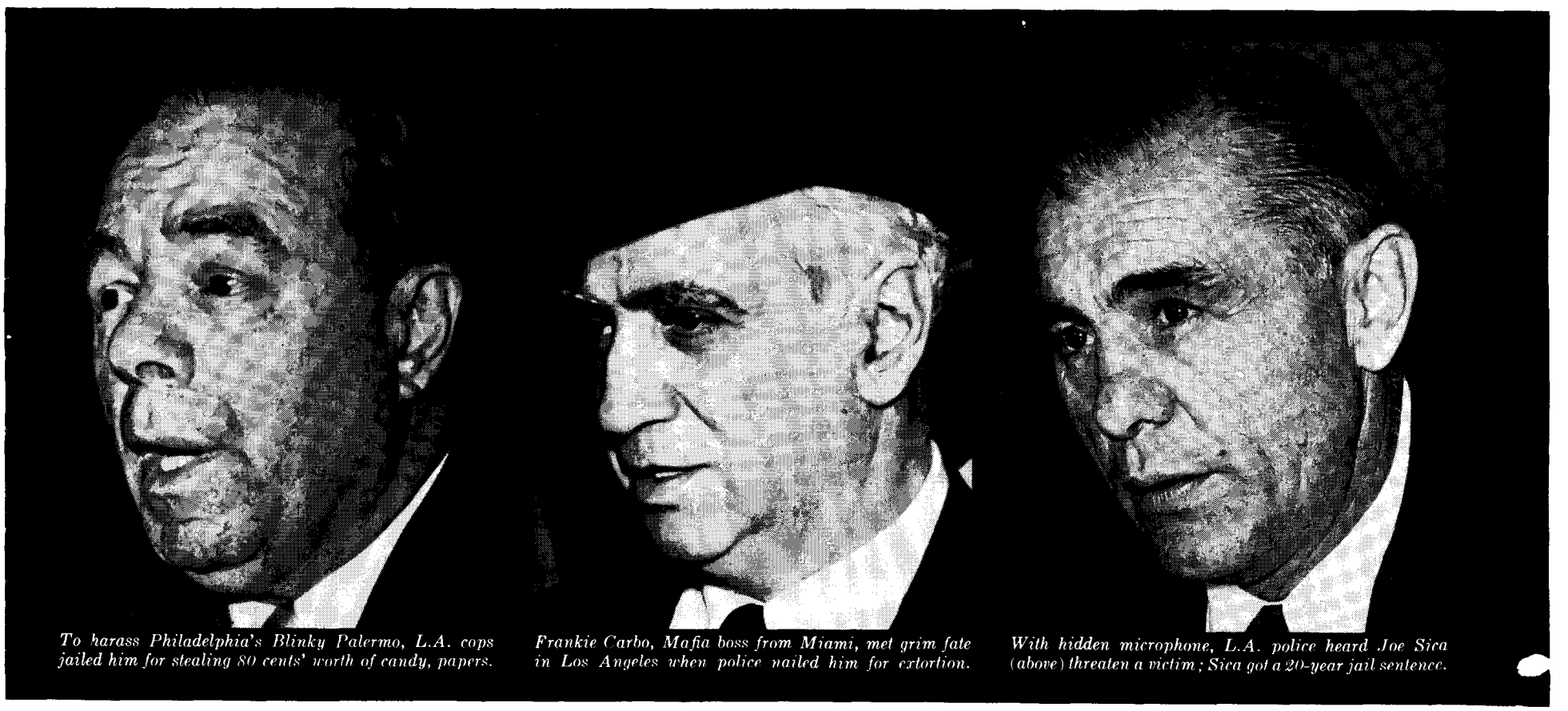


Chicago's Gus Alex was often arrested, never photographed; then Los Angeles police made these, his first "mug shots."

And about that short. About that thick. And they just get an ordinary piece of newspaper, see? Newspaper don't show fingerprints. Then they take it and they wrap it up just in the newspaper, see? And you're sitting in a crowd. And they try to give you two bats, and they kill you with two if they can. But they whack you twice and split your skull and knock you unconscious. And they just drop the pipe wrapped in the newspaper and in the crowd nobody knows who did it."

This evidence and much more was turned over to the FBI by the Intelligence Division, and the case was heard in Federal court in 1961. It resulted in a disaster for the national Mafia organization. Carbo, immune to justice for more than two decades, received a 25-year sentence (for extortion and conspiracy), Joe Sica, the "enforcer" who was also the Los Angeles *caporegima*, or under-boss, got 20 years. Palermo was put away for 15. The case against Louis Tom Dragna, also accused in the intimidation, was weaker, and his five-year term was eventually reversed on appeal.

The Intelligence Division, in the main, is made up of men who have already proved themselves in other branches of the police department. Most of them are well-educated. Inspector Daryl Gates,



To harass Philadelphia's Blinky Palermo, L.A. cops jailed him for stealing 80 cents' worth of candy, papers.

Frankie Carbo, Mafia boss from Miami, met grim fate in Los Angeles when police nailed him for extortion.

With hidden microphone, L.A. police heard Joe Sica (above) threaten a victim; Sica got a 20-year jail sentence.

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The police's "open warfare" keeps the Los Angeles mob puny.

Brenda Allen, a madam, caused 1949 police scandal.

who until very recently headed the division, was an economics major at the University of Southern California, got a B.S. in public administration and took two years of graduate studies. Still, no matter what a man's education or experience, it takes about a year to train him properly to be an Intelligence Division agent. He must not only acquire specialized knowledge in a wide number of fields but learn undercover techniques and develop underworld informants.

"The Mafia is afraid of our department," Chief Parker says. "That's why we have so little trouble with them. But it's not only our offensive arm, the Intelligence Division, that frightens them. It's also our *defensive* arm, the Bureau of Internal Affairs. It's a historical fact that the Mafia cannot operate in a city unless they are in league with corrupt policemen who look the other way and let them function. It's the job of the Bureau of Internal Affairs to make sure that we have no corrupt policemen—and they do their job well. With any group of 5,000 men you're bound to get a bad apple every once in a while, and we *do* get them. But we find them, and we deal with them, and the Mafia has learned time and time again that there's no way of dealing with *us*."

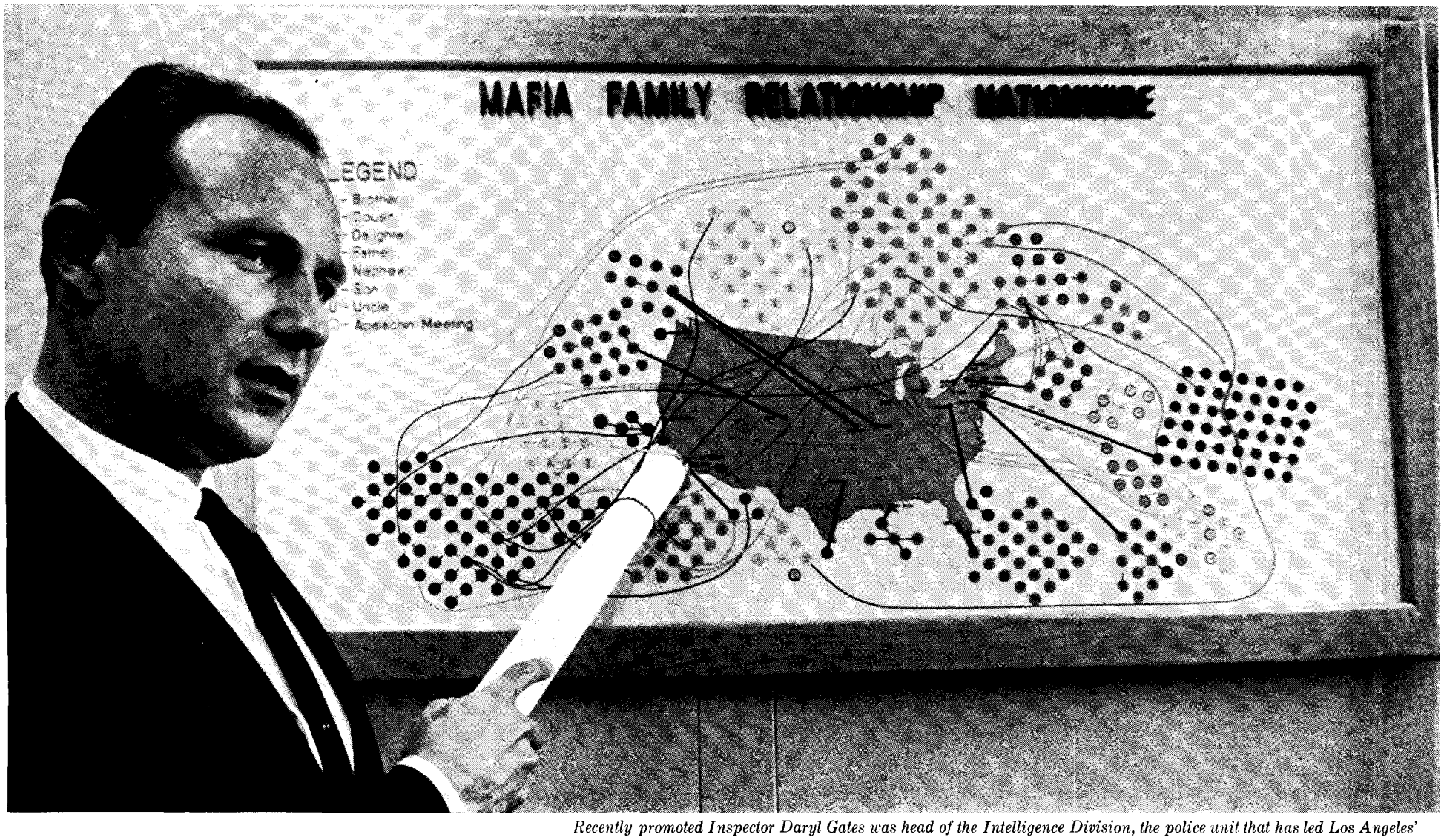
Not long ago, for example, the Bureau of Internal Affairs—called "the headhunter detail" by the other cops—uncovered an ingenious plot which, if it had succeeded, could have subverted the entire police department. On February 15, 1964, a policeman on the Administrative Vice Squad named Henry De Maddalena took his young partner, Joseph Gunn, aside and proposed that Gunn take part in a scheme to protect a group of bookies. For this, De Maddalena said, Gunn would be paid $200 on the 15th of every month. He gave Gunn a $50 bill as a token of good faith and explained that all he had to do was to sound a warning by calling a series of private telephone numbers whenever the protected bookies were about to be raided. This is the exact method used for years by Mafia-police alliances in such cities as Chicago and New Orleans.

Both De Maddalena and Gunn are of Sicilian extraction, but Gunn was shocked by the proposal. He told De Maddalena he'd think about it, then went directly to his commanding officer and told him the story. Almost immediately he was whisked in to see Capt. Sidney Mills, the head of the Bureau of Internal Affairs. That same day Captain Mills had Gunn outfitted with a miniature tape recorder. He ordered Gunn to return to De Maddalena and pretend to go along with the plan, while with the help of the hidden tape recorder the secret agents of the bureau developed the evidence. The mobsters had researched the police department thoroughly and knew exactly where it was vulnerable. Their plan was to corrupt just one key man in each of five key offices, including both Intelligence and Internal Affairs. "With those five men," Chief Parker told me, "they would have controlled the whole department."

But again Los Angeles' defenses held. The penetration had not gone beyond two of the five offices—Administrative Vice and Central Vice—when Mills's men closed in and made their arrests. With Officer Gunn as the principal witness, De Maddalena was indicted, along with Sgt. Peter E. Stafford of Central Vice and several bookies. All were convicted, and Stafford's commanding officer was dismissed from the force on charges of neglect of duty for not knowing what was going on.

It was not always thus. As recently as 15 years ago Los Angeles was just as Mafia-ridden as any of the big Eastern cities, and its police department was just as thoroughly infiltrated. Mafia members from Sicily were identified in Los Angeles as early as 1906, just a few years after the main Mafia migration into the Eastern United States. In Southern California their initial effort was an attempt to take over the fruit-and-vegetable business—by murder and violence—from law-abiding Italian and Sicilian immigrants. The mob soon expanded into what was to become its main business—extortion. And with the arrival of Prohibition, the Los Angeles "family" of the Mafia moved into the lucrative business of bootlegging.

In the '30's, when the Mafia was not yet strong enough to control organized crime from coast-to-coast, it formed alliances with such powerful Jewish mobsters as Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, the head of Murder, Incorporated, in New York. To strengthen the Mafia organization in Los Angeles, Buchalter and New York Mafia boss Charles (Lucky) Luciano sent out Bugsy Siegel, an erratic but effective executive to work with the local Mafia head, Jack Dragna. Under the Siegel-Dragna leadership, Los Angeles crime moved into its golden era. Gambling palaces flourished, and gambling ships stood off the coast; nearly all bars and nightclubs were under firm mob control; relays of mob-owned prostitutes moved up and down the West Coast; and marijuana and heroin poured in freely from Tijuana,



Recently promoted Inspector Daryl Gates was head of the Intelligence Division, the police unit that has led Los Angeles' offensive against the Mafia. Here he lectures his men from map showing nationwide disposition of the Mafia's forces.

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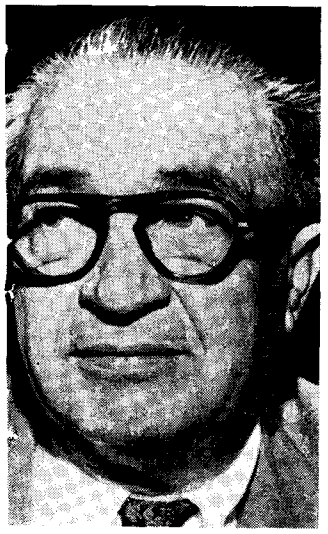


Jack Dragna ruled city for Mafia in "bad old days."

Mexico The police were bribed to look the other way. Siegel was murdered on June 20, 1947, but the alliance with Mafia boss Dragna continued through Siegel's aide, Mickey Cohen.

Two years later, however, the mobsters ran into trouble. They had depended heavily on the cooperation of the Los Angeles police, but in 1949 two scandals hit the police department. First, it was discovered that some high-ranking police officials were in league with the notorious madam, Brenda Allen; then came the revelation that members of the Gangster Squad, who were supposed to be combating the mob, were having friendly dinners with Mickey Cohen in expensive restaurants and night clubs, with Cohen graciously picking up the check. The public outcry over these disclosures resulted in the removal of C. B. Horrall as police chief and the appointment of a tough retired Marine Corps general, William A. Worton, to clean up the mess.

General Worton got rid of all of the obvious bad eggs in the department. He was prevented by civil-service law from serving more than a year as chief, however, and he began to look around for a successor. Wherever he went he heard about a rebellious, cantankerous, scrupulously honest inspector named William H. Parker. Then in his early 40's, Parker had refused to knuckle under to the sometimes questionable practices of his superiors, and he would go out into the street and arrest prostitutes and hoodlums himself if his men seemed to be shirking their duty. Parker had joined the Los Angeles police force in 1927 and had earned his law degree from the Los Angeles College of Law by studying at night. In World War II, General Dwight D. Eisenhower had put Parker in charge of developing the police-and-prisons plan for the European invasion. After the war, Parker had set up democratic police systems for the cities of Munich and Frankfort.

General Worton jumped Parker over the heads of several other police officials and made him deputy chief. During Worton's one-year tenure, Deputy Chief Parker founded the Bureau of Internal Affairs and revitalized the old Gangster Squad into the elite force now known as the Intelligence Division. On August 9, 1950, Parker became chief. He has held the job ever since, through several changes of city administration. "Chief Parker is hard-headed and tough to get along with," says the present mayor, Samuel Yorty, "and he still steps on a lot of people's toes, but he's the best cop in the world."

From the moment Parker took office as chief of police, the Mafia's influence in Southern California began to dissolve. Today its resident members are just a scruffy band whose structure is weak. They have no crime organization of their own and seem to be relegated to doing favors locally—such as purchasing properties or intimidating people—for Mafia bosses in other cities. The worst that is suspected of the Los Angeles Mafia is that it perhaps uses the national organization's communications and transportation facilities to move money from illegal activities out of the city for these other organized gangs, for a fee.

There is no Mafia strong man in Los Angeles. The Intelligence Division believes that the leadership of the Mafia "family" in the city is split up among three men The first is Frank Desimone, a 55-year-old bachelor who wears rimless glasses. Desimone is an attorney who does not practice and has no visible means of support. He was one of two Los Angeles delegates to the 1957 Mafia Grand Council meeting at Apalachin (the other delegate, Simone Scozzari, has since been deported to Sicily), and he was among those arrested by the New York State Police. He served four months in jail for avoiding a grand jury subpoena concerning the Apalachin meeting, and later he was given a four-year sentence on a charge of conspiracy to obstruct justice. Like all the other convictions in this case, Desimone's was later reversed.

The Intelligence Division believes Desimone is a "super errand boy for the national Mafia in Los Angeles" and also the legal adviser for the local mob. He frequently makes mysterious trips to Mexico. Although he has no known income, he lives well. He drives a white Cadillac and has a $35,000 home in suburban Downey, Calif.

The second member of the Los Angeles Mafia leadership triumvirate is believed to be Nick Licata. Originally a Mafia transferee from Detroit, Licata, now about 70, still retains strong ties with the Eastern "families." Originally Licata ran gambling enterprises for the late Los Angeles boss, Jack Dragna, and in 1951 he was arrested in connection with the Mafia murder of Tony Trombino and Tony Brancato, who had committed the indiscretion of holding up one of the mob's gambling casinos in Las Vegas. He was acquitted.

Today Licata lives on the income from several apartment houses he owns and from legitimate businesses he has infiltrated. He spends most of his time at the racetrack, where he meets constantly with lesser Mafia members and gives them orders. Licata is characterized by the Intelligence Division as "one of the big ones, a decision maker." He was positively identified as a leader by Joseph Valachi before the McClellan Committee.

The third member of the Los Angeles ruling group, Louis Tom Dragna, was also known to Valachi. Six feet tall and 190 pounds, the 44-year-old Louis Tom is a nephew of boss Jack Dragna, who died peacefully in bed shortly after Chief Parker took over. Louis Tom's criminal record includes arrests for burglary, counterfeiting and conspiracy to commit murder. He now owns two non-union dress manufacturing companies in the Los Angeles area, is a member of two golf clubs, and frequents the fashionable Perino's Restaurant. The Intelligence Division calls Dragna "the man who settles disputes in the mob."

There are only 32 Mafia members in the Los Angeles area, and this figure includes elderly Mafiosi from other cities who have come to California to retire and die, just like legitimate businessmen. Recently I discussed this sorry collection and its undistinguished leadership with Chief Parker and Inspector Gates, then the chief of Intelligence and now inspector of police. "It looks as if we've won the war," said Gates.

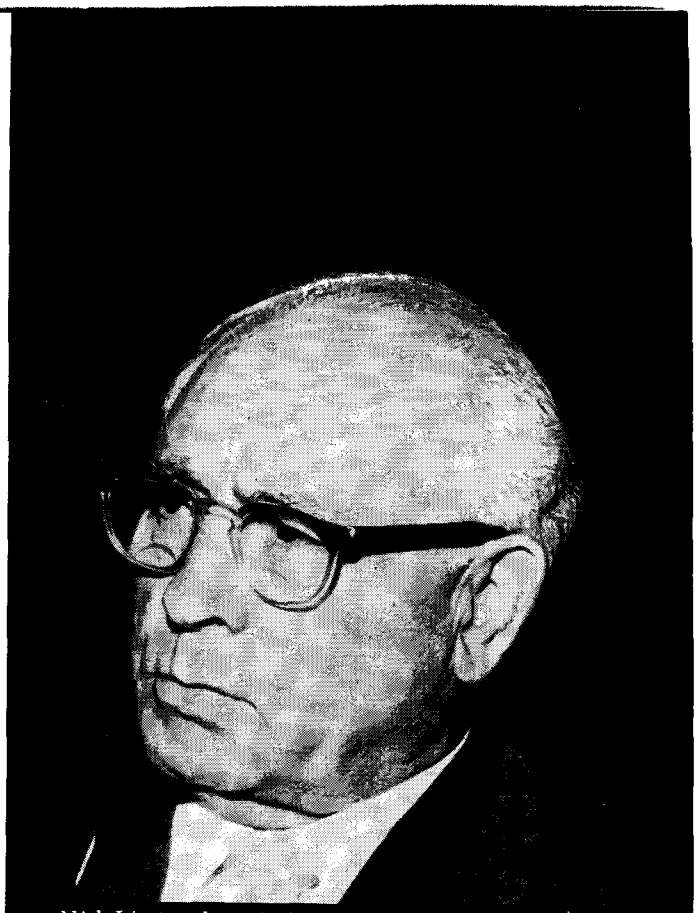
"Don't be too cocky," said Parker. "With these guys you drop your guard, and wham!"

We discussed the fact that Los Angeles' almost total victory had given hope to many other cities in their war against better-entrenched Mafia "families," and that one police department after another was copying Parker's techniques. "Yes," said Gates, whose acting successor as head of Intelligence is Lt. Marion Phillips, "a lot of the Mafia are leaving the United States altogether and the new ones from Sicily are migrating to other countries. The poor Australians are having trouble with them now."

I asked Parker if he expected to be fighting the Mafia for the rest of his life, and he said, "Yes."

"Why?" I asked.

He replied simply, in a tone devoid of melodrama: "Because they are there." □



Nick Licata (above) is thought to be one of three who lead L.A.'s Mafia remnants. He spends his time at the track.

Second member of threesome is Frank Desimone, a bachelor who lives handsomely but has no visible means of support.

Louis Tom Dragna, nephew of old boss Jack Dragna, has been called "the man who settles disputes in the mob."

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Deep in thought, Jimmy Fischer leads a parade of quints through new farmhouse's patio, followed in order by Cathy, Margie, Mary Ann and a momentarily straggling Maggie.

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THE FISCHER QUINTS

SUMMER ON THE FARM

In their first summer outdoors, they are finding out just how much fun it is to be 22 months old.

By JOHN BIRD

Almost every sunny summer morning these days, a sort of children's parade bursts into bloom on the patio of the Andrew J. Fischers' big new farm home near Aberdeen, S. Dak. Shortly after breakfast, when the meadowlarks are warbling from the fence posts, the back door flies open and out hustles a remarkable assortment of young Fischers, sometimes as many as 11 of them. They range in ages from 9½—that's Danny—to 10-month-old Cindy, the fat and happy newest baby. In between are Charlotte, 8½; Julie, 7½; Evelyn, 6; Denise, 5; and, of course, the famous quintuplets—Jimmy, Maggie, Margie, Cathy and Mary Ann. Now 22 months old, the quints are a group of blue-eyed towheads who consider themselves very much a part of the gang.

The goal of this aggregation usually is a nearby "park," as the Fischers call it, an acre or so of grass and trees enclosed by a baby-tight wooden-slat fence. Bringing up the rear of the procession to round up stragglers is tall, redheaded Mrs. Andy Fischer—"big" Mary Ann to her friends.

As the children pour through the gate of their private playground, the quintuplets toddle across the grass, play hide-and-seek among the trees or persuade their older brother or sisters to haul them around in coaster wagons. After a while the older children tend to fade from the scene. It isn't that they don't like playing with the quints and Cindy—they sometimes spend hours at it. But there are so many fascinating things to do around a big farm in summertime. There is a plump pony, Prince, to ride, a shallow creek to wade in, and chances to go with their father in his pickup truck as he drives out to repair fences or look over his cattle. There also are chores to do, such as helping their mother to weed the large family garden.

At long last, in short, the Andy Fischers are enjoying the way of life they want to lead—a life that centers around their whole large family. The quintuplets may be regarded by the world as a rare natural wonder, but their parents have been careful to treat them simply as a part of their large family—not as a special, privileged group. In a way the new baby, christened Cynthia Marie but called Cindy, has made it easier for the Fischers to follow this policy. "She's one of the best things that ever happened to us," Mary Ann says. "A lot of the family's attention has shifted to her, and it keeps the quints from getting the idea they are the whole show."

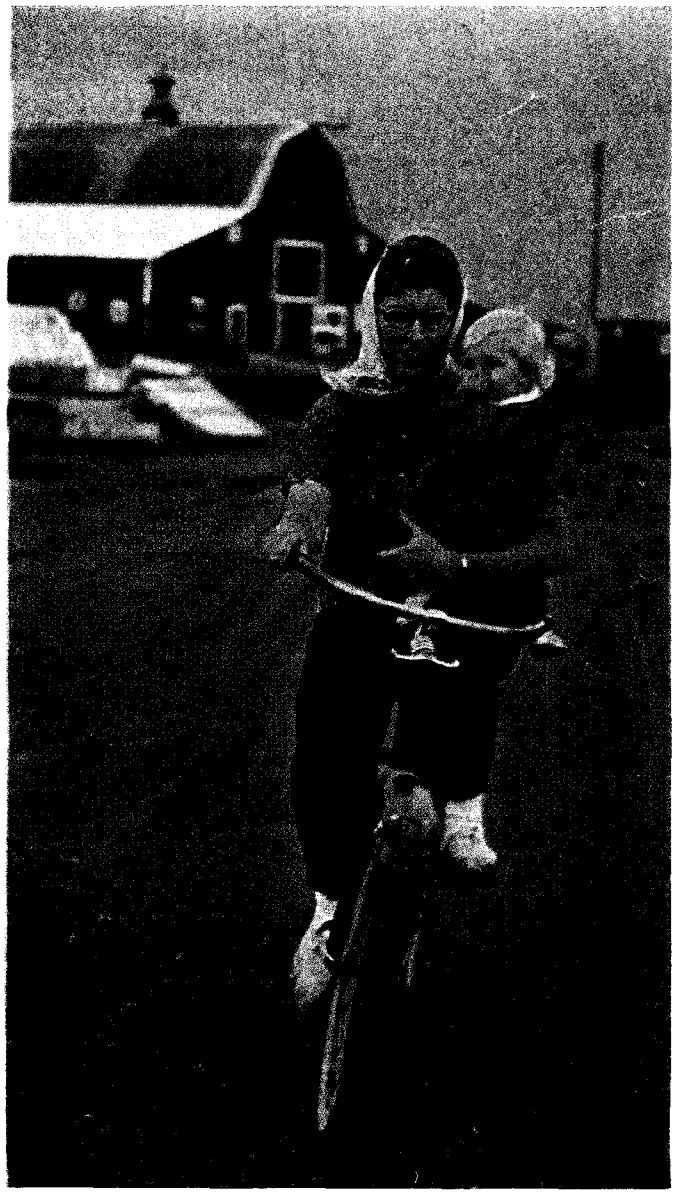
Cindy is almost as big as they are, a husky 22-pounder who sits in the same row of high chairs at mealtimes. In fact, the quints seem to think of her as one of themselves and are a bit puzzled because she isn't able, as yet, to run with them. When Andy comes back to the house for lunch and dinner, he goes through a little ceremony of gravely shaking hands with each of the quints, and they insist that he shake hands with Cindy too.

Photographs by Wayne Miller

Not long ago, in the warm, soft light of a summer evening on the South Dakota plains, I watched the Fischer quints outdoors at play, lively as young puppies. The sight brought back a vivid memory of the first time I had seen them, in St. Luke's Hospital. Then, a few days after their tumultuous arrival on earth, they were in special incubators; they looked fragile and weak, little pink scraps of humanity that were almost, but not quite, completed. They were struggling hard for life against the stern arithmetic which gives quintuplets only a slim chance of survival but were gaining ground with each tiny breath.

On this summer evening they were brimming with life, taking it for granted and being taken for granted. When I arrived the quints seemed to quiet down and gave me only sidelong glances. "They're getting shy now," explained Mary Ann. "They know when somebody new is watching

Mrs. Andrew J. Fischer—"big" Mary Ann—and her daughter, little Mary Ann, go for a bicycle ride together.



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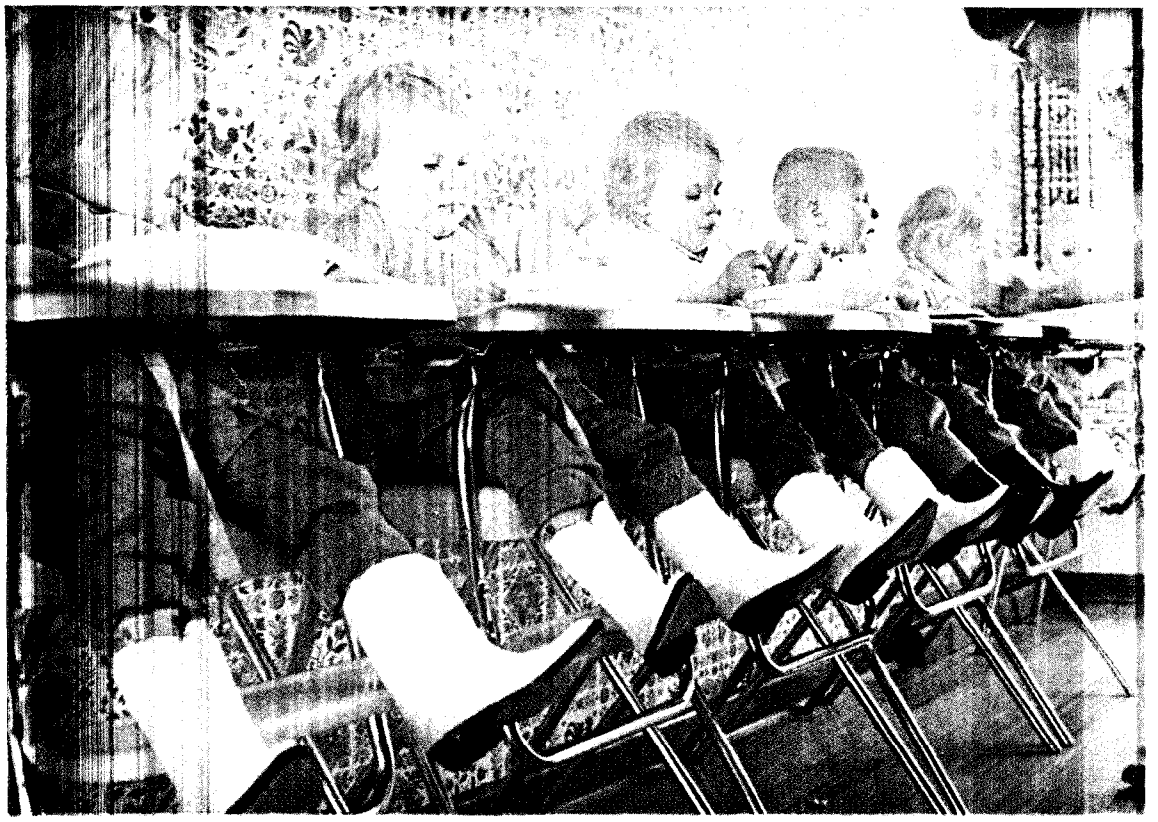

At mealtimes the quints occupy identical high chairs in the breakfast room. Cindy, the 10-month-old new sister, joins them.

Andy's take-home pay as a shipping clerk was $76 a week. In those days, both to save on rent and because they liked the open country, the Fischers rented a broken-down old farm home and a few acres of land several miles from town. To provide milk for their five young children, Andy kept several dairy cows and got up every morning at 4:45 to milk them. Mary Ann always planted a large family garden to help fill the larder, and when the family was hard pressed to meet its bills, she worked part time in a bowling alley.

Today, despite their new affluence, the Fischers' days start just as early and they work just as hard and long as they did in the old, hard-scrabbling pre-quint days. "This is a farm; we have to use the sunlight hours," they explain. Andy now rises at 4:30 or 5 A.M., climbs into a work shirt, blue jeans and cowboy boots, gets his own breakfast and heads for the outdoors. Since last October, when he resigned from his old job in the warehouse and took possession of the farm, he has been busy on sunny days rebuilding the many miles of dilapidated fence surrounding his pastures and fields.

them." But within a few minutes Jimmy came up and presented me with a toy duck and a smile, and soon the five of them were using me as a toy exchange, demanding a "thank you" and a handshake with each toy.

In their first outdoor summer the quints are healthy, happy children who early in their lives caught up with normal development for their age group. Little Mary Ann, who originally weighed only 2 pounds, 8 ounces, is still the smallest; she recently tipped the scales at 22 pounds, 8 ounces. Jimmy, at more than 28 pounds, is the biggest. They are all bright, alert and affectionate. For many months they have known their own names, and now they are beginning to talk, progressing beyond the usual "bye-bye" and "night-night" to brief sentences. When one of them sees a fellow-quint getting away with some forbidden act, such as pulling all the freshly ironed clothes out of a bureau drawer, the sentence is likely to be a sharp, imitative "Don't do that!"

The quints have been walking since they were a year old. Now they run, a bit unsteadily, on short legs moving so fast that they seem to blur. When the five decide to scatter in different directions, it's something like a small explosion. And as each of them now has at least a dozen sharp baby teeth, scuffles over toys or favored positions in the front of a coaster wagon are sometimes punctuated with sharp yelps, and this quint or that one will emerge tearfully displaying the neat, semicircular imprint of a hard bite on an arm or leg.

It is difficult for a casual visitor to tell one girl-quint from another, especially when they are in motion—as they usually are. Jimmy, of course, is all boy. He is more stockily built, and his blond hair is cut short. The girls all have the same oval shape of face, the same long yellow hair softly curling at the ends, and the same shy smiles.

The doctors still haven't decided the exact genetic relationship of the quintuplets. For a while the evidence seemed to indicate that Jimmy and Mary Ann were "singles," each from an individual egg, while Cathy, Margie and Maggie were identical triplets. But as they have grown, Mary Ann and Margie have become more alike in looks, and so have Cathy and Maggie. It could be that the girls are quadruplets or perhaps two sets of identical girl-twins.

Each, however, has her own individual personality. Little Mary Ann, for instance, is decidedly the most persistent. "If anyone has anything that she wants," says Andy, "Annie knows she isn't big enough to take it outright, but she keeps after it until she gets it." Cathy is a bit more shy than the others. Maggie is the most adventuresome and inquisitive, and Margie the most sensitive and likely to have her feelings hurt when given a sharp "No!" Jimmy is considerably easier-going than his quint-sisters, despite being badly outnumbered. "He was slower to start walking because he was so much heavier," says his mother. "Not only that, almost every time he started to step out on his own, one or two of the girls would ramble into him and he'd fall. That made him very cautious."

Although they are clearly little individuals, the quints do display a distinct empathy or interdependence among themselves. "If one or two of them are kept in a room by themselves, they get very quiet and depressed," Andy reports. "They are always happiest and liveliest when they are all together." And even when they are playing with seemingly identical toys at the same time, they occasionally trade toys with one another.

One day in late spring when I first visited the Fischers at their new home, I found big Mary Ann, now 32, looking trim and fit in green slacks and a matching blouse, shoveling a large pile of topsoil into long, built-in planting boxes which run across the front of the house. The quints, dressed in striped coveralls and red caps, were busily wielding toy shovels. While Mary Ann and I were talking about the petunias she planned on planting, one of the quints—Margie, I believe—tripped and fell on the edge of the sidewalk. She wasn't bruised or scratched, just frightened into crying. Quickly the other quints gathered around her, offering her their toys and patting her soothingly.

"They have been doing that for a long time, even when they were just crawling," Mary Ann said. "At first they weren't too well coordinated, and we couldn't be sure whether they were trying to comfort or slap the one that was crying. Now we know those are love pats."

The main goal of the Andy Fischers, since that fateful morning, September 14, 1963, when their five tiny babies came squalling into an astonished world, has been to work their way back to a normal, quiet family life as soon as possible. Now the Fischers have it made—or virtually made. And perhaps not surprisingly, their "new-normal" way of living is similar in many ways to their old one.

The worldwide publicity and the large sums of money which have showered down on them in the past 22 months have changed the Fischers remarkably little. True, they now live in a $100,000 home on their 800-acre farm, and this represents a rather swift upgrading of the family fortunes from the pre-quint days when the 38-year-old

A tractor-tire sand pile is one of many centers of interest for Jimmy and sisters Cathy, Mary Ann, Margie and Maggie.

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Mary Ann also is a confirmed early-riser and do-it-yourselfer. She now has a full-time housekeeper to help care for the children and on summer mornings is outdoors not long after sunup, digging in her garden while the babies are still abed. Before planting her vegetables last spring she called her mother, Mrs. Elmer Brady, at the old home farm near Hecla, to make sure the signs of the moon were favorable. "Mom always has followed the signs," says Mary Ann, "and her garden is always the best you could hope to see."

Her energy is also responsible for the youngsters' pleasant play-park. Late last spring it was still covered with heavy brush and weeds beneath the trees, so Mary Ann tackled the clearing job in her spare time, helped on school holidays by the older children—when she could catch them. "I guess I'm just a workhorse," she says. "Anyway, the job got done, and it helped me lose five pounds."

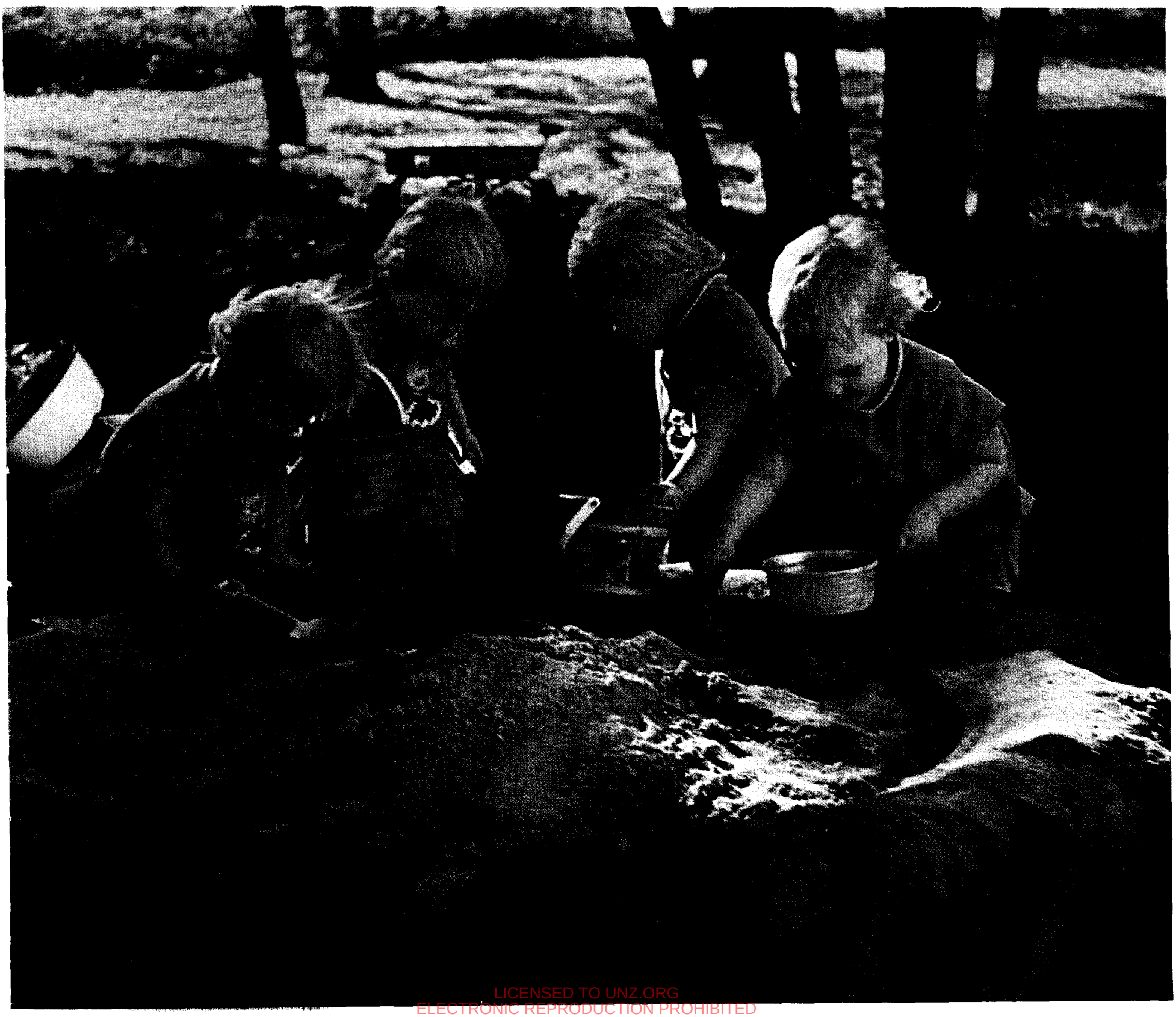
One of the whole Fischer clan's greatest satisfactions these days is simply their freedom to come and go as they please, just as they did in the old days. When Mary Ann has to drive into Aberdeen on short errands, such as taking the older girls to dancing class, she sometimes takes the quints along for the ride. "I just put them on a rug in the back deck of the station wagon," she says. "They have a high old time looking out the window, and nobody bothers us."

Such trips don't go unnoticed in town. "People here get a kick out of seeing those babies," says Henry Schmitt, editor-publisher of the Aberdeen *American-News*. "But they wouldn't think of making a big thing out of it. There's still a lot of pioneer individualism out here—we believe in letting other people live in their own way."

The Fischer family's progress to their present happy state of affairs hasn't been without some crises. As Andy puts it, "You don't have a new baby, move into a new house, start farming, and go through a long, cold winter without some problems—not with a family this size."

Cindy was born last September 24. Andy, by all reports, was considerably calmer while awaiting her arrival than he had been during his previous vigil—"After ten babies, you get used to it." His

Margie does her best to comfort a briefly distressed Cindy.



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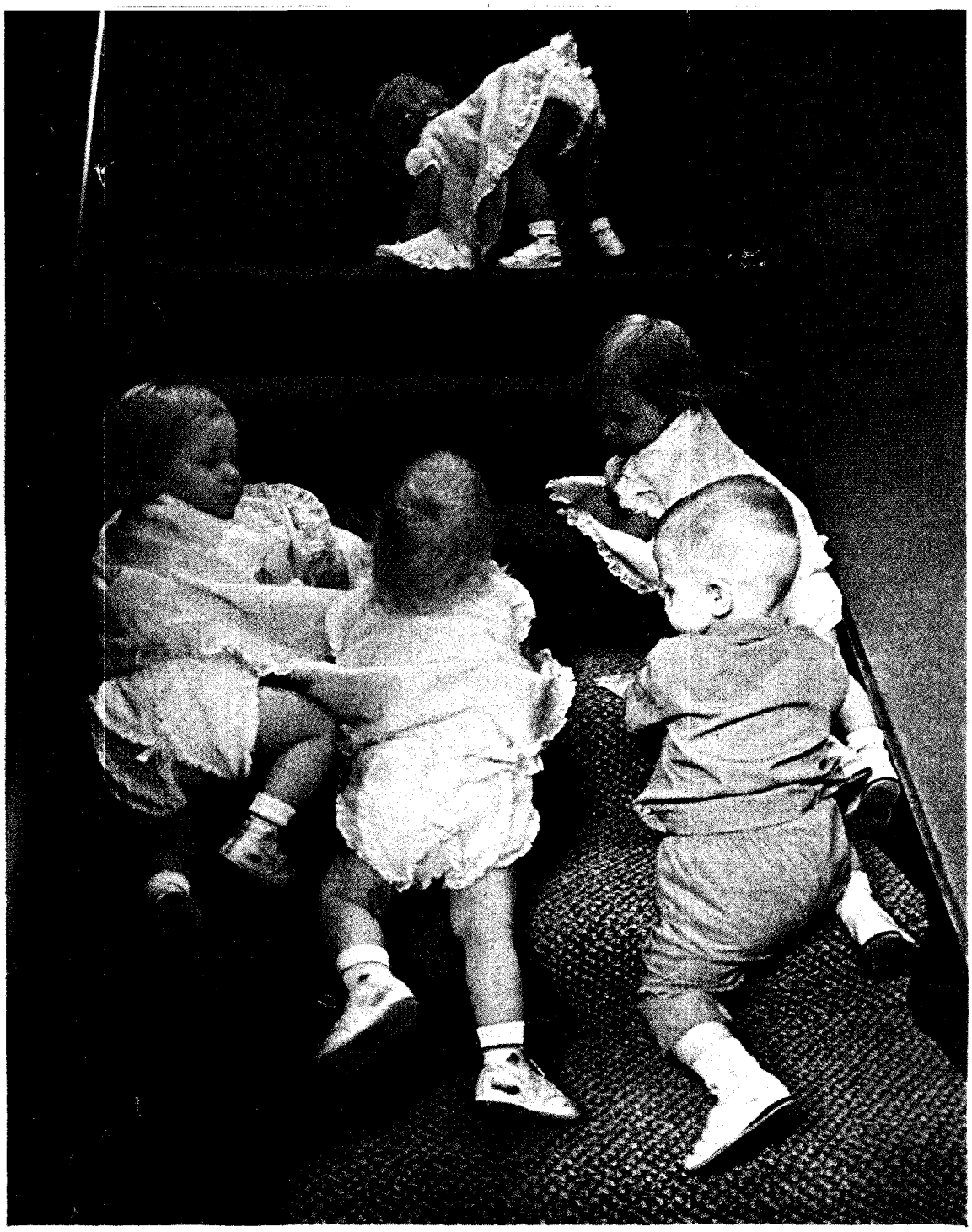

The quints negotiate stairs with ease. As a result, says their mother, "We have to keep an eye on them all the time."

main contribution, he says, was thinking up a name for his new daughter.

The Fischers brought the baby home to an overpopulated house, the four-bedroom place in town they had rented shortly after the quints were born. The roster included Mary Ann's energetic mother, Mrs. Brady, who was helping to take care of the children, and a hired girl, in addition to (now) 13 Fischers. The only place left for Cindy's crib was in her parents' bedroom.

"We thought the quints might be a little jealous at first," Mary Ann says. "It would be natural at their age. But there wasn't any of that. The only problem was that they wanted to hug her and lift her, just love the daylights out of her, and we had to keep them from overdoing it."

The next milestone for the Fischer clan was getting established in their new home. Originally, the house was supposed to be completed in mid-October, but it was December 1, bitterly cold and windy, before the last rooms were finished, the carpets laid and the appliances installed.

Once moved in, however, the Fischers had no trouble getting accustomed to the new home with its 17 rooms. "We just let go and spread out," says Mary Ann. "You could feel the tension going down." The older youngsters immediately claimed for their own the large, tiled, paneled recreation room in the basement where they could watch their favorite Westerns and cartoon shows on television. The quints explored the whole house but favored—as their parents did for them—the large, warm family room, furnished in practically indestructible leather-covered furniture.

Last winter the Fischers had good reason to be thankful for the extensive baby-care facilities of their home—a second-floor wing of three bedrooms and a combination bathroom-laundry, which can be isolated from the rest of the house. The quints had always been exceptionally healthy babies, suffering no illnesses other than light colds. But in early March Mary Ann's mother, leaving after a visit, went to say good-bye to the quints, and she and Mary Ann noticed that a couple of them seemed a bit fretful. They thought the youngsters might be coming down with a cold. "We didn't think it could be anything serious," recalls Mary Ann. "After all, they had had shots or vaccinations for all of the usual children's diseases."

The next morning little Mary Ann was definitely on the sick list, suffering diarrhea and unable to keep down any foods, even liquids. By nightfall all of the girl babies—Cindy in addition to the quints—were stricken. Jimmy managed to hold out until the third day but then became the sickest of all. Dr. Bernard F. King, a calm, fatherly man who had assisted at the quints' birth and a Cindy's, diagnosed the trouble as infectiou enterocolitis. He didn't gloss over the fact that i could be serious.

"There was a lot of it going around," Docto King told me later. "It's an influenza-like infectio that is common in late winter and early sprin and is more hazardous to children between th ages of one and four." The principal danger o the disease, he pointed out, is the dehydratio caused by the continued vomiting and diarrhea The steady loss of body fluids can cause the baby' chemical balance to become irreversibly un balanced. "One of the danger signs is extrem lassitude," he said. "The youngsters get so weal they can't hold their heads up."

Fortunately, none of the Fischer babies ap proached that stage. A trained nurse, Mrs. Mar guerite Dorman—one of the team that had take care of the quints during their early days in St Luke's—was dispatched to the Fischer home t help care for the babies. Doctor King made daily visits to check on their condition. "There was n point at which we had to hospitalize them," h said, "but I can tell you I was sweating it out."

The invalids soon turned the corner, however and succeeded in holding down skimmed milk an water. But the babies were kept in their cribs fo

Andy Fischer tries manfully to concentrate on his TV set, but what chance has a show got in this room full of action?

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two weeks, and when ready again for regular meals, they were a thin, pale group. "Mom was real shocked when she first saw them," says Mary Ann. "We knew they were thin, of course, but we had been with them all the time and didn't realize how much they had changed." They were a hungry group, though, and needed no urging to clean up their plates when put on solid food. They soon were as plump and rosy as ever.

About the only cloud on the Fischers' horizon these days is a financial one—a temporary squeeze, they hope, due to their rapid, heavy investment in their house, land and farming equipment. This was brought home to them last spring when, like the current President of the United States, they had to borrow money to pay their income taxes.

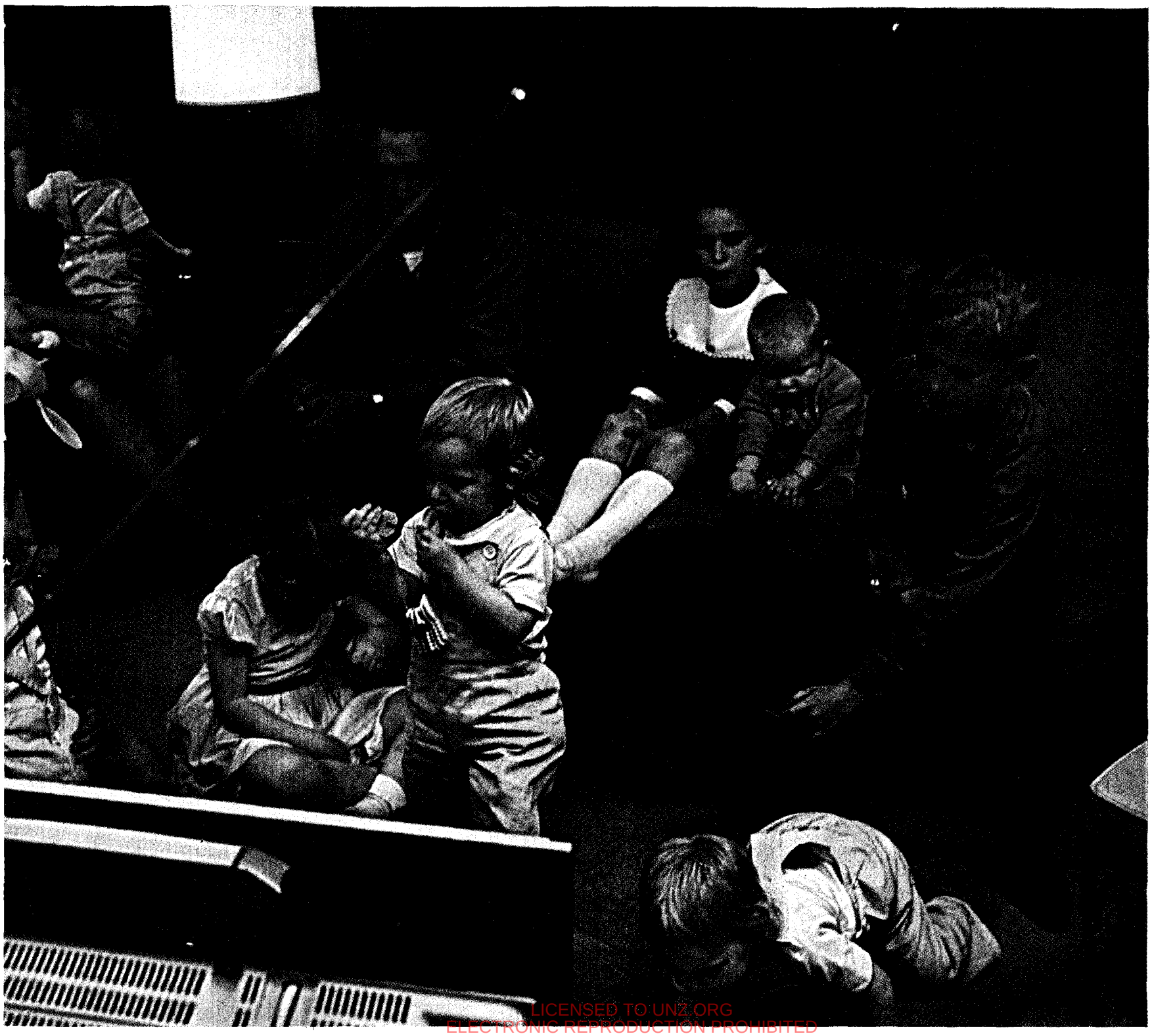
The home is one of the big items which helped bring the pinch. Contrary to a widespread impression that the community of Aberdeen built the house for the Fischers—"a $100,000 gift house," some press reports had it—the fact is that the Fischers built and paid for most of it. It is true that, in the excitement-filled days after the quints "put Aberdeen on the map," the Chamber of Commerce set up a special project to raise money and materials to provide the family a suitable home. However, when Andy and Mary Ann realized that they were going to have considerable income and also could fulfill their hopes of living in the country, they met with the building committee and asked that the project be suspended. They said they didn't want to appear ungrateful and would be glad to accept the architectural help and other items already subscribed, but they would prefer handling the building contract and furnishings themselves. They wanted this home to be their own.

As it turned out, the newspaper guesses on the cost of housing the suddenly expanded family were on the low side. Andy now blinks a bit behind his glasses when he figures up what he has laid out—so far. "I don't really know what the total comes to," he says. "There are still some things to do, but we've put around $100,000 in the house and at least $25,000 more in furnishings, over and above the many things that were given to us."

The Fischers have had to swing all this—and the $80,000 that Andy paid for the farm—on less than half of the family's total income. The rest is set aside for the children. As a result the home and farm are heavily mortgaged. "It looks like I'll be an old man before I get it paid off," says Andy.

He probably is being overpessimistic. Actually, the family's finances are operating according to cautiously made plans. Shortly after their quints were born, Andy and Mary Ann, following the

Jimmy, most easygoing of all the quints, greets his five-year-old sister Denise with a big laugh.



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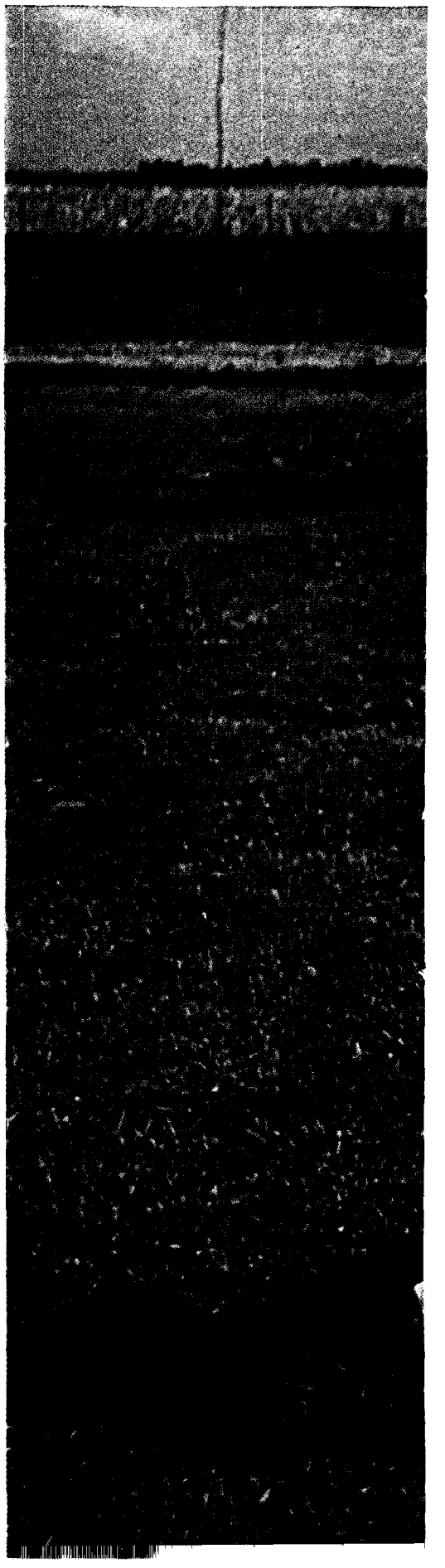
Andy and Mary Ann Fischer, plucked from anonymity by the quints' birth in September, 1963, have nearly achieved their goal of returning to a normal life.

Hooded against a chilly wind, Margie and little Mary Ann (below, left) marvel at the unfamiliar sight, feel and smell of a young tree growing on their farm.

A barrow of quints (below, right): Mary Ann gives the youngsters a ride to the fenced-in, acre-large outdoor play area where they spend most of their time.



advice of their attorneys, placed the financial affairs—but not the persons—of all their children under guardianship of the county court. At least half, and in some cases more, of the income received from contracts for editorial, photographic, television and advertising rights goes into the guardianship account, where it is divided among the children and invested for them. Cindy has been added to the arrangement.

The Fischers look on their house as a heavy-duty living machine—as it definitely is. The temperature is automatically regulated by an all-electrical combination heating-and-cooling system. A battery of large electric hot-water heaters supplies the three automatic washing machines, the kitchen, the five bathrooms and two powder rooms.

Even the large living room and adjoining dining area, with wall-to-wall soft-green carpeting and semiformal furniture, have been planned to take lots of family traffic. The carpets are a long-wearing type, the furniture is sturdy, much of it solid cherry. The strong drapes at the big windows already have had a workout; the quints find them ideal for playing hide-and-seek.

With understandable emphasis, Mary Ann said, "This is the room that really saves us work," as she opened the door to the quints' special "service" room, adjoining their bedrooms. It is a brightly fluorescent-lighted, hospital-like combination bathroom, laundry and dressing room, equipped with a double lavatory, an automatic washer and dryer, a built-in refrigerator for keeping milk and medicines, a medical-type baby-weighing scales, and ranks of shelves and cabinets for storing supplies.

There is an intercom which can be turned on to relay any noise in the nursery during the night. "But we really don't need it," says Mary Ann, pointing out that the master bedroom is next door. The Fischers always look in on their sleeping infants just before they themselves turn in—usually by 9:30 or 10 o'clock—and, Mary Ann says, "We sort of sleep with one ear open, and if any of them wake up, we hear it. As a rule, though, all of the babies are sound sleepers."

Each morning, when the quints are out of their baby beds and on the go, the whole complex household is largely geared to their schedule. Mary Ann and her middle-aged housekeeper, Miss Elizabeth (Betsy) Strudle, a friend of the family, try to keep up with the swarm of infants. The quints plus Cindy sleep two to a room in their three-bedroom suite where their day starts not long after sunup. Happily, from the standpoint of the family work load, they are slow starters and don't demand immediate attention. "They like to lie in their cribs for an hour or more, playing with their toys and talking to each other," says Mary Ann. "Betsy and I go in around seven o'clock and get them changed and dressed." And from then on, she needn't add, she has her hands full of babies.

The quints don't need any help getting downstairs to breakfast—just a bit of traffic direction to keep them from straying on side expeditions. When they come to the back stairway they turn around, drop to their hands and knees and quickly wiggle down backward, doing a kind of reverse

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twist—all except the adventuresome Maggie, who has taken to sitting down and sliding on her bottom from one step to another.

"We thought we were saving ourselves a lot of carrying when we taught them to go up and down stairs by themselves," says Mary Ann. "But we outsmarted ourselves. Before that, they would stay on one floor. Now we have to keep an eye on them all the time. A while back Cathy slipped away, tried going down the front stairs and tumbled. She got some bumps on her head, but it wasn't serious."

The six babies, lined up in their high chairs, eat their meals with the rest of the family in the oversized breakfast room. The quints now wield their own spoons, and they get no special baby food.

Although they now are not lined up in any special order, for a long time they were dressed and fed in a definite sequence—"to save work and squabbling," says their mother. Apparently this routine established among the quints the idea of taking turns. Even when between-meals cookies are being passed out, each quint usually takes his or hers in order, with a minimum of pushing for position. Mary Ann sometimes gives one of the quints an extra cookie to take to Cindy, and it usually gets delivered—though it may have a bite taken out as a toll charge.

The quints play until lunchtime, sometimes in the playground or sometimes "helping" their mother in the garden. On rainy days they roam through the family room, breakfast room and kitchen—an area that can be closed off from the rest of the house. On these days the doors of the kitchen cupboards are tied together with string. "If we didn't do that, every utensil would soon be on the floor," says Mary Ann. The youngsters also have a trick of slipping up behind their mother or the housekeeper and untying their apron strings. Now all bowknots around the place are tied extra hard.

After lunch the quints take their one nap of the day, getting up at three o'clock for cookies and milk. Then they play again until dinnertime. By 7:30 their mother and Betsy are busy getting them bathed and ready for bed—at least an hour's work.

"After they're tucked in," says Mary Ann, "we know we've had a long day." □

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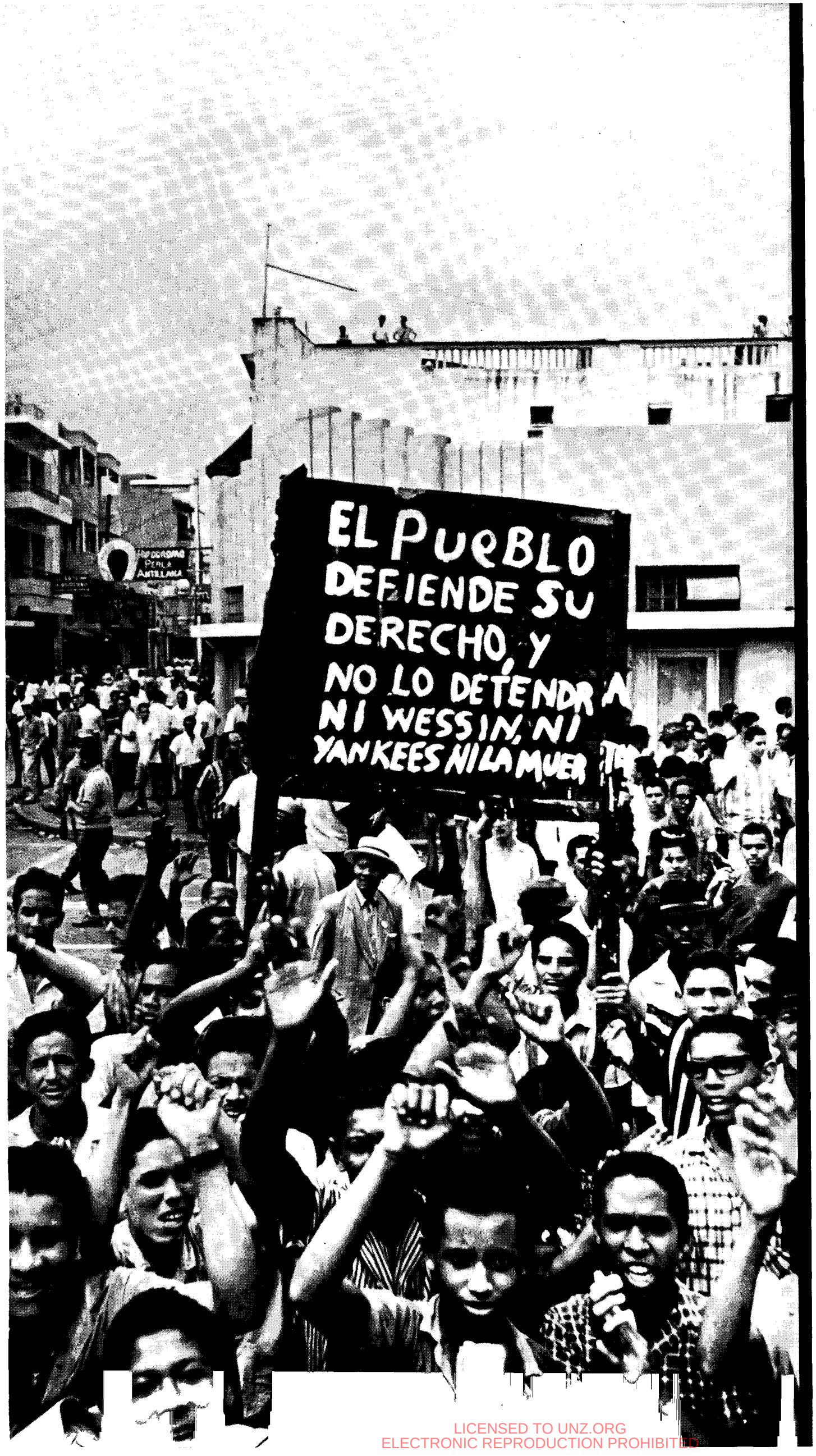
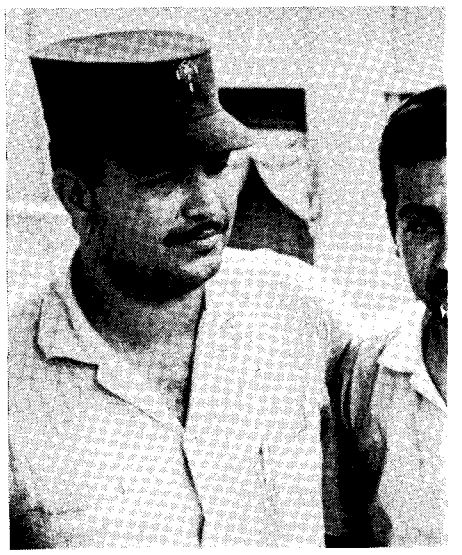


At left, Dominicans in the rebel zone demonstrate their defiance of death and Yankees. Their leaders (below, Col. Francisco Caamaño and aides) deny that they are Communists.



This spring the United States became engaged in one of the most hectic, bizarre and controversial diplomatic and military operations in recent history, highlighted by the landing of 22,000 troops in the Dominican Republic to protect American lives and to prevent what the Johnson Administration feared might be "another Cuba" in the Caribbean.

By late June, after the United States had bounced back and forth several times between contradictory policies, a commission from the Organization of American States—heavily influenced by its American member, white-haired, professional diplomatic troubleshooter Ellsworth Bunker—finally came up with the compromise proposals designed to satisfy two sides in the civil war. But looking back at the massive bloodshed and wild confusion of that savage Dominican spring, one finds it hard not to wonder why the same ideas could not have been advanced at the outset of the crisis, or shortly thereafter.

The story of the Dominican intervention would have been merely a comedy of errors and inconsistencies, a mixture of Hamlet and the Marx Brothers, if it were not for the thousands of Dominican dead and wounded in the eight-week civil war and for the deep involvement of American prestige.

The direct cost to the United States was some 25 lost lives of marines and paratroopers, over 100 casualties and many hundreds of millions of dollars. It is impossible to estimate the cost to America in lost confidence among people throughout the world who regarded the episode—rightly or wrongly—as an imperialist military move by the United States. The Dominican crisis created sharp divisions within the Administration in Washington. How the Government handled that crisis—with apparent confusion at the local embassy, at the State Department and in the Central Intelligence Agency—deserves close scrutiny, for American embassies are everywhere much the same, and similar problems may erupt anywhere at any time. The Dominican experience is not the sort that it would be beneficial to undergo more than once.

A good part of the reason for this drawn-out torture of the ancient city

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When the marines stormed ashore in SANTO DOMINGO

American prestige went along with them, and almost no one claims that it was enhanced. Was that trip necessary? Here is an eyewitness report that raises disturbing questions.

By TAD SZULC

of Santo Domingo and its 460,000 inhabitants, if not the whole reason, seems to lie in the nature of the initial reporting on the Dominican crisis to the Administration in Washington by the U.S. Embassy in the Dominican capital. This frequently overemotional, exaggerated and partisan reporting went far to influence decision-making at the State Department and the White House, thus becoming the prime cause of most of the subsequent events. Later, the embassy's recommendations played a part in undermining, in effect, the peace-making efforts of special White House envoys on the scene.

For this reason, much of what happened in the Dominican Republic is essentially the story of the American Embassy in Santo Domingo, the people in it and its "special guests" from Washington. It is the tale of an embassy that was at first caught unawares by events and then seemed panicked by them, and of otherwise competent diplomats who allowed themselves to lose contact with the real facts of the situation and then made it a policy to ignore them. No definite report can be provided on Washington's role, but it is plain that during the initial period no effective brake on the wild procession of events was applied by the State Department, which seems to have let itself be stampeded by reports from the field.

In this atmosphere of unreality and intrigue there inevitably arose episodes that served almost as comic relief in the impossibly tense and chaotic situation. There was the picture of American Ambassador W. Tapley Bennett Jr. sitting under his desk throughout a strafing by friendly planes and the scene in which a White House emissary climbed through a window for a secret meeting with the rebel chiefs.

And, as the constant counterpart to the political and diplomatic maneuverings, there were the sounds and the smells of the civil war. From the moment that I landed in Santo Domingo on Thursday, April 29—having been ferried by a marine helicopter from the *U.S.S. Boxer* along with other reporters—I lived for five weeks with the barking of machine guns, the thud of mortars and the sudden, dry crackling of snipers' rifles. There was the sweet, sickening smell of death in the overcrowded hospitals and the pungent odor of decay in a city which for weeks had no water and no garbage collection; and there was the quiet heroism of American Peace Corps nurses working under fire in the hospitals, the taut discipline of marines holding fire until the last possible moment.

But for the sake of coherency, this complex story of the U.S. involvement in the Dominican Republic must be told chronologically. It begins with the revolt in Santo Domingo on Saturday, April 24, by a group of civilians and young military officers, who set out to overthrow the provisional government of Donald Reid Cabral and to bring back deposed president Juan Bosch.

But it is really necessary to go back even further, for the recent history of the Dominican Republic is a confused mesh of tawdry events. The country was for 31 years the personal fief of Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molinas, an iron-fisted dictator whose rule ended with his assassination on a lonely Santo Domingo boulevard in May, 1961. After seven confused months, a Council of State was installed with U.S. support and with the intention of preparing democratic elections. Some council members subsequently lost interest in holding elections, and it was largely through the efforts of Donald Reid Cabral, a slim but wiry automobile dealer, that the elections took place in December, 1962. But "Donnie" Reid was surprised by the victory of Dr. Juan Bosch, an idealistic writer, social reformer and self-taught political scientist who had lived in exile for 24 years. Reid refused to participate in the Bosch government and instead aligned himself with the right-wing opposition.

On September 25, 1963, Doctor Bosch, the republic's first freely chosen president in 38 years, was deposed by a military coup. The Trujilloist generals and colonels who overthrew Bosch explained their move as a necessary counter to the president's alleged—but never proved—Communist proclivities. Reid Cabral became foreign minister under a new triumvirate—in a government unrecognized by the United States, for President Kennedy angrily broke diplomatic relations after the coup and withdrew all aid. The Johnson Administration reestablished the relationship three months later, and not long thereafter Reid was elevated to the top post in the triumvirate. Reid became known in Santo Domingo as "el Americano," so closely was he linked with U.S. interests.

Reid Cabral meant well, but somehow he never impressed his fellow Dominicans, who became increasingly impatient for the democracy, jobs and bread that had been promised since Trujillo's death. His rule, though authoritarian, was not dictatorial as Dominicans knew dictatorship, and he even tried to put a rein on the armed forces. This helped seal his fate. Resentment among old-line military, wistfully remembering the easy Trujillo days, converged with active plotting by young officers who were weary of the triumvirate and wanted democracy reinstituted under President Bosch.

It was the "young Turks" group that set off the crisis. The conspiracy of these officers and of civilians from Bosch's Dominican Revolutionary Party (P.R.D.)—mainly middle-class persons—began last September. The target date was June 1, but the capital grapevine became active in March with rumors that a coup was in the works.

After Easter Sunday, April 18, the coup rumors grew more persistent. A few days later, Santo Domingo's newspaper *El Caribe* published a front-page story reporting unusual military movement around the presidential palace. And finally on Thursday, April 22, Donnie Reid himself heard enough details of the plot to fire seven air-force officers involved in it. This move shocked the conspirators into acting.

Rebel civilians suddenly captured the city's main radio-and-television station in the early afternoon of Saturday, April 24, and announced—prematurely—the government's fall. Two army camps on the outskirts of town declared themselves in rebellion. Crowds poured into the downtown streets to celebrate what they thought had already become a victorious revolution, but loyalist forces soon recaptured the radio station and arrested eight rebels there. Although the rebels at the two army camps ignored a five-P.M. ultimatum to surrender, Reid Cabral broad-

Gen. Antonio Imbert, chief of the junta (termed alternative to "another Cuba"), is a survivor of group that killed Trujillo.

This article is taken from the book "30 Days in May: A Dominican Diary," to be published in October by Delacorte Press.

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U. S. officials dived for cover.

American Ambassador Tapley Bennett (shown here with U.S. trooper guarding the embassy) urged intervention to avoid Red take-over.

cast that evening an announcement that the uprising had been stamped out.

The American Embassy, which had been completely surprised by the original revolt, dutifully passed on to the State Department the announcement that the revolt was now over, along with its own conclusions that, indeed, Donnie Reid had weathered the storm.

A possible explanation for the embassy's failure to properly assess what was happening may be found in the absence of Ambassador Tapley Bennett, who had left Santo Domingo on Friday, April 23, the day before the rebels made their move. Mr. Bennett later explained that he had expected trouble, and for precisely that reason had gone to Washington, feeling that it was his last opportunity to discuss the Dominican problem before trouble came. However, on Thursday Bennett had sent his regular weekly report to the State Department, and in it he mentioned new talk in Santo Domingo that some generals might try to oust Reid during the weekend. But, Bennett noted, this seemed to be one of those "usual Santo Domingo rumors."

From Santo Domingo the ambassador went to Georgia to visit his mother. It was there that he first heard of the Saturday revolt, and only the next day did he go to Washington, where the initial plans for a large-scale United States intervention were already being considered—partly on the basis of increasingly nervous reports from Santo Domingo that leftists and Communists were dominating what was supposed to be a pro-Bosch movement.

Also absent from Santo Domingo that crucial weekend were 11 of the 13 officers attached to the U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group, whose job it was to train Dominican troops and be in touch with their leaders; they were in Panama attending a routine conference. The embassy's naval attaché had left Friday for a weekend of dove shooting in the Cibao Valley with Brig. Gen. Antonio Imbert Barreras, one of the two survivors of the group that ambushed Trujillo in 1961—and a man who was to play a vital role in the days ahead. The senior American present in Santo Domingo was Bennett's deputy, William Connett, a thin, bespectacled diplomat who had arrived five months before. At 46, he had served in four Latin American posts during his 14 years in the Foreign Service.

In Washington it was a quiet spring weekend. Secretary of State Dean Rusk on Saturday made a statement about U.S. policy on Cambodia. President Johnson's top Latin American adviser, Thomas Mann, was relaxing at home. And Jack Hood Vaughn, who only a few weeks earlier had succeeded Mann as Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs when Mann was elevated to the post of Under Secretary, was attending a conference in Cuernavaca, Mexico. As far as anyone in the Administration seemingly could determine, this was one of the quietest periods that Latin American politics had undergone in a long time.

By any standards Tap Bennett's embassy was a good embassy, staffed by about 30 Foreign Service officers. All were career men with good records, and most had Latin American experience. Its only visible weakness was that all ranking officers, including Bennett, had served there for a relatively short time. This was because diplomatic relations with the Dominican Republic were restored only late in 1963, and a whole new team was assigned there with the new ambassador. Bennett, serving in his first ambassadorial post, had been in Santo Domingo 13 months, as had the chief of the embassy's political section. Only the CIA contingent, operating out of the Political Section as an independent unit, had been in the Dominican Republic longer.

Bennett was the classic State Department career ambassador—with all that this implies in advantages and drawbacks. At the age of 48, his ambassadorial appointment to Santo Domingo climaxed 24 years of a Foreign Service career that had not been spectacular, but, in State Department parlance, had been a "good" one. A tall, amiable man from an established Georgia family, Tap Bennett graduated from the University of Georgia, then spent a year at the University of Freiburg in Nazi Germany between 1937 and 1938 before obtaining his law degree from George Washington University. His first Foreign Service post was, interestingly enough, in the Dominican Republic. Afterward he specialized in Caribbean and Central American affairs, becoming in 1951 the Deputy Director of the State Department's Office of South American Affairs.

This backlog of experience made Tap Bennett a Latin American "old hand," and in 1953 he was picked as personal assistant to Dr. Milton Eisenhower, who then was surveying hemispheric problems on his brother's behalf. Doctor Eisenhower described Bennett as "an engaging, sensitive, tireless worker." Married to the daughter of a well-known former ambassador, Bennett carried a pleasant social cachet, and in time he was sent on pleasant assignments to Vienna and Athens.

After his arrival in Santo Domingo last year, the new ambassador established close and cordial relations with President Reid Cabral and with businessmen, landowners and military officers who supported the regime. While this was entirely proper, the ambassador and his top associates seemingly maintained few contacts or friendships with the followers of Doctor Bosch, other opposition politicians or any of the young officers. As a high Administration official in Washington said later, wondering aloud about the ambassador's selectiveness in his contacts, "Tap didn't seem to know anyone who was to the left of the Rotary Club."

Bennett was conscientious in carrying out his ambassadorial functions, and he traveled almost everywhere in the Dominican Republic, dutifully visiting aid projects and Peace Corps centers. But, as one of his embassy associates once remarked, "Tap seemed ill at ease with people who were not well dressed and to whom he had not been properly introduced." When the revolt broke out, Bennett almost reflexively gave his full commitment to people whom he knew. And he subsequently found himself in a maelstrom set in motion by men he had never met and by powerful forces that he had never discovered.

After reporting Saturday night that the rebellion seemed to have fizzled out, Bennett's deputy, Bill Connett—whose views apparently coincided largely with the ambassador's—found out Sunday morning that the situation had changed—although quite undramatically. Not only had the government's planes and tanks refused to attack the two rebellious army garrisons, but the old-line commanders had apparently decided to finish off in their own way what the young officers had started the day before. By Sunday morning Reid Cabral's term in office had ended—all the military leaders, rebels as well as loyalists, agreed on that. Donnie Reid signed his resignation on the understanding that a junta would be formed and that elections would be held soon.

Then developments became more confused. The young military officers who hoped to bring Doctor Bosch back to power refused to go along with the junta plan. Instead they and their followers moved into the presidential palace, announcing that they were establishing a provisional regime until Doctor Bosch could return from exile in nearby Puerto Rico. Because most of the troops under command of officers favorable to the junta were across the Ozama River at San Isidro air force base, the pro-Bosch officers momentarily had the upper hand. They immediately swore in as provisional president a mild-mannered P.R.D. politician named José Rafael Molina Ureña, who had been president of the Dominican Chamber of Deputies which became extinct at the time that the military overthrew Bosch in the 1963 coup. Under the 1963 constitution, suspended at the same time, Molina Ureña was next in line for the presidency in the absence of the vice president and the president of the senate, both of whom were in exile. Because Bosch's supporters regarded the 1963 coup as illegal, they claimed that the constitution was still in effect and that Molina Ureña was the rightful provisional president. The rebels' characterization of their movement as "constitutionalist" proceeds from this interpretation.

The installation of Molina Ureña that sunny Sunday marked the real beginning of the Dominican civil war.

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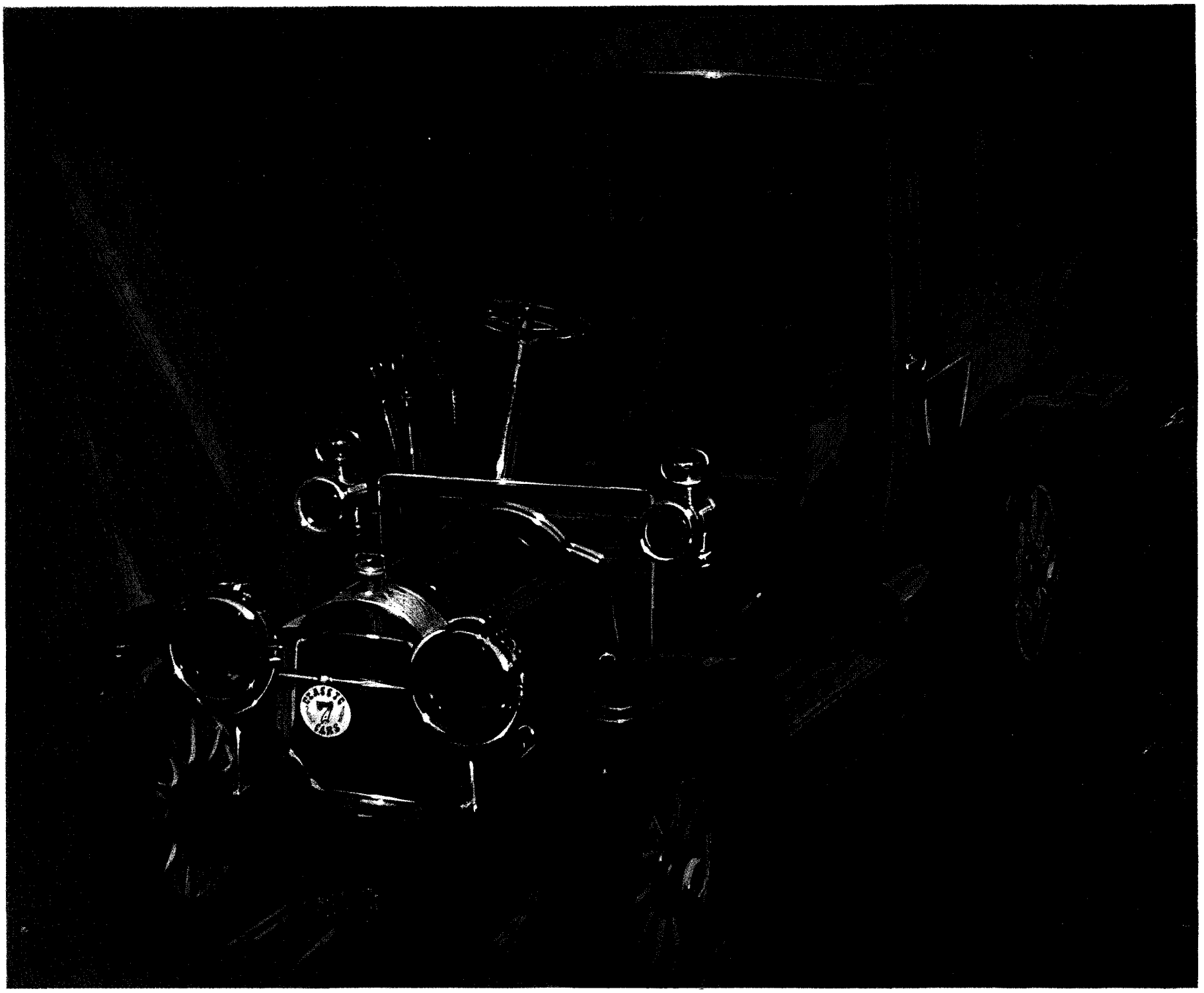

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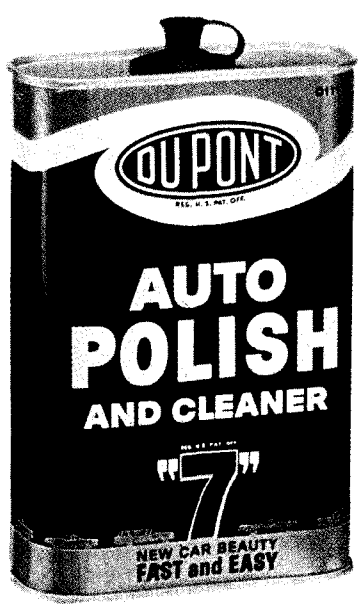

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The city became an armed camp roamed by mobs.

As revolt progressed, everyone who stepped up to rebel distribution points got a gun. This woman carries her weapon homeward.

The other military commanders who had helped to dismiss Reid Cabral a few hours earlier now felt betrayed. And the most indignant among them was Brig. Gen. Elias Wessin y Wessin, the officer who had himself led the coup against Doctor Bosch 19 months before and who was not now prepared to see him brought back to power. General Wessin had the allegiance of the officers of the aviation infantry and armored brigade, as well as of most of the air force. Wessin's troops—who at peak strength numbered about 2,500 combat soldiers—were the elite of the Dominican armed forces, and now they were poised to smash the rebels.

Early Sunday afternoon two of General Wessin's P-51 fighters came out of the sun over the sea beyond George Washington Blvd. and strafed the sprawling yellow palace. A Gloster Meteor jet followed in a screaming dive, hurling rockets. Across the Ozama River Wessin's tanks rumbled toward the bridge leading into town. Simultaneously the San Isidro radio station broadcast that the pro-Bosch rebels were Communist-dominated.

Although Doctor Bosch had formerly been one of Fidel Castro's favorite targets as a "Yankee puppet," the American Embassy apparently concurred in General Wessin's assessment of the revolt. In one of his earliest cables to Washington, Connett, acting as chargé d'affaires in Bennett's absence, warned that Doctor Bosch's return would mean extremism in the Dominican Republic within six months—by which he presumably meant Communism and, therefore, "another Cuba" in the Caribbean.

The rebels had by now opened the arsenals at the two army camps they controlled and at the few downtown police stations they had captured. A truck loaded with guns pulled up at the tree-shaded Parque Independencia. Men, women and teen-agers—Communists and non-Communists alike—were allowed to help themselves to anything they wanted. Suddenly the city turned into an armed camp. Connett cabled Washington that there were armed leftists on street corners. There were unquestionably Communists and pro-Castro elements in the revolution from the outset, but there seems to have been no basis for the embassy's warnings that extremists were about to capture the movement. The leaders at this early point were career army officers and Molina Ureña—none of whom are regarded as Communists.

In Santo Domingo, at 5:45 P.M. on Sunday, a delegation of top officials of Bosch's party went to the embassy to ask that the United States use its influence to halt the Wessin air attacks. The group included Silvestre Antonio Guzmán, a wealthy planter and former minister of agriculture in the Bosch cabinet, who was to emerge a few weeks later as the Administration candidate to end the Dominican civil war.

The chargé, Bill Connett, did not see them. Instead they were received by the embassy's second secretary, Arthur E. Breisky, who, according to Guzmán's subsequent account, called the rebels "irresponsible" and said they were Communist-dominated. When one of the visitors heatedly denied any Communist link, Breisky reportedly responded that "now you ask for U.S. help after having sent your people in the streets. . . . If I had Wessin's power I would use it."

Wessin did. On Monday his tanks continued their assault upon the Duarte Bridge, where they were resisted for hours in what was virtually hand-to-hand combat. Occasionally a Wessin tank succeeded in reaching the city end of the bridge, but then rebel bazooka and machine-gun fire turned it back. Near the bridge rebel soldiers and civilians, some of them teen-agers, crouched behind barricades among exploding missiles. By now automatic weapons were being handed out to anyone who asked for them. Aircraft bombed the city, where armed bands—not necessarily connected with any political movement—fired at anything that moved.

There was soon a complete breakdown of order, and the city had no government. Presently, serious fears developed for the safety of the 2,500 Americans living in Santo Domingo. Embassy officials monitoring the rebel-controlled radio and television began to discover a leftist-revolutionary accent creeping into the programs. The rebel announcers began broadcasting the names and addresses of "enemies of the revolution," an apparent invitation to violence. Though no anti-American incident had occurred, the embassy feared this as a predictable next step in the chaotic situation. Late on Monday the embassy recommended that the U.S. Navy, which had a task force standing offshore, immediately evacuate those Americans who wished to leave. Nobody in Santo Domingo, on any side, questioned the wisdom of this decision.

Because logical analysis cannot prove a negative argument—e.g., there are no snakes in Manhattan—there is no way of establishing that the pro-Bosch revolution would not have become dominated by the Communists. They are, however, a small minority in the Dominican Republic. And many foreign diplomats in the capital—even some officials at the embassy—point out that the United States, while fearing a Communist take-over, did nothing in the revolt's early days to encourage democratic elements among the rebels. Instead the embassy became increasingly identified with the Wessin forces, even though the San Isidro general personified, to a great many Dominicans, the threat of a new dictatorship.

Returning to Santo Domingo from Washington on Tuesday, April 27, Tap Bennett immediately passed to Washington, along with his own endorsement, the Wessin command's urgent request for radio equipment. The Wessin forces had still not managed to break into Santo Domingo, and the San Isidro leaders pleaded for U.S. walkie-talkies and other radio equipment to help provide tactical control of their tanks and aircraft.

Even before Bennett returned to his post, the Administration in Washington was—quite properly, in a situation of such extreme uncertainty—already actively considering both a landing of marines, to protect the evacuation of Americans, and a large-scale military intervention. Intervention was planned to fend off what the embassy had represented to Washington as the imminent danger of a Communist take-over. (The embassy warnings, however, were still couched in generalities, and none of the alleged Communist leaders in the rebel command had been positively identified.) At four o'clock on Tuesday, therefore—before the Navy

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began evacuating the first Americans from Santo Domingo—the 82nd Airborne Division at Fort Bragg, N.C., was placed on alert. Briefing his officers, division commander Maj. Gen. Robert York said the mission would be a parachute assault to secure San Isidro, the highway leading to the Ozama River and the Duarte Bridge.

On Tuesday afternoon the military picture in Santo Domingo shifted—the Wessin troops appeared to be gaining the upper hand. The tiny Dominican navy, which had until then remained neutral, suddenly went to the side of the San Isidro generals, and its frigates lobbed a few shells at the rebel-held presidential palace. Then a new act in the Dominican drama—and in the embassy's drama—began. A group of rebel military commanders suddenly appeared at the embassy and requested an interview with Ambassador Bennett. After checking their weapons at the door, they were ushered into the ambassadorial office. They told the ambassador that it was now necessary to end the bloodshed, and they asked him to mediate in negotiations with General Wessin.

Tap Bennett replied that he had no authority to mediate. But he said that because he was in contact with San Isidro, he would be glad to transmit messages there. Some of the officers, apparently believing their own entreaties lacked sufficient force, then suggested that the embassy help persuade Acting President Molina Ureña that the time had come to seek a truce. Bennett assented. He instructed Benjamin J. Ruyle, head of the Political Section, to drive to the palace and deliver the message to the Acting President from his military associates.

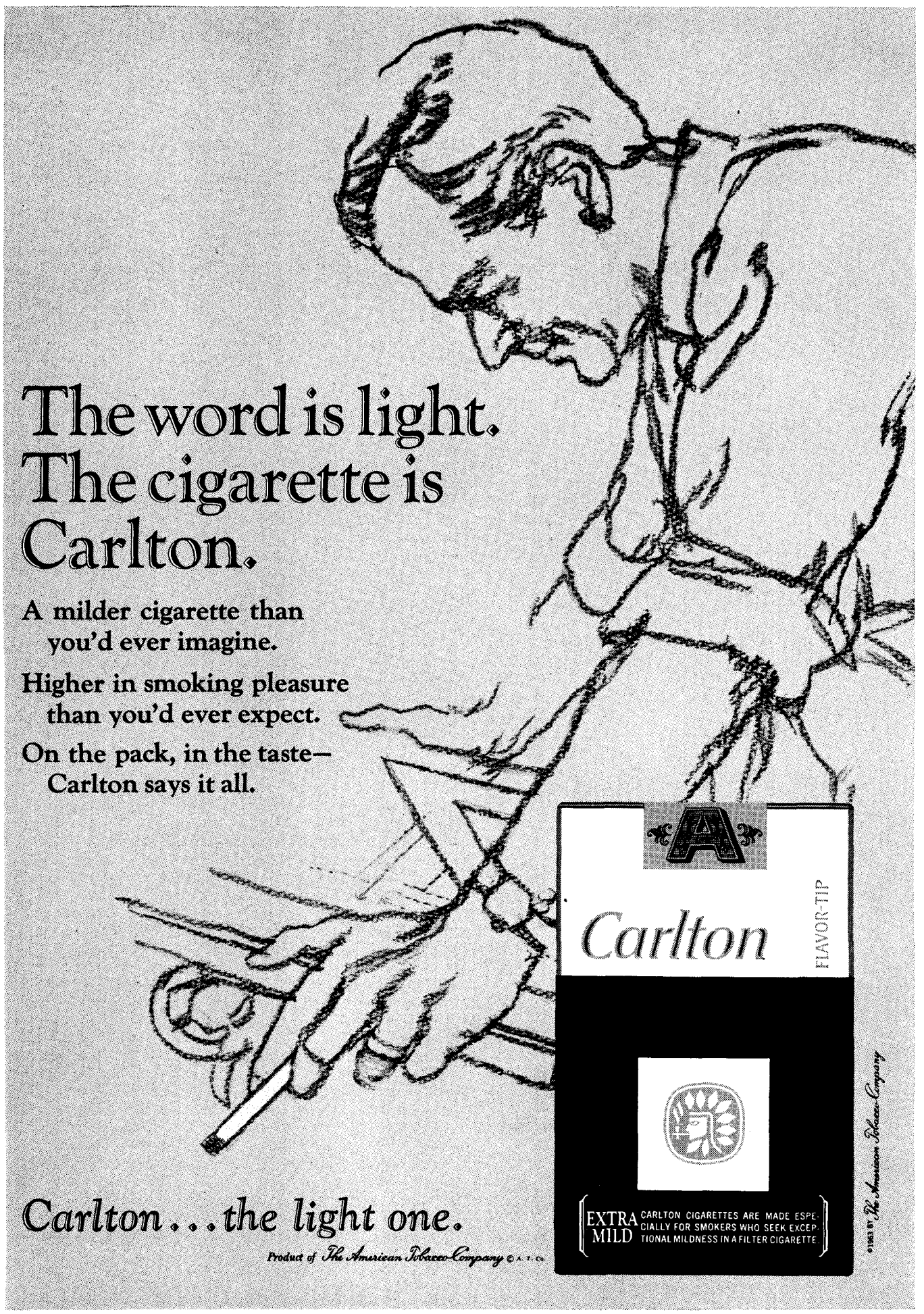
Ruyle found the sprawling palace deserted. There were broken windows everywhere. Bits of masonry lay strewn around where rockets and machine-gun bullets had hit. Walking through the building, Ruyle finally came upon a room off the main corridor where Molina Ureña sat dejected in a stuffed armchair. He was surrounded by a number of rebels, some in uniform and some in civilian clothes. At first the Acting President refused to consider giving up the fight, but his companions persuaded him to give it some thought. Ruyle left him and drove back to the embassy.

An hour later Molina Ureña and 18 rebel officers arrived at the white-stucco, one-story embassy. This time the group included Lt. Col. Francisco Caamaño Deñó, one of the top rebel leaders and a 32-year-old graduate of a Florida high school and of U.S. Marine Corps schools. Again Tap Bennett was asked to mediate, and again he refused—but there are two contradictory versions of what happened. Colonel Caamaño insists that the ambassador told the group that "this is the time to surrender and not to negotiate." This, the colonel said later, was an insult to the rebels' honor.

Bennett denies that he either demanded a surrender or intended to insult anyone. However, Colonel Caamaño's—and most other rebels'—personal abhorrence of the ambassador is associated with this incident. But on one point both sides agree: When the conference finally broke up, Colonel Caamaño turned to Tap Bennett, just before leaving his office, and said, "We shall go on fighting." (The ambassador did not report this remark in his cable to the State Department that night, nor had there been any mention of Caamaño in embassy messages during the first four days of the rebellion.)

The rebels left the embassy one by one, some hanging back as if they were reluctant to leave. Finally Molina Ureña decided that his side had lost and drove to the Colombian Embassy to request asylum. As far as the U.S. Embassy was concerned, the pro-Bosch rebellion had collapsed. An army battalion from out of town, uncommitted to either side until then, entered the city from the west and marched on the palace. In the east, General Wessin's tanks were smashing their way into Santo Domingo over the Duarte Bridge against heavy resistance. The U.S. Navy evacuation of the first 1,175 Americans had been safely completed. There had been an early incident at the Hotel Embajador, where evacuees had congregated, when rebels lined terrified people up against a wall in the lobby and fired a submachine-gun burst overhead. But nobody was hurt. In Washington, Administration officials expressed relief that the revolt had collapsed.

But to everybody's surprise—the embassy's second major surprise in five days—the rebels not only did not give up but they found a second breath. Colonel Caamaño, whose promise to fight had been ignored by Tap Bennett the evening before, took command of the rebellion and eventually mustered perhaps 3,000 supporters—although he later claimed to command 10,000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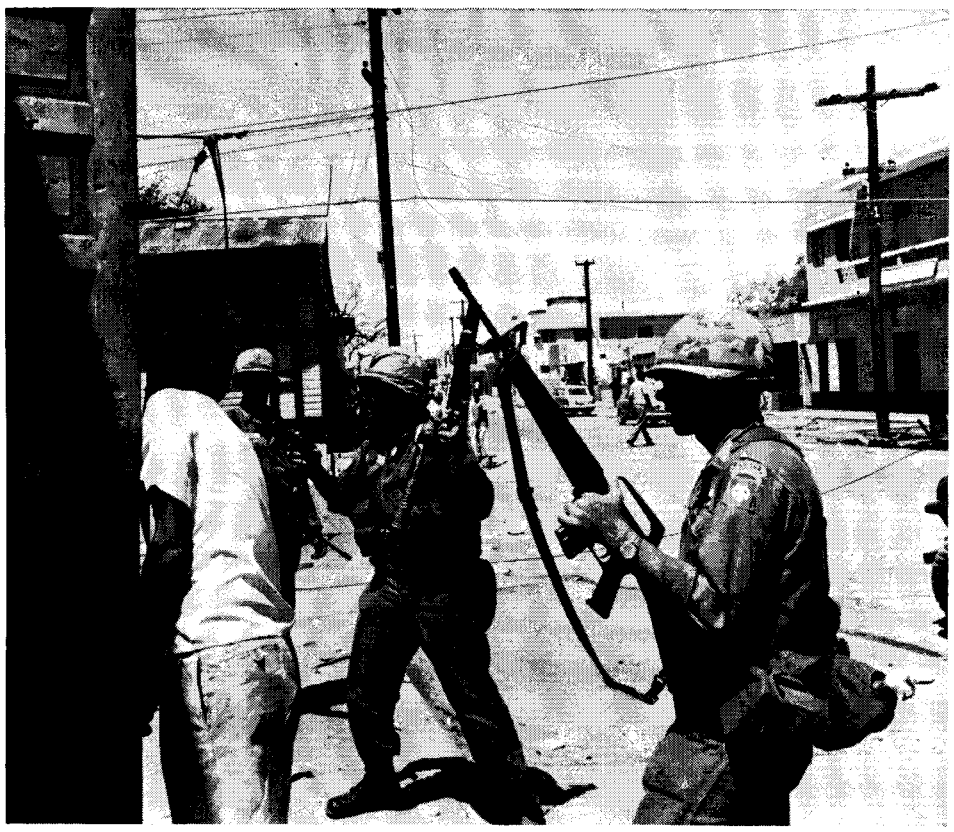

As Dominican civilian peers around protective wall, U.S. paratroopers stand ready to answer harassing fire.

armed rebels. Caamaño became the rebel leader almost by accident, after many of his fellow plotters had vanished into diplomatic asylum. A somewhat paunchy man of unpredictable mood, he has none of the magnetism of a typical revolutionary leader such as, say, Fidel Castro. If he has any political, economic or social ideas, beyond his proclaimed support for democracy, he has failed to make them clear. He alternates between rages, when he swears to die alongside his men to preserve their honor, and a kind of gay insouciance that he displayed recently at an improbable crepes suzette luncheon at one of his hideouts. He could scarcely be regarded as anything more than a transitional leader.

By Wednesday morning, in any case, Caamaño's rebels had barricaded themselves into an area of narrow streets and ancient houses in old Santo Domingo. They placed machine guns on the roofs and posted snipers at windows. Molotov cocktails were stored in houses, many of which became small fortresses. Captured tanks and trucks, with the painted word PUEBLO [People] fanned out into the city.

Now both the Wessin command and the United States had to respond to a renewed rebel threat. The embassy decided that intervention was necessary, but a legalism had to be satisfied: Someone had to request U.S. military help. Accordingly in mid-morning a three-man junta was established at San Isidro with embassy guidance. Because General Wessin was so objectionable to many Dominicans, an unknown Air Force officer, Col. Pedro Bartolomé Benoit, was named head of the junta.

Colonel Benoit immediately appealed to Tap Bennett for help. At 1:48 P.M. on Wednesday the ambassador cabled Washington that the junta's communications problem—the lack of radio equipment—was critical. He cabled that the military was facing leftist forces and raised a question about the effect on the morale of the air force and the others if the United States denied them aid.

Shortly after lunch Colonel Benoit radioed the ambassador from San Isidro that the recently formed junta could no longer assure order in Santo Domingo or protect foreign lives. He asked for U.S. intervention. Tap Bennett passed this request to Washington, then drafted another message which explained that he regretted that the United States might have to impose a military solution to a political problem. While leftist propaganda could be expected to characterize the revolt as a fight between the military and the people, Bennett said, the issue really was between those who wanted a Castro-type solution and those who opposed it. He went on to make clear that while he did not want to overdramatize the situation, he believed that if the United States denied the requested communications equipment and if the opposition to those he called leftists lost heart, the U.S. might be required in the near future to stage a marine landing. What, he asked, did Washington prefer?

Messages whipped frantically between Washington and Santo Domingo that afternoon, and the State Department replied that the United States would not intervene militarily unless the outcome was in doubt—but that the walkie-talkies were being got ready.

At that point the Administration was nearing the decision to land a contingent of marines whose mission would be the protection of the continuing evacuation of Americans. About two P.M. a group of Marine Corps "pathfinders" came ashore at the sugar port of Haina, seven miles west of the capital, to survey the beach for an amphibious landing.

At this point the United States identified three men among the rebel leadership as having possible Communist ties. None of them were the visible top leaders. The identification was sent by the CIA from Santo Domingo Wednesday morning, and Vice Adm. William F. Raborn Jr., retired, who had been sworn in as CIA director at 12:30 P.M. that same day, brought this information to President Johnson.

Shortly before five P.M., Santo Domingo time, Tap Bennett received from Colonel Benoit a written note confirming the earlier radioed request for "a temporary intervention." Bennett telephoned the White House and talked to the President. Then he sent his "emergent" message, the highest-priority communication in the U.S. Government, recommending that the junta intervention request be honored. Within minutes the first helicopters took off from the deck of the *Boxer* to ferry marines to the Hotel Embajador.

The "limited intervention" had begun. For the first time since 1916, U.S. troops had set foot in the Dominican Republic. In his televised announcement that night, President Johnson emphasized that the marines had gone ashore in Santo Domingo to assist in the evacuation of Americans and other foreigners. Nothing was said of a feared Communist take-over or of United States help to the junta forces.

While the original landing by the marines on April 28 brought no more than 500 U.S. troops to Santo Domingo, the Administration almost immediately moved toward a major buildup. By the end of the first week, there were 5,000 marines and paratroopers ashore. During the May Day weekend, the forces were more than doubled to 12,000. At the end of the second week, on May 8, the peak was reached with 22,000 U.S. troops in the Dominican Republic and 8,000 sailors manning 40 ships offshore. The U.S. military spokesmen were never entirely precise about the need for such a large force. But State Department officials, briefing newsmen in Santo Domingo, gradually escalated the nature of the U.S. purpose in the Dominican Republic from the initially declared evacuation mission to one of assisting Dominicans "to find a democratic solution to their political problems."

When the landings began on Wednesday, however, the first marine contingent soon secured its perimeters. At 7:30 P.M., after a marine platoon had been driven over to the embassy, Bennett sent a telegram marked for Under Secretary Mann. Snipers had been firing at the embassy building from across the street, and the marines shot seven of them. Tap Bennett's cable told Mann that U.S. lives were in danger and conveyed an oral message from Colonel Benoit that the situation was deteriorating rapidly. He cabled his hope for an urgent reply to his official request for assistance to the Wessin forces.

Thirty minutes later the ambassador sent off yet another telegram to Washington. It said that the junta forces were incapable of resisting and added Bennett's recommendation that serious thought be given to armed intervention to restore order, beyond the mere protection of lives. If the loyalist efforts failed, he said, power would go to groups whose aims were identical with those of the Communist Party. The United States might have to intervene in force to prevent another Cuba.

In Washington, a stunned Council of the Organization of American States was informed of the U.S. landing. The Latin American ambassadors were told that the marines went ashore to protect lives of foreign residents and that the Administration had had no time to consult beforehand with other governments. Several ambassadors protested that the U.S. action violated the OAS charter, which bans unilateral intervention. But, again, they were assured that the U.S. desired only a cease-fire.

But in Santo Domingo events were proceeding on a somewhat different basis. Newsmen preparing to land behind the marines from the Navy's amphibious task force happened to turn on their transistor radios and, quite accidentally, tuned in radio exchanges between Tap Bennett and Colonel Benoit, chief of the newly formed junta.

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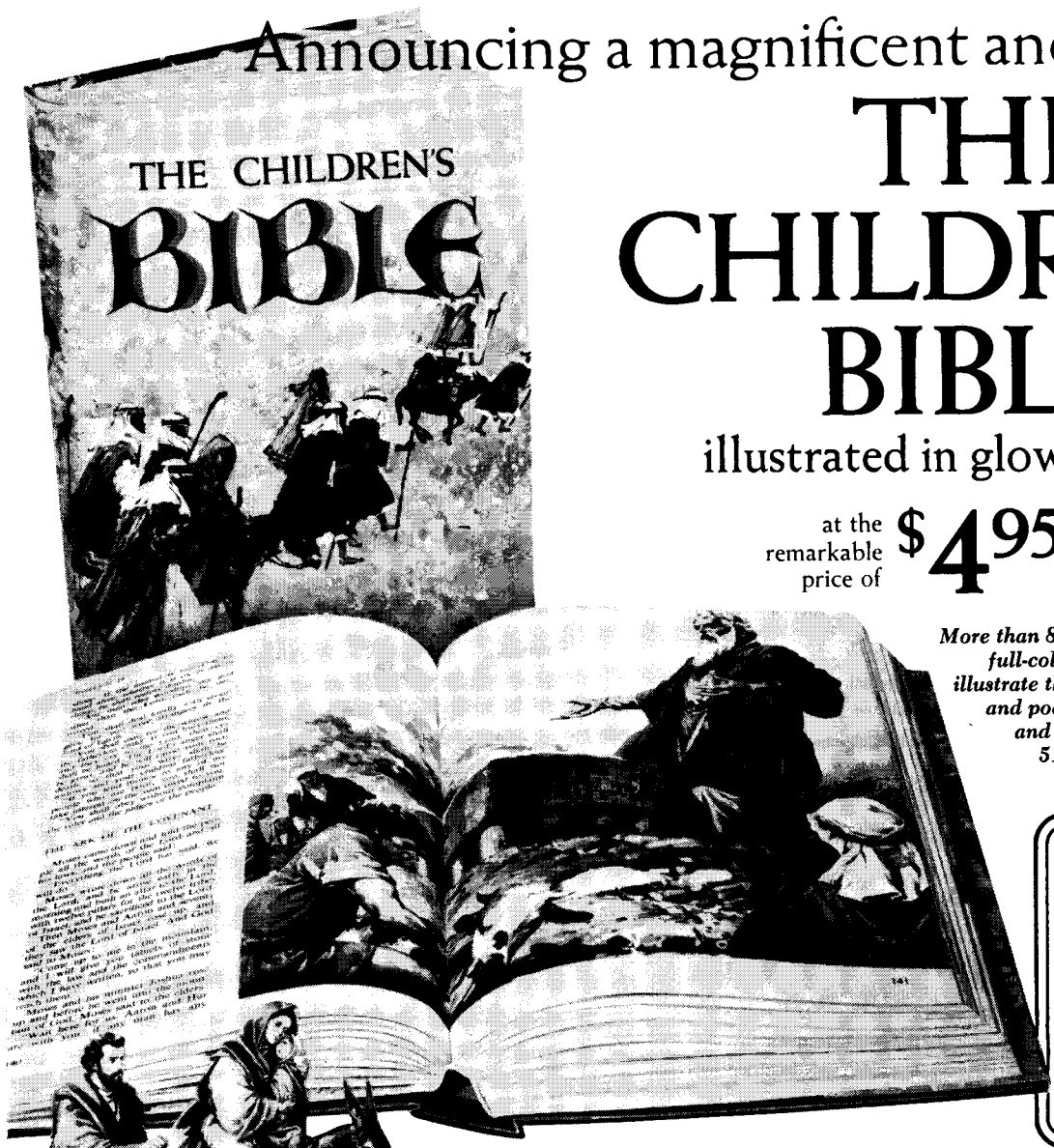

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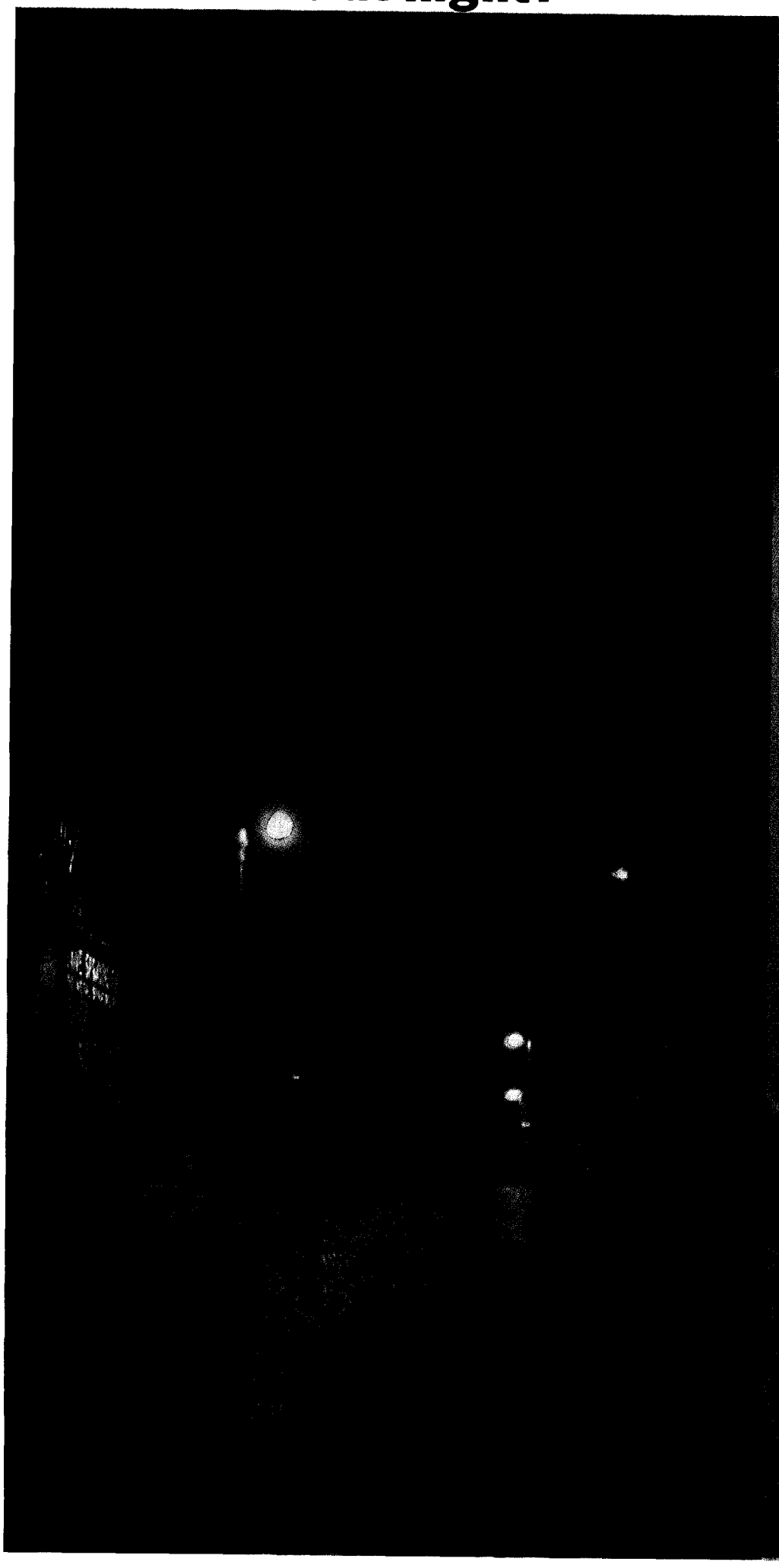

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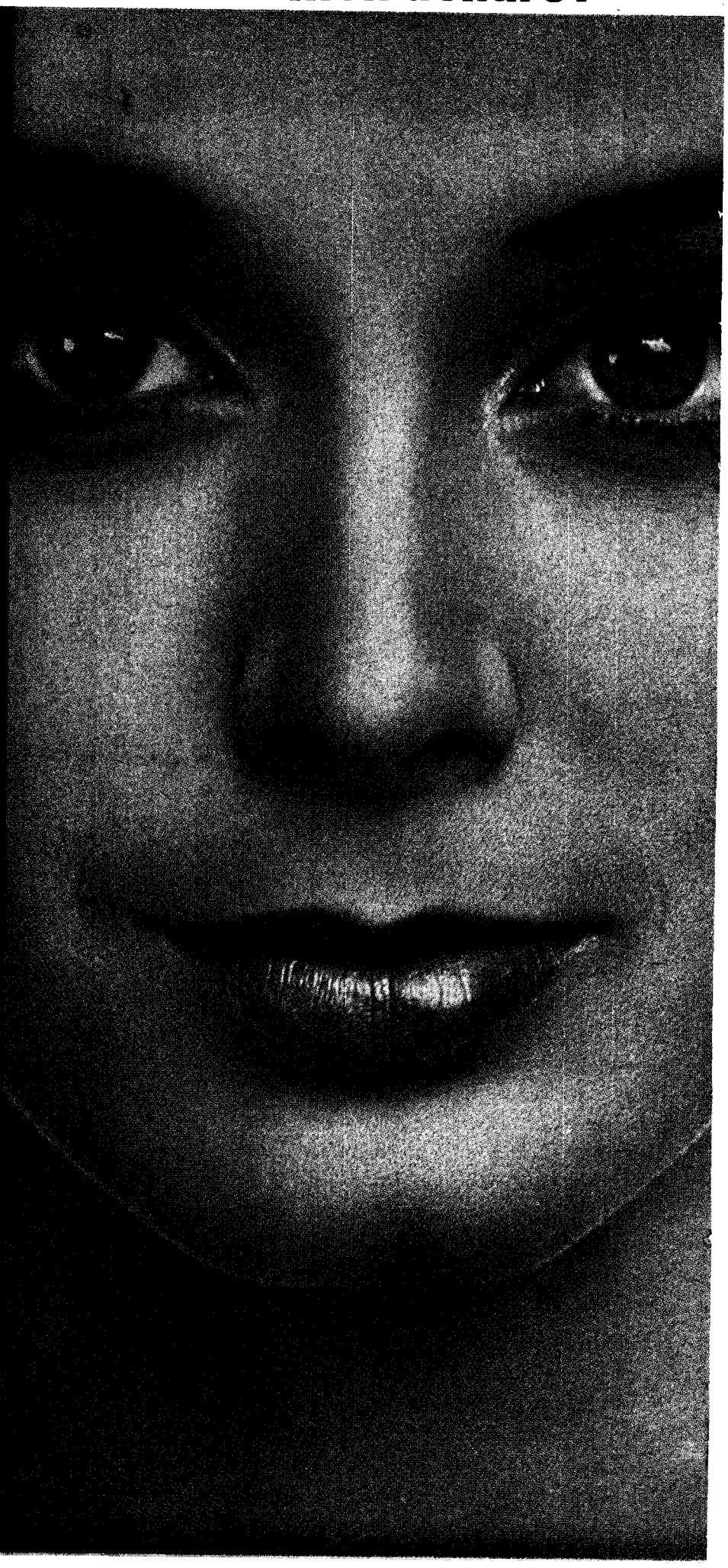

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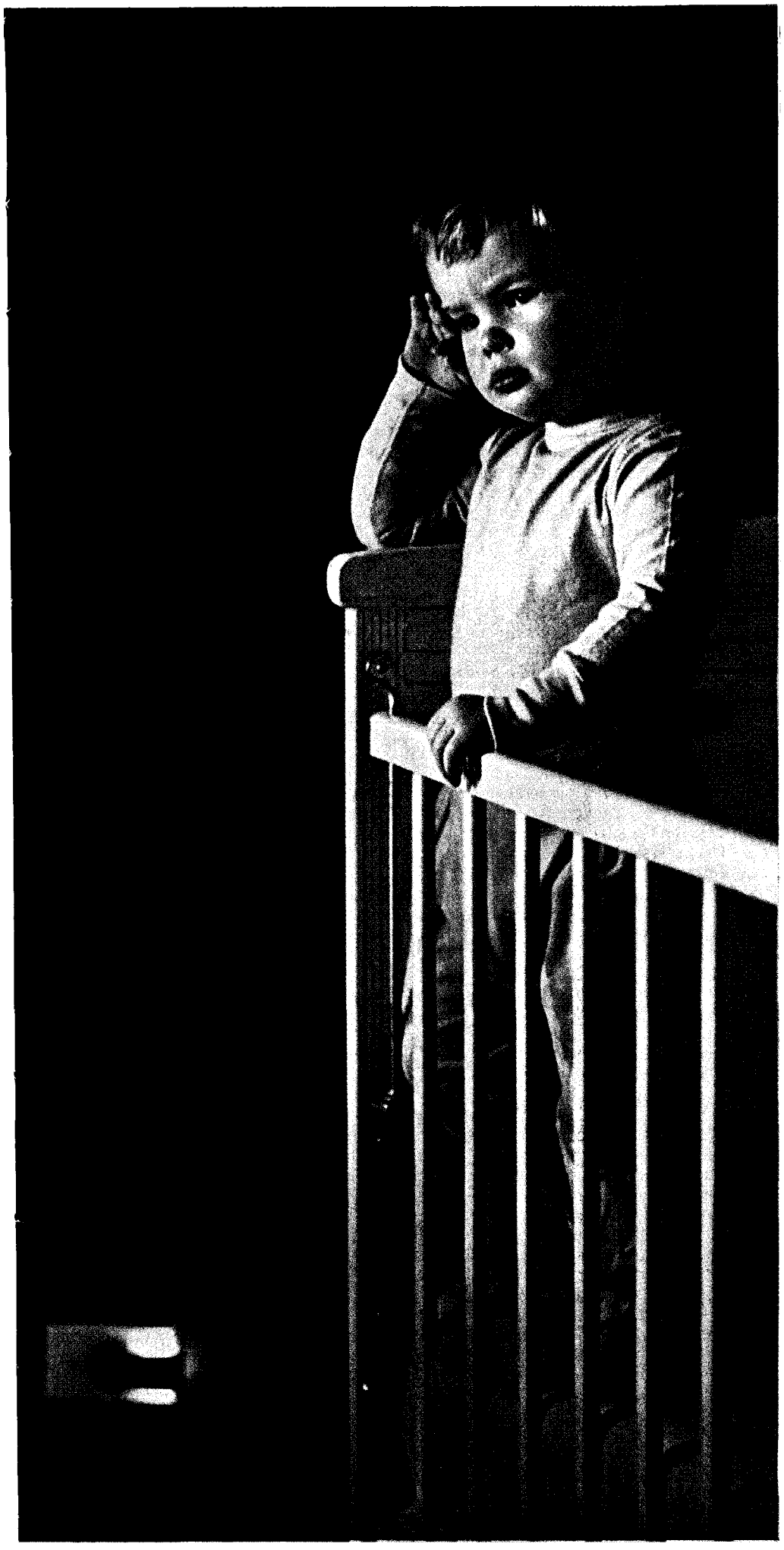

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One message, at 9:25 on Thursday morning said: "This is Shade Tree One [the embassy's radio call]. The Ambassador to Colonel Benoit. . . . Do you need more? . . . Believe that with determination your plans will succeed."

Another message from Tap Bennett: "Could you open Punta Caucedo [the international airport] for air traffic to bring in food and medicine? Uniformed marines can operate there if civilians are not there."

Another exchange between the embassy and an American voice at San Isidro air-force base spoke of need for batteries, communications equipment and rations for the Wessin troops.

A message from San Isidro reported that "a significant morale boost is evident here since the arrival of rations." Then, San Isidro informed Shade Tree One that "I've got a message that the suppression attack is being initiated at 0845 local." A message from the embassy asked Colonel Benoit whether he had enough supplies against "the Castro forces facing you." The message then was changed to say "rebel forces" instead of "Castro forces."

Aboard the *Boxer* the task force commodore, Capt. James A. Dare, dispelled any doubts about why the marines had landed in Santo Domingo. Briefing newsmen, he said that American forces would remain there long enough "to keep this a non-Communist government." But the official story at the Santo Domingo embassy and in Washington continued to be that the troops had gone ashore to provide safety during the evacuation.

That Thursday evening Tap Bennett briefed the group of newsmen who had come ashore from the *Boxer*. He told them that there was evidence of Communist domination in the rebel movement, then distributed typewritten copies of a list of 54 Communists or Communist sympathizers who, Bennett said, were active in the rebel leadership.

Simultaneously the embassy cabled Washington the text of a rebel leaflet that called for a fight "to death" against the Wessin forces. It was signed by eight rebel leaders, beginning with Colonel Caamaño. The embassy message, signed by Bennett, said that two of the signers might have Communist connections but that no information was available about the others. In Washington, State Department officials began hinting to newsmen, on the strength of the Bennett telegram, that seven or eight of the top rebel leaders might be Communist-oriented.

Bennett also told newsmen that night of rebel atrocities—of severed heads paraded on pikes, of mass executions and of how Colonel Caamaño personally had machine-gunned Colonel Calderón, the aide-de-camp to President Reid Cabral. The reporters had no reason to doubt Bennett's accounts, which were also being cabled to Washington.

But it subsequently developed that none of these reports was accurate. Nobody could be found in the rebel zone—where reporters went but embassy officials did not—to confirm the stories of executions or of heads on pikes. Colonel Calderón emerged a few days later at a hospital with a slight neck wound received at the palace during the first day of the revolution. A newsman had a beer with him later on.

As days passed it became evident that, deliberately or because of faulty information, the embassy was passing out inaccurate reports. One evening an official State Department spokesman announced that the embassy had received the intelligence that Colonel Caamaño had met with five Communist leaders the night before and promised them cabinet posts if the revolution succeeded. If it failed, Caamaño was supposed to have said, he would negotiate safe-conduct out of the country for them. The spokesman did not have the names of the leaders, and several days later he acknowledged that the embassy was not at all sure of this information.

At his staff meetings, Bennett referred to the rebels as "that Communist scum" or "that bunch downtown." Requests from Dominican professional groups—businessmen, lawyers, doctors and engineers—for contacts with the embassy to explain their contention that the "constitutionalist" revolution was not Communist, were not granted. When a reporter asked Bennett if he did not fear that this policy of isolating the rebels might push them into Communist hands, he replied, "They are already in Communist hands."

This was also the quickly reached conclusion of John Bartlow Martin, the former ambassador to the Dominican Republic during the Bosch regime whom President Johnson sent to Santo Domingo to establish contact with the rebels and to take a fresh look at the situation. Martin, who had the reputation of being a liberal and had many friends in Bosch's P.R.D., spent an afternoon conferring at the Caamaño command post and immediately announced at a news conference that the revolution had been taken over by Communists. He said flatly that all "democratic elements have been destroyed." But neither Martin nor the embassy is known to have made any effort to encourage democrats against the Communists. For 10 days there were no further contacts between the United States and the rebels. The embassy clearly demonstrated partiality for the forces of the junta—which it began to call "the Government of National Reconstruction."

To head this "government," the embassy picked Brig. Gen. Antonio Imbert Barreras, one of two survivors of the group that killed Trujillo. To assist General Imbert, the U.S. made available $750,000 on May 9 to pay the salaries of public employees in areas not under rebel control. No similar offer was made to Colonel Caamaño.

Santo Domingo was a city governed by confusion. While the United States was still proclaiming "strict neutrality," technicians from the United States Information Agency and the CIA jammed the rebel radio station. Newsmen and television cameramen recorded truckloads of Imbert troops passing freely through American checkpoints en route to battle the rebels.

On the rebel side, Colonel Caamaño's announcers vilified Ambassador Bennett in the worst imaginable terms. Snipers, who according to Caamaño were not under his control, fired nightly at American positions, often causing casualties. Amid all the confusion, an Organization of American States team negotiated a shaky truce on May 5.

The Johnson Administration determined that a new approach might be needed to bring matters to a settlement, and that the reporting and the recommendations from Bennett and Martin were no longer adequate. In the same way that Martin had been sent in because of doubts about Tap Bennett's reporting, McGeorge Bundy, the president's Special Assistant for National Security Affairs, was dispatched to reinforce Martin. With him came the State Department's two top Latin experts, Mann and Vaughn.

Just before the Bundy mission's arrival, Imbert aircraft broke the OAS-arranged truce. Guns blazing, they made strafing runs on rebel-held Radio Santo Domingo. In making their approach, the planes roared over the embassy, spraying bullets into adjoining streets. Tap Bennett and many of his aides dived under their desks, the ambassador shouting, "I shall protest this!"

For reasons never explained, Bundy's presence in Santo Domingo was kept secret for 12 hours while officials denied that he and other high-ranking envoys were there. Newsmen were now barred from the embassy building, largely because the small, green-shuttered structure was so full of generals and top-level "special guests" that it was almost impossible to move about inside or find privacy for confidential conversations.

Bundy's mission was to negotiate a compromise constitutional government. Selected to head it was Antonio Guzmán, the former agriculture minister under Doctor Bosch and the man reportedly received so coolly by Second Secretary Breisky on that first Sunday of the revolution. Guzmán's name was suggested by Bosch, whom Bundy had stopped off to consult in San Juan. He was basically acceptable to the United States and to the Caamaño command. The only remaining problem was to win General Imbert's agreement to resign in favor of the compromise candidate.

It was not a small problem. When Under Secretary Mann suggested to Imbert that he resign, Imbert flatly refused. He told the Americans that since the United States had helped him to become the head of the junta, he now intended to keep the post. To do otherwise, he said, would be "to turn everything over to the Communists." General Imbert told reporters, "I won't be played for a sucker." One reporter described the situation by writing, "General Imbert is the U.S. puppet who is pulling his own strings."

It was at this time that Lt. Gen. Bruce Palmer, commander of U.S. military forces, had to order half of the marine howitzers—which had until now been aimed at the rebel stronghold downtown—turned around to face Imbert's troop emplacements. Some of Palmer's troops appeared to be confused about their mission, and some wondered where the enemy was.

During the Guzmán-Bundy negotiation and while the OAS-arranged truce was still in effect, the Imbert forces mounted another offensive against the rebels, this time in the northern section of Santo Domingo. Imbert's tanks and artillery made a full-scale assault that cost hundreds of Dominican lives, mainly of women and children.

The rebels could not counter Imbert's attack in the north because the U.S.-controlled security corridor, bisecting the city from east to west, kept them hemmed in downtown. At one stage the U.S. prepared to open another corridor, running north from the rebel area, to halt the Imbert advance. But this idea, advocated by Bundy, was vetoed in Washington. At the embassy, Under Secretary Mann said that he hoped Castro would recognize the Caamaño regime and prove once and for all that the rebels were Communist-oriented.

Then "the Guzmán formula"—for which Bundy had worked for 10 days with all the prestige of his White House post—collapsed on orders from Washington. The FBI had intercepted a telephone conversation between Doctor Bosch and a friend. The conversation reportedly included a statement that if the Guzmán regime were installed there could be a new government in five days. About this time the State Department sent a memorandum to the White House recalling that in 1933 the United States had been accused of imposing a government on Cuba and that the Johnson Administration should beware of opening itself to such a charge.

The breakdown of the Bundy-Guzmán negotiation marked, for many of those on the rebel side, the end of hopes for a "constitutional" regime. The Imbert regime was allowed to go on consolidating its position in the governmentless country, while another OAS commission, the second inter-American group to try mediation, arrived in Santo Domingo to seek a settlement.

On the day before his return to Washington, five weeks after the United States found it had a tiger by the tail, Bundy arranged to meet with Colonel Caamaño and his associates. It was to be their first encounter, for the rebel chief had canceled an appointment a week earlier when one of his top aides was killed by gunfire, apparently shot by U.S. troops manning the security corridor. The meeting place was to be the Music Conservatory, a modern white building on a seaside boulevard in the no-man's-land between the marine and rebel lines. Arriving there at 3:45 P.M., Bundy and his associates found the building locked, but assumed that Colonel Caamaño's men had made arrangements to have the conservatory opened. It turned out, however, that Colonel Caamaño had made a like assumption. After unsuccessfully trying to find an open door or window, one of the rebels produced a knife and pried loose some window panes. Chairs were brought into position and the two delegations climbed in through the window.

The meeting lasted four hours, with Bundy using his fluent Spanish in the conference. Near the end of the session, violent gunfire broke out not far from the conservatory. Swearing in anger, Colonel Caamaño rushed to telephone his forces to stop firing. Bundy scurried for a phone to contact U.S. commanders. But there was no telephone in the building.

It might be said that the missing telephone symbolized the entire Dominican tragedy, where there was a general breakdown in communications between Americans and Dominicans attempting to end the civil war without further loss of life, and where no formula seemed to offer a peaceful solution. It may be that there was no alternative to the U.S. intervention in Santo Domingo, but the five weeks I spent there at the height of the crisis failed to convince me that there was a real risk of "another Cuba." As exiled President Juan Bosch, sitting out his country's agony in Puerto Rico, observed sadly, "Perhaps the United States should have taken a chance with Dominican democracy." □

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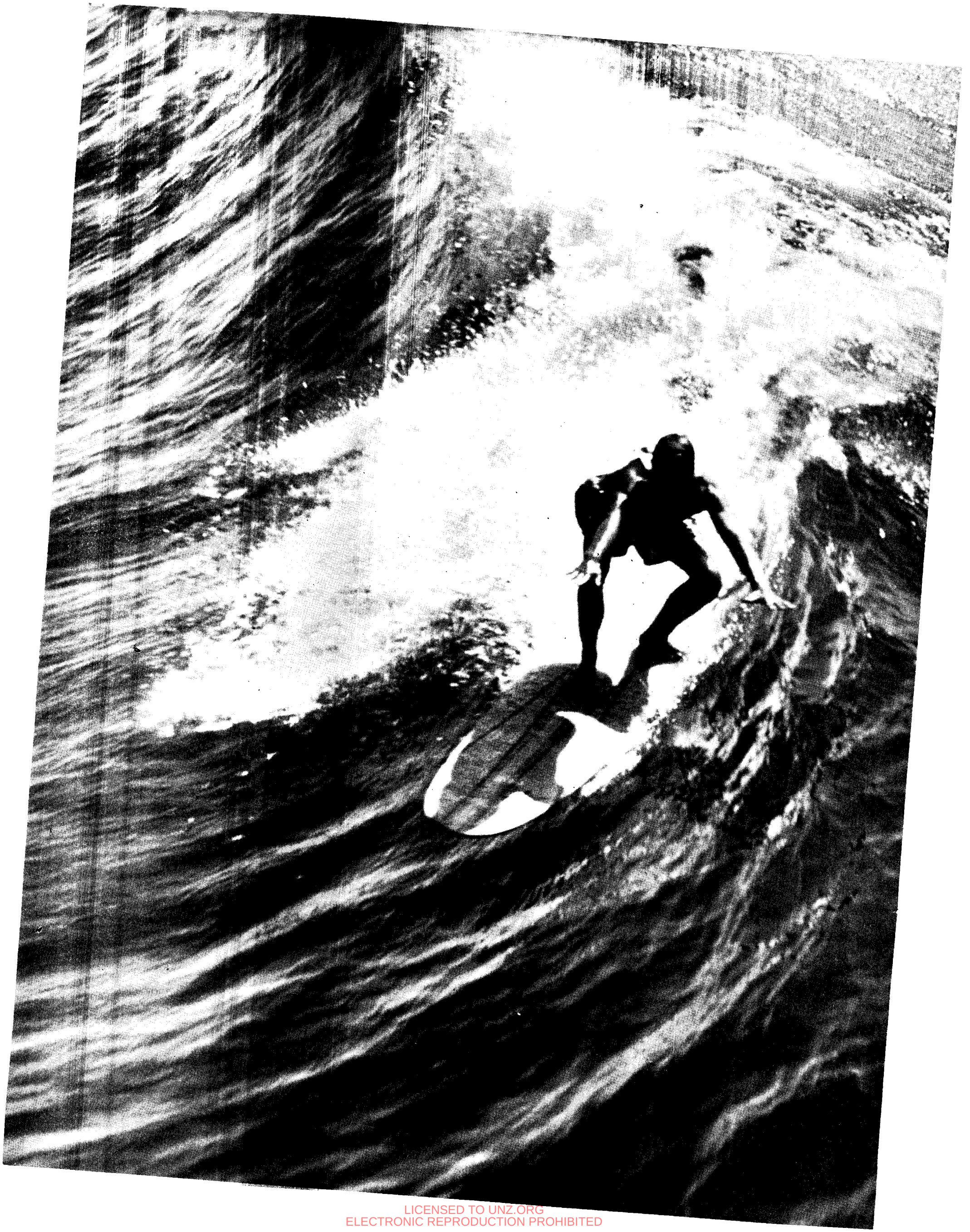

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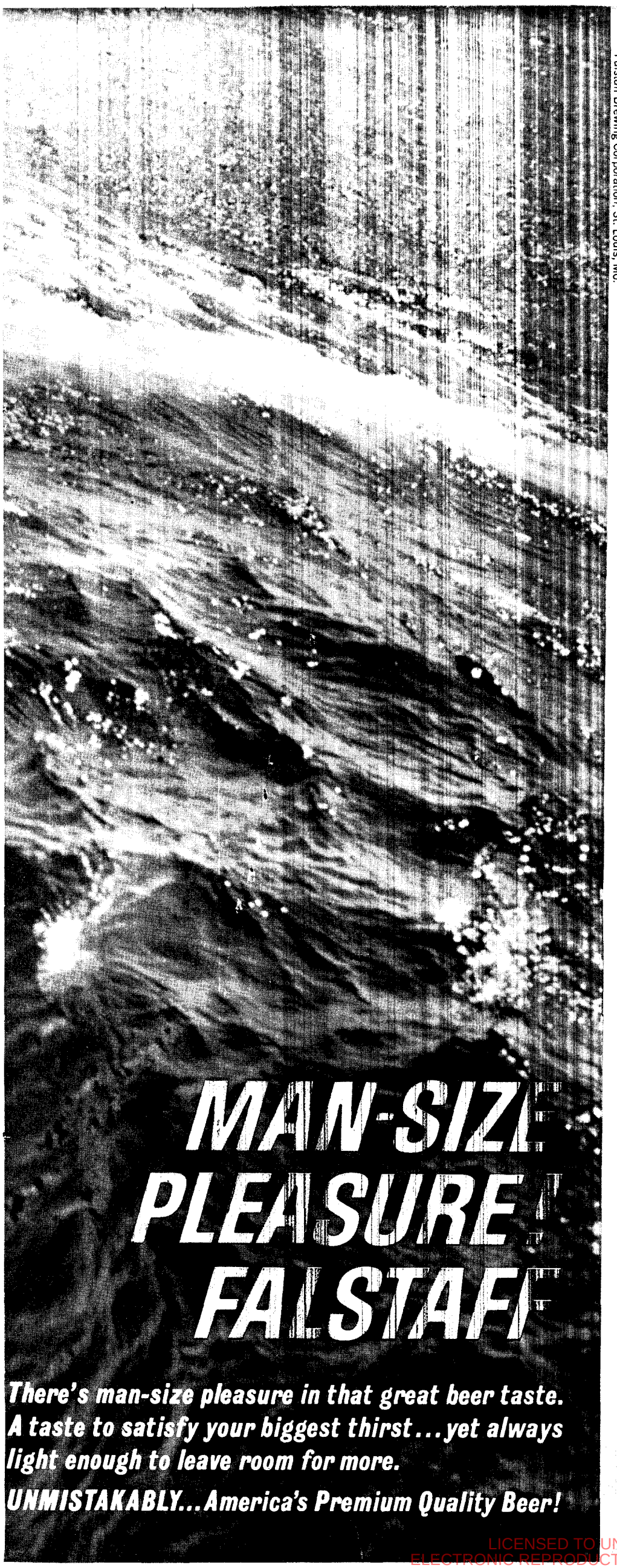
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By STANLEY ELKIN

EVERYTHING MUST GO!

Feldman's father knew he could sell anything in the world—that is, almost anything.

For the first twelve years they fled the congregation. They hid from it in Maine, in Vermont, in Pennsylvania, in Ohio, in Indiana. His father once saw a film of ranchers in Montana, but they never got that far. At last they came to southern Illinois's Little Egypt.

His father rebuilt his peddler's wagon for a fifth time, nailing the old lumber with the old nails. "Test it, test it," his father said, and Feldman climbed inside, stretching out on his back in the gentile sun, the goyish heat. His father stepped inside the long handles. "Old clothes," he called, "rags, first-born Jews." A woman stood on her porch and stared at them. "Go inside, lady," Feldman's father said, "it's only a rehearsal. Out, kid."

Feldman sprang from the wagon. "What a leap, what a jump," his father said. "Soon *I* ride in the wagon, you get a good offer and you sell me." He stooped and picked up the paintbrush and threw it to his son. "Paint for the hicks a sign. In English make a legend: ISADOR FELDMAN & SON." His father watched him make the letters. "It's very strange," he said. "I have forgotten how to write English. But I can still read it, so no tricks." When Feldman had finished, his father took the brush from him. "And now," he said, "I will do the same in Hebrew on the other side. For the Talmudic scholars of southern Illinois." Feldman had climbed back into the wagon, and lay back against the planks with their faded, flaking legends, the thick Hebrew letters like the tips of ancient, heavy keys. "This afternoon it dries and tomorrow it is opening day in America."

His father was insane. For five years Feldman had been old enough to recognize this. For three years he had been old enough to toy with the idea of escaping. For two weeks he had been brave enough to try. But he had hesitated, and for a week he had realized with despair that he loved his father.

They had rented a house. It was like all the houses they had ever lived in.

"Look at it," his father said, climbing up on the porch. "White frame." He touched the wood. "Steps. A railing. A swing. Here, when you are old enough, you will court Americans in that swing. And *screen* doors. Look, look, Leo, at the *screen* doors. A far cry from the East Side. No screen doors on the East Side. Smell the flowers. I wish I knew their names. Get the American girl in the swing to tell you their names. That way, if they die, we will know what seeds to ask for. Good. Then it's settled."

While the paint was drying they walked in the town. His father showed him the feedstore, the courthouse, the tavern. They went inside, and Feldman's father drank a beer and spoke with the bartender.

"Neighbor," his father said, "a Jew is a luxury that God affords Himself. He is not serious when He makes a Jew. He is only playing. Look, you got a wife?"

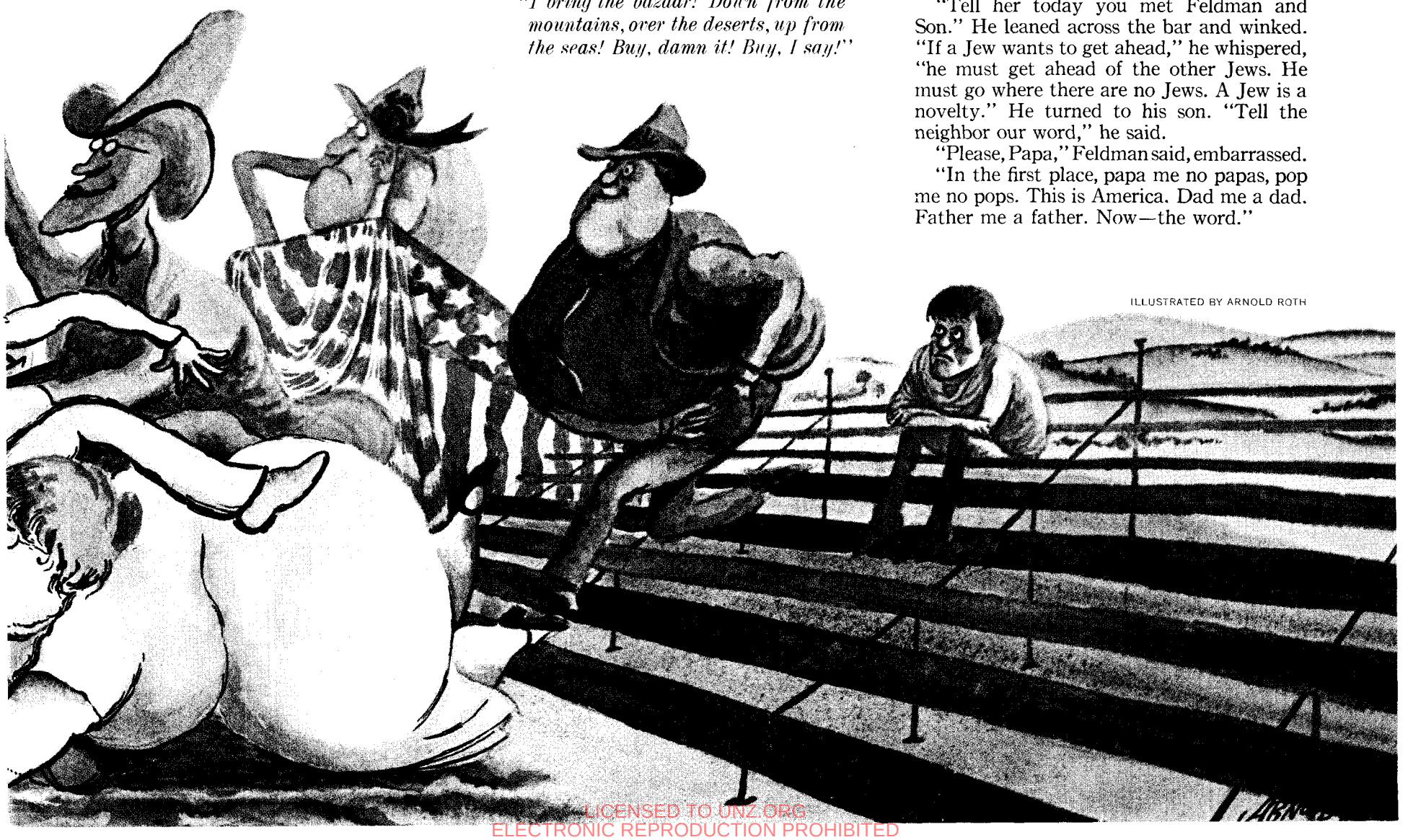
"Sure," the man said uneasily.

"Tell her today you met Feldman and Son." He leaned across the bar and winked. "If a Jew wants to get ahead," he whispered, "he must get ahead of the other Jews. He must go where there are no Jews. A Jew is a novelty." He turned to his son. "Tell the neighbor our word," he said.

"Please, Papa," Feldman said, embarrassed.

"In the first place, papa me no papas, pop me no pops. This is America. Dad me a dad. Father me a father. Now—the word."

"I bring the bazaar! Down from the mountains, over the deserts, up from the seas! Buy, damn it! Buy, I say!"



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"Diaspora," Feldman said.

"Louder, please."

"Diaspora," he said again.

"Diaspora, delicious."

The bartender stared at him.

"Explain. Tell the fellow."

"It means dispersion," Feldman said.

"It says dispersion and it *means* dispersion," his father said. "I tell you ours is a destiny of emergency. How do you like that? You see me *sitting* here fulfilling God's will. I bring God's will to the Midwest. I don't lift a finger. I have dispersed. Soon the kid is older, *he* disperses. Scatter, He said." He looked around the tavern significantly and, going to the front window, made an oval in the Venetian blinds for his face and peered out. "To the ends of the earth. Yes, Lord." He rushed back to the bar. "Who owns the big store here?" he asked suddenly.

"That would be Peterson," the bartender said.

"Peterson, perfect."

The bartender started to move away. Feldman's father reached across the bar and held his elbow. "The jewelry store? Quickly."

"Mr. Stitt."

"Stitt, stupendous."

"Come, Father," Feldman said.

"There's no synagogue, no Jew?" his father said.

"I don't know none, Mister."

"Know none, nice." He stood up. At the door he turned to all of them in the tavern. Huge men in faded overalls looked down at him from enormous stools. "Farmers, townsmen—*friends:* I am your new neighbor, Isador Feldman, the peddler. In the last phase of the Diaspora. I have come to the end of the trail in your cornfields. I can go no further. Here I hope to do business when the pushcart dries. I have scouted the community and can see that there is a crying need for a ragman. The old-clothes industry is not so hot here, either. Never mind, we will grow together. Tell the wife. Meanwhile, look for me in the street!"

Going home, his father, elated, taught him the calls as they walked along.

"Not 'rags,' not 'old clothes.' What are you, an announcer on the radio? You're in a street! Say 'regs,' 'all cloze.' Shout it. Sing it. I want to hear steerage, Ellis Island in that throat. I'll give you the pitch. Ready, begin. '*Rugs, oil cloths!*' Wait, stop the music. *Greenhorn*, you're supposed to be a greenhorn! *What*, you never saw the Statue of Liberty through the fringes of a prayer shawl?"

He hadn't, and neither had his father.

"All right, from the top. '*Rocks, ill clots.*' Better, beautiful, very nice, you have a flair."

"*Rex, wild clits*," Feldman sang out. A hick stared at him from behind a lawn mower. Feldman could smell preserves in the air.

"Terrific," Feldman's father shouted. "'Wild clits' is very good. We'll make our way. I *feel* it. *I* know it's a depression. *I* know this is Illinois, America. *I* know the rubble is not the destruction of the Second Temple but just today's ashes. Never *mind!* We are traveling Jews in the latest phase of the new Diaspora. We will be terrific." He stopped and pulled his son close to him. "Listen, if anything happens—you'll need wisdom. I can't help you. Dad's a dope. But in lieu of wisdom—*cunning*. Cunning is good. Let no man gainsay cunning. These are bad times. Bad, *dreckish*, phooey! But bad times make a bullish market for cunning. I'm no Red. From me you don't hear 'from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs.' From me you hear 'from them to me.' I know the world. I *know* it. I fight it one day at a time. This is your father speaking. This is advice.

"*Rogues, wooled clouds*," he roared down the American street.

So they sold and sold. "It's the big sellout," his father said. "What did you sell today?" he would ask people he met in the street. "Trade, traffic, exchange, deal, barter, peddle, purvey," he called ecstatically to the house fronts.

They'd go into stores. They'd go into Woolworth's—Woolworth's was one of his father's chief suppliers—"My wholesaler," he'd say—and his father would gasp at the abundances there, the tiers of goods, the full shelves, the boxes on high platforms lining the walls. "Commodities," he'd sigh. "Things. Things. Thing City." Staring like a stricken poet at an ideal beauty. "Some operation you've got here," he said to the girl who sold the clusters of chocolate peanuts. He stared passionately at the penny weighing machine, the Foot-Eaze machine. "Nothing for something," he groaned jealously.

He turned to his son. "The beggars. Ah, the beggars and cripples. The men who sit armless and legless on a spread-out sheet of newspaper with the pencils in their caps. They have it made. *They* do. Take the nickel and keep the pencil! Delicious, delightful. The freaks stashed in cages getting gelt for a gape. My son, my son, forgive me your health, your arms and your legs, your size and strong breathing, your unblemished skin. I chain you forever to invoice and lading, to rate of exchange, to wholesale, to cost." He'd wink. "Sell seconds," he'd say, "irregulars. Sell damaged and smoke-stained and fire-torn things. Sell the marred and impaired, the defected and soiled. Sell remnants, remainders, the used and the odd lots. Sell broken sets. That's where the money is."

He might pick up a pair of ladies' panties from the lingerie counter. "Look, look at the craftsmanship," he'd say distastefully, plunging his big hand inside and splaying his fingers in the silky seat, "the crotchmanship." He'd snap the elastic. "No sag, no give," he'd say to the startled salesgirl. "Give me give, the second-rate. *Shlock* give me. They're doing some wonderful things in Japan.

"*Because*," he'd say, explaining, "where's the contest in sound merchandise? You sell a sound piece of merchandise, what's the big deal? Demand has nothing to do with good business, not *good* business. Need, who needs it? In England—come closer, miss, you'll enjoy this—they have a slang term for selling. 'Flogging,' they call it. Flogging, fantastic. But that's it, that's it exactly. Beating. Whipping. Every sale a scourge. Sell me envelopes."

"That's the stationery counter. Aisle four."

"You hear, Leo? A *stationary* counter. Wonderful, wonderful. Not like with us with the wheels on the wagon, the rolling Diaspora. What a thing it is to be a gentile! A goy, gorgeous!"

He leaned across the counter and took the girl's hands in his own. He moved with her like this to the break in the counter and pulled her toward him gently. They were like sedate figures in an old dance.

"It's not my department," the girl objected.

"You drive a hard bargain," his father said. "It's a pleasure to do business with you."

"No—really, listen ——"

"Envelopes, forty. One pack, wide white. Here's the quarter. It's a flog. Now, please, beat me a box pencils."

Then, incredibly, he would sell the envelopes. One at a time. He would go into the office of the farm agent. "Have you written Mother this week?" he might ask, and sell him an envelope for two cents.

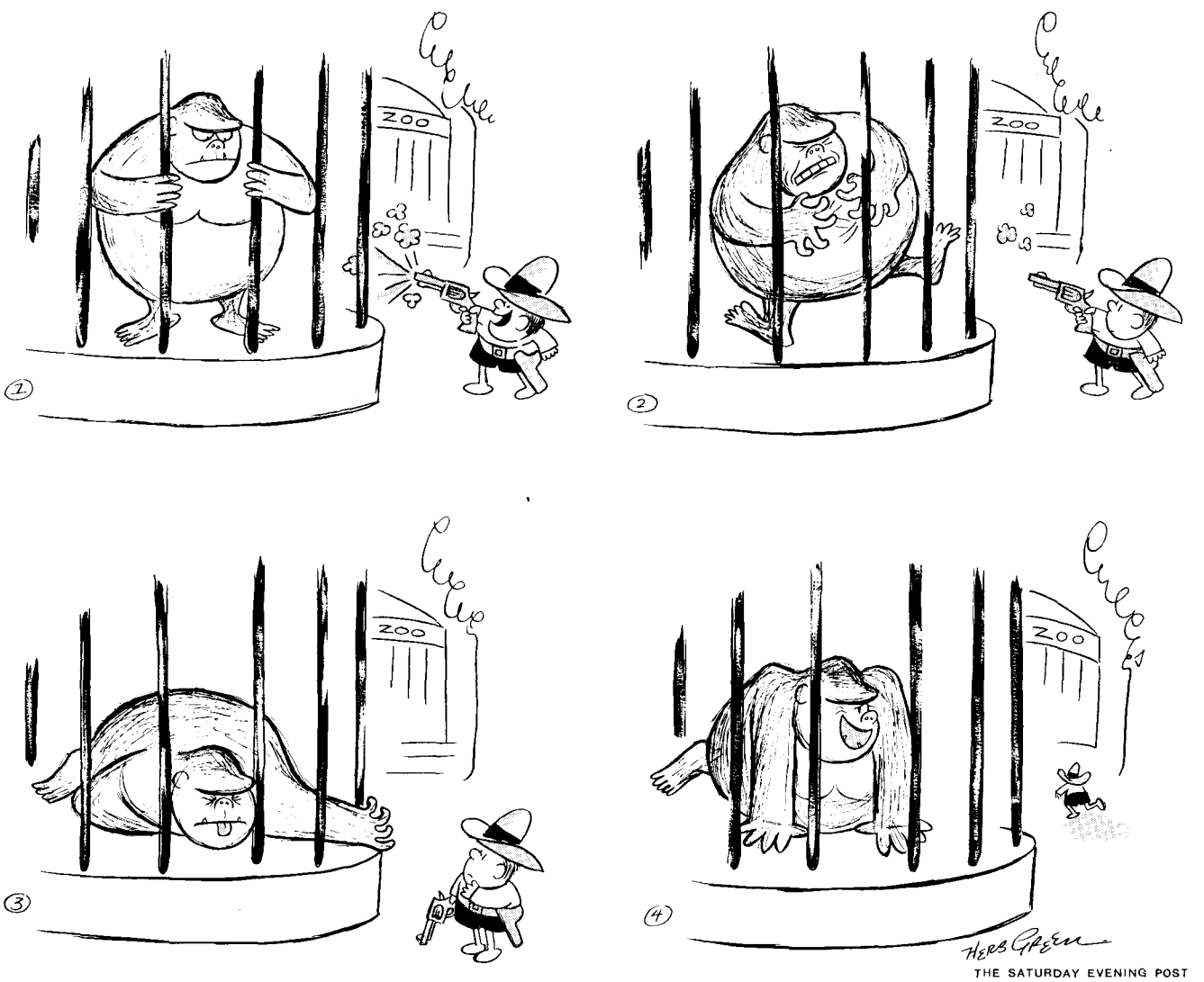
"What have you got for us today, Isador?" an old man would call from the bench at the courthouse. Feldman's father sold him an envelope.

He lived by sufferance, his son saw. His father saw, too. "They owe me," he explained. "The hell with them."

Little children suffered *him*. He would stride up to them in their games in the schoolyard. Perhaps he would intercept the ball, running after it clumsily, knees high, awry, hugging it clumsily, ugly with the sudden increased mass of awkwardness. Holding it high. "Want to buy a ball?" he shouted. The children laughed.

"What have you got for us today, Isador?" a child yelled. It was what the old men called.

He tossed the ball aside, pushing it as a girl would, and reached into his



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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pocket. "*White,*" he whispered, pulling a crayon from the pocket, holding it out to them, a waxy wand, "*white!*

"I'll tell you about white. White," he'd say, his loose, enormous lids like heavy, slack wrappings for his eyes, "is the first thing. White is light. What a color! You can't go wrong with white. You wouldn't be sorry you took white. Ask your teacher you don't believe me. It reflects to the eye all the colors in the solar spectrum. How do you like that? This is the *solar* spectrum I'm talking about, not any small-time local stuff. You take the white, the blue, yellow, red and green go with it. Some white! A nickel for the rainbow, I'm closing it out."

"What could you do with it?" a boy asked.

"Color an elephant and sell it," his father said. "Put up a flag. Tell a lie. Ah, kid, you know too much. You've seen the truth. It's the color of excuse and burden. I've got a nerve. You're too young. Why should I saddle you with white? But have you got a big brother maybe? Nah, nah, it's a grown-up's color. Buy better brown. Go green, green's grand. You want green? Here." He stuck his hand into his pocket and, without looking, pulled out a green crayon. The boy gasped and moved back. "No? Still thinking about the white? Naughty kid, you all grow up too fast today. White-hot for white, are you? All right, you win. I said white for sale and I *meant* white for sale. White sale here. All the colors of the solar spectrum caught forever in this piece of wax! *Look sharp and see the refraction as it actually happens! All right, who wants it?*"

A boy offered three cents, another four. A child said a nickel. He sold it to a girl for six.

"Done," he said, and took the money and reached back into his pocket.

His eyes were closed.

"*Purple,*" he said.

They lived on what his father earned from the sales. Maybe fifteen dollars came into the house in a week, and, although it was the Depression, his son felt poor. He would perhaps have felt poor no matter what his father earned, for all he needed to remind him of their strange penury was one sight of his father at his card table in what would normally be the parlor. (A card table and chairs in the American Home; they had brought the Diaspora into the front room.) It was the counting-house of a madman. On the table, on the chairs, on the floor—there were only the card table and two chairs for furniture—were the queer, changed products and by-products, the neo-junk his father dealt in. There were stamped lead soldiers, reheated on the kitchen stove and bent into positions of agony, decapitated, arms torn from the lead sides, the torsos and heads and limbs in mass cigar-box graves. His father would sell these as "a limited edition, a special series from the losing side." ("An educational toy," he explained to the children. "What, you think it's all victories and parades and boys home on furlough? This is why they *give* medals. A head is two cents, an arm is a penny. It's supply and demand.") There were four identical decks of playing cards into which his father had inserted from a fifth deck extra aces, kings, queens. These he carried with him in an inside pocket of his coat and took with him into the pool hall for under-the-breath interviews with the high-school boys, conspiracy in the timbre of his voice, part of its pitch. ("Everybody needs a head start in life. You, fool, how would you keep up otherwise?") There were single sheets torn from calendars. ("April," he called in February, "just out. Get your April here.") There were collections of pressed flowers, leaves. ("The kids need this stuff for school.") There was a shapeless heap of dull rags, a great disreputable mound of the permanently soiled and scarred, of slips that might have been pulled from corpses in auto wrecks, of shorts that could have come from dying men, torn bits of towels, sheets ripped from fatal childbeds, fragments of frayed ties, straps pulled from brassières—the mutilated and abused and dishonored. Shards from things of the self, they seemed—the rags of rage. Or as if they grew there, in the room, use's crop. Or themselves seeds, implicit with decay; quintessential fibers, single, isolate strands, potential warp or woof in whole garments. ("Stuff, stuff," his father said, climbing the rags, wading into them as one might wade into a mound of autumn leaves. "Someday you'll wear a suit from this.") There were old magazines, chapters from books, broken pencils, ruined pens, eraser ends in small piles, string, rope, cork scraped from the insides of bottle caps, ballistical shapes of tinfoil, the worn straps from watches, wires, broken glass, things' nubbins. ("Splinters,"

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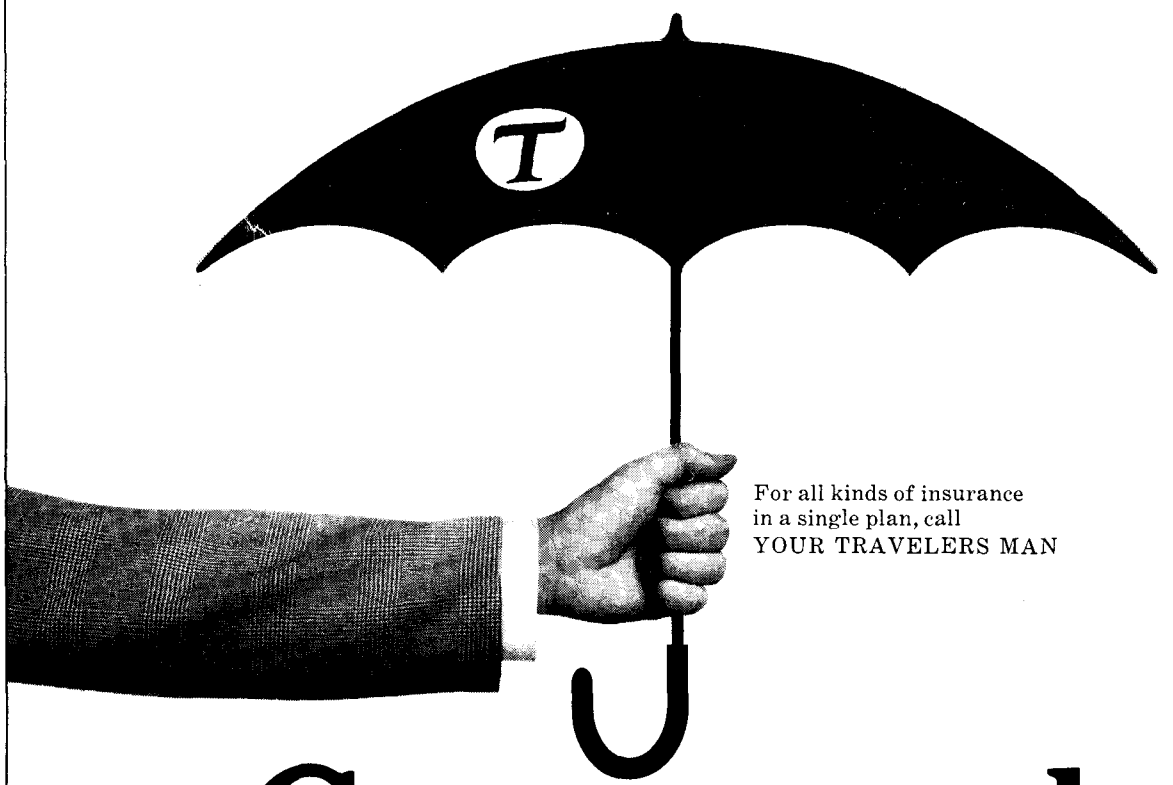

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America, America

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Whatever became of that decent young chap with the motorcycle?"

his father said, "there's a fortune in splinters.")

"*Where's the fortune in splinters already?*" his father said. Looking at the collection, the card table, the two chairs, the room which, for all its clutter, seemed barren. "Look alive there. Your father, the merchant prince, is talking. What, you think I'll live forever? We're in a crisis situation, I tell you. I have brought the Diaspora this far and no further. Though I'll tell you the truth—even now things fly outward, my arms and my heart pulling to scatter. I don't want to go, I don't want to go. There are horses inside me and they are stampeding. Run, run for the doctor. Get cowboys with ropes. Talk to me. *Talk!*"

"What do you want me to say?" his son asked.

"Yielder, head-bower, say what you mean."

Feldman didn't know what he meant.

"It's not moving, it's not moving," his father moaned. "Business is terrible. Are you hungry?"

"No."

"Are you cold?"

"No."

"Nevertheless, business is terrible. It stinks, business." He brushed a pile of canceled stamps from the table. "Everything is vendible. It *must* be. That's religion. Your father is a deeply religious man. He believes in marketability. To date, however, he has failed to move the unsalable thing. The bottom has dropped out of his market—look out below."

They lived like this for three years.

For three years he was on the verge of fleeing his father. What prevented him now was not love (Love goes, he thought) so much as an illusion, built up through the years with his father, that the Diaspora *had* brought him to an end of the earth, an edge of the world. Even though there were telephone poles about him, newspapers, machines, cars, neon in the windows of the taverns, he seemed to live in a world that might have been charted on an old map, the undulating, spiky spines of serpents rising like waves from wine-dark seas, personified zephyrs mump-cheeked and fierce; a distant, outpost land, unamiable and harsh. There might have been monkeys in its trees, burning bushes in its summers. He lived in constant fear of miracles that might go against him. The wide waters of the Ohio and the Mississippi that he had seen meld at Cairo, Illinois, would have turned red in an instant if he had entered them, split once and drowned him if he had taken flight. Beyond was death, the edge and end of a flat world, he vaguely felt, and so, like one who has come safely through a mine field to a clearing, he feared to go on or to retrace his steps. He was content to stay still.

Content but embarrassed.

His father was famous now, and they seemed to live under the special dispensation of their neighbors. "I would make them eat the Jew," his father would confide defiantly.

Like anyone famous, however, they lived like captives. (Feldman didn't really mean "they"; surprisingly, he himself was untouched—a captive's captive.) It must have been a task even for his father to have always to come up to the mark of his madness. Once he bored them he was through. It was what had happened in Vermont, in Maine, elsewhere. Once he repeated himself—not the pattern; the pattern was immune, classic—it would be over. "There's a fortune in eccentricity, a fortune. I'm *alive*," his father said in honest wonder, weird pride. "It's no joke, it costs to live. Consumers, we are consumers. Hence our mortality. I consume, therefore I am." He would smile.

"*I hate them*," he'd say. "They don't buy enough. Read Shylock. What a wisdom! That was some Diaspora they had there in Venice."

It was not hate but something darker. Contempt. But not for Feldman. For him there were, even at thirteen and fourteen and fifteen, pinches, hugs, squeezes. (They slept together in the same bed. "It cuts coal costs. It develops the heart." Awakened in the declining night with a rough kiss. "Come, chicken, cluck-cluck-cluck. If you cannot tell me, hold me." Whispers, declarations, manifestos in the just-unhearing ear. Bedtime stories. "Your mother was a gentile and one of my best customers. You were born and she died. You think I hate you, you think so? You think I hate you you took away my *shicksie* and a good customer? Nah, nah, treasure, I love you. She would have slowed down the Diaspora. We had a truck and she couldn't read the road maps. Wake up, I'll tell you the meaning of life. Can you hear me? Are you listening? This is rich." At first Feldman had been terrified, but then gradually he accommodated to madness, so that madness made no difference and words were like melodies, all speech as meaningless as tunes. Nothing made sense—Feldman lied, even now, years later. His father said what he wanted, whatever occurred to him. Talk is cheap, talk is cheap—"Get what there is and turn it over quick. Dump and dump, mark down and close out. Have specials. The thing in life is to sell, but if no one will buy, listen, listen, *give* it away! Flee the congregation. Be naked. Travel light. Because there will come catastrophe. Every night expect the flood, the earthquake, the fire, and think of the stock. Be in a position to lose nothing by it when the bombs fall. But what, oh, what shall be done with the unsalable thing?")

Madness *made* no difference. (It was like living by the railroad tracks. After a while you didn't hear the trains. His father's status there—a harmless, astonishing madman, better than a town drunk, or idiot, or even hero—provided him with a curious immunity. As he became indifferent to his father, so the town became indifferent to him, each making an accommodation to what could be dispensed with.) It was not, however, that madness made sense to him. It was just that, having grown up with madness, nothing made sense to him. But he could not be mad himself. Perhaps he did not have the energy for obsession. Living as close as he had to another's passion, his own would have been redundant—more noise. "You have a locked heart," his father told him. Perhaps, perhaps he did. But now if he failed to abandon him ("When do you go?" his father sometimes asked. "When do you embark, entrain, enbus? When do you have the shoes resoled for the long voyage out? And what's to be done with the unsalable thing?"), it was not a sudden reloving, and it was no longer fear. The seas had been scraped of their dragons long since; no edge-of-the-world death lay waiting for him. The Diaspora had been disposed of, and the tricky double sense that he lived a somehow old-timy life in a strange world. It was *his* world; he was, by having served his time in it, a native in it. He had never seen a tenement, a subway, a tall building. As far as he knew, he had never seen a Jew—except for his father. What was strange about there being a cannon on the courthouse lawn, or a sheriff who wore a star on his shirt? What was strange about anything? Life was these things too. Life was anything, anything at all. The only madness was alienation, and madness made no difference. Things were of a piece.

He went to a county fair and ate a hot dog. (Nothing strange *there*, he thought.) He chewed cotton candy. He looked at pigs, stared at cows. He came into a hall of 4-H exhibits. Joan Stizek had hooked a rug, Helen Prish sewn a dress. Mary Stellamancy had put up tomatoes. He knew these girls. They said, "How are you, Leo?" when they saw him. (Nothing strange *there*.)

He went outside and walked up the midway. A man in a booth called him over. "Drop the ring over the block and take home a prize," he said. He showed Feldman how easy it was. "Three tosses for a dime."

"The blocks are magnets," Feldman said. "There are tiny magnets in the rings. You control the fields by pressing a button under the counter. I couldn't beat you. There's nothing strange."

"Beat it, kid," the man said. "Get out of here."

"I am my papa's son," he said.

A woman extended three darts. "Bust two balloons and win a prize."

"Insufficient volume of air. The darts glance off harmlessly. My father told me," he said.

"I'll guess your birthday," a man said.

"It costs fifteen cents. You miss and give a prize worth five. Dad warned me."

"Odds or evens," a man said, snapping two fingers from a fist.

He hesitated. "It's a trick," he said, and walked away.

A sign said: LIVE! ARTIST'S MODEL!

Feldman handed fifty cents to a man in a wide felt hat and went inside a tent. A woman sat naked in a chair.

"Three times around the chair at an eight-foot distance at a reasonable pace. No stalling," a man standing just inside the entrance said. "You get to give her one direction for a pose. Where's your pencil? Nobody goes around the chair without a pencil."

"I haven't got one," he said.

"Here," the man said. "I rent pencils. Give a dime."

"Nobody said anything about a pencil," he said. "It's a gyp."

"The sign says '*Artist's* Model,' don't it? How you going to draw her without a pencil?" The man narrowed his eyes and made himself taller. "If you ain't an artist, what are you doing in here? Or are you some jerk pervert?"

Feldman put his hand in his pocket. "Green," he said, showing a crayon from the inventory. "I work in green crayon."

"Where's your paper?" the man said. "Paper's a nickel."

"I don't have paper," he admitted.

"Here, Rembrandt," the man said. He held out a sheet of lined notebook paper.

"Are we related?" Feldman asked, handing him a nickel.

He joined a sparse circle of men walking in a loose shuffle around the woman.

The man at the entrance flap called

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All together, now...

Join the chorus of people who are particular about taste.

Start enjoying Pall Mall. Why?
Because Pall Mall's natural mildness means just one thing: smooth, pleasing flavor–
the flavor you get from Pall Mall's famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy!
Smoke a long cigarette that's long on flavor. Buy Pall Mall Famous Cigarettes.

Outstanding–*and* they are <u>mild</u>!

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directions. "Speed it up there, New Overalls. That's your third trip, Yellow Shoes—get out of the line. *Eight-foot* distance, Green Crayon. I told you once."

Someone asked for a different pose.

"Boy, oh, boy, I got to keep watching you artists, don't I, Bow Tie?" the man said. "One pose, *one* pose. Put the pencil in the hat, Yellow Shoes. You just rented that. Keep it moving, keep it moving. You're falling behind again, New Overalls."

Feldman left the tent. Nothing strange there, he thought. He still held the unused sheet of notebook paper that had cost him a nickel.

There was an ox-pulling contest. He found a seat in the stands near the judge's platform and stared at the beasts. Beneath him several disqualified teams of oxen had been unyoked and sprawled like sphinxes, their legs and haunches disappearing into their bodies. They chewed abstractedly, lush and fat and opulent as matrons. He stared at the behinds of tampered, standing animals. They leaned together in the great wooden yokes, with the queer patience of professionals.

"The load is eight thousand, five hundred pounds," the announcer said, drawling easily, familiarly. "Joe Huncher's matched yellows at the sled for a try; Joe leading; Willy Stoop making the hitch. Move those boys back there, William. Just a little more. A *lit*tle more. You did it, William. Clean hitch."

The man jumped aside as the oxen stamped jerkily backward, moving at a sharp left angle to their hitch.

"Gee, gee there, you." The leader slapped an ox across the poll with his hat. He beat against the beast's muzzle. "Gee, you. Gee, gee."

"Turn them, Joseph. Walk them around. Those lads are excited," the announcer said.

The leader looked up toward the announcer and said something Feldman couldn't hear. The announcer's easy laugh came over the loudspeaker. Feldman grinned. I'm a hick, he thought. I'm a hick too. I'm a Jewish hick. What's so strange? He leaned back expansively.

The oxen were in line now, and the farmer stepped back. "Gee-*up*," he yelled, waving his hat at them. "Gee-*up!*" The animals stepped forward powerfully, taking up the slack on their chain harness. They strained at the heavy sled, stumbling, their muscles jumping suddenly under thick flesh. "Gee-*up!* Whoosh-whoosh-whoosh-whoosh-whoosh, whoosh-whoosh-whoosh-whoosh-whoosh!" The burdened sled slid nine feet forward in the dirt.

The crowd applauded, Feldman clapping with them.

"Thataway, William. Good work there, Joe," he called. Hey, Tom, yo, Pete, he almost called aloud. George, Tim, Sam, Alex, Harry, Fred. Whoosh, boys. Whoosh-whoosh-whoosh-whoosh-whoosh.

"I thought I saw William spit there, Joe. No fair greasing the runners," the announcer said.

Feldman laughed.

"All right, folks," the announcer said, "next up's a pair of Brown Swiss from the Stubb-Logan farm over county in Leeds. That's George Stubb up front, Mr. Gumm at the hitch. You been feeding them roosters, George? They look to me like they did some growing since the last pull."

At 9,500 pounds, only Huncher and Stoop and the Carter brothers were still in the contest. The matched yellows—Feldman's favorites because they were the crowd's—even after three tries were unable to move the sled.

Feldman applauded as Joe Huncher led the team away. He leaned forward and, cupping his hands, shouted down at them. "That was near five ton on that sled there, Joseph. Hose those boys down now, William. Hose those boys down." Stoop waved vaguely toward the unfamiliar voice, and Feldman smiled. "A man works up a sweat doing that kind of pulling," he said to his neighbor.

The Carter brothers led their oxen, sleek and black as massive seals, toward the sled to make the hitch. They maneuvered them back carefully, and one brother slapped the ring solidly onto the peg.

"Come," the other brother commanded. "Come. Come. Come." The two beasts struggled viciously forward. Feldman thought they would strangle themselves against the yoke. They stretched their necks. Their bodies queerly lengthened. There was a moment of furious stasis when Feldman thought that either the chain must break or the beasts themselves snap back against the sled, breaking their legs. Then he saw the sled's thick wooden runners scrape briefly sideways, and the animals dragged the load five feet.

The announcer called the brothers up to collect their prize.

"Just a minute. Hold your horses," a voice called. It was Feldman's father. He stood in front of the judge's stand, looking up. "Your Honor," he called, "Your Honor."

The crowd recognized him, laughing. Feldman heard his father's name repeated up and down the grandstands like a rumor.

"What is it?" the announcer asked over the loudspeaker.

"Your Honor," he said, "the contest ain't over."

"Of course it's over. What do you mean it's not over?"

It sounded like a routine. Feldman wondered if it were. "It's part of the show," he told the woman behind him. "Yez, zir, id'z part of the show."

"Now what's the meaning of this interruption, Isador?" the announcer asked.

Yeah, Izador, what? Feldman thought.

"These Carter brothers are waiting for their check," said the announcer.

"It's not fair," Feldman's father shouted. "Anyway, the little one pushed from behind." The crowd roared. "Let it stand, but give a man a chance, Your Honor."

"What is this, Isador? You mean you want to be in the contest, too?"

Feldman's father flexed his arm, and the crowd laughed harder than before.

"Do you folks think Isador Feldman here should take his turn?" They cheered. "All right, Isador, let's see what you can do, then," the announcer said.

He walked past the sled and looked at it for a moment but did not stop. "Cement," he called roughly, pointing to the massive blocks chain-bolted to the sled. "Cement for sale. Cash and carry."

"Make your hitch there, Isador," the announcer called. He seemed annoyed. Feldman had an idea now it might not be an act.

Alarmingly, Feldman's father suddenly began to run. As he ran, he shouted up to them, blowing out his phrases in gasps. "Wait, wait—while you're here—I've got—something to show you." He ran across the small stadium and pushed open a gate in the low wall. Feldman recognized the wagon, piled incredibly high. His father placed himself inside the long wood handles and bent far forward, like one in a storm. A tarpaulin had been spread over the load so that it looked like a mountain. He seemed heroic. The people gasped as the wheels began slowly to turn and the wagon, the mountain inside it, began to move. He came steadily on. "Talk about strength," he intoned as he came, "heavy as earth, terrible tons, see how I pull it, drag it along. I break all the records, an ant of a man, prudent as squirrel, thrifty as greed, there'll be a winter, who'll make me warm?"

He brought the wagon to rest a few feet from the grandstand and straightened up. He turned around and, grabbing one corner of the tarpaulin, pulled at it fiercely. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, shouting, "*the inventory*.

"Things," he called, "things here. Things as they are. Thingamabobs and thingamajigs, dinguses and whatsits. Whaddayacallits, whatchamacallits. Gadgets and gewgaws. Kits and caboodles. *Chatchkies* here. Stuff!" He stood beside the pile, studying it. He pulled at his sleeve, like one reaching into dishwater for a sunken spoon, and slipped his hand with gingerly gentleness into the center of the pile. "Teakettle," he said. He pulled out a teakettle.

"We will trade together," he said seriously. He advanced to the railing at the foot of the stands, the small kettle swinging like a censer before him. "Diaspora," he called. "America, Midwest, Bible belt, corn country, county fairgrounds, grandstand. Last stop for the Diaspora—everyone off." He recognized his son in the stands and winked hugely. "All right," he said, "I just blew in on the trade winds and I'm hot, see, and dusty, see, and I'm smelling of profit and smelling of loss, and it's heady stuff, heady, and I could probably use a shower and a good night's sleep, but business is business and a deal is a deal." He held out the kettle. "All right," he said. "This from the East. From that place to here. Who buys the kettle? Wash off the camel grime, it soils the taste. All from the East where commerce begins. Consumers, consumers, purchasers, folks. I bring the bazaar. Down from the mountains, over the deserts, up from the seas, I've spared no expense, and believe me, believe me, expense is not spare. All right. Here is the kettle, who'll drink the tea?" He leaped over the low rail and rushed into the stands.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"A shell for your thoughts, Running Deer."

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"Buy," he demanded, "buy, damn it. *Buy, I say!*" He chose a farmer and thrust the kettle into the man's hand. He waited. The man tried to give the kettle back, but he wouldn't take it. He folded his arms and dodged, bobbing and weaving like a boxer when the man tried to return it to him. "Pay up," he shouted, "a deal is a deal." The man made one more attempt to give it back. "All sales final," his father said. "Read your contract." At last, the man, embarrassed, dug into his overalls and gave him a coin. His father held it up for the crowd to see. "Object's no money," he said scornfully. Passing Feldman, he took the sheet of notebook paper his son held. He sold it. He returned to the wagon. "Come," he said over his shoulder. "Come. Come. Come." Several followed him.

Again and again he dipped into his pile. He pulled things out, handling, caressing, rubbing value into everything he touched. He signaled the people closer. "Come," he called to those still in the stands. "Come. Come. Come." One by one they left the stands to crowd round his wagon. In ten minutes, only Feldman was still in the stands. His father climbed into the wagon. He yelled to the announcer, "I win, Your Honor." He indicated the large crowd beneath him that he had brought from the stands. He pointed suddenly to his son. "I can't move that item," he confessed.

He disappeared behind his inventory. "I've got the goods," Feldman heard his father shout, "and that ain't bad." In half an hour the pile had diminished and his father, still in the wagon, seemed to have grown taller. He waved to his son. "Are you learning anything?" he called to him over their heads.

Gradually the people began to drift away. There were still two or three things unsold. He reached down and held a man's arm. "Wait," he roared, "where are you going? You think I'm through with you? This is winter I'm talking about. This is the cold, sad solstice. Just because the sun is shining over us now, you think it's stuck up there? You take too much for granted. You buy something, you hear me?" He bent down and picked up a carved, heavy leg from an old dining-room table. "Here," he said. "A wonderful club. For your enemies. You got enemies? No? Then build a table over it and invite your friends to supper."

Finally there was nothing left to sell and they had all gone away. His father still stood in the wagon, tall, forlorn as a giant. The oxen passed beside him, led by their owners.

"What's to be done with the unsalable thing?" he crooned.

His son, in the stands, stared at him without moving.

After the oxen had been led off, his son called to him. "What *is* the unsalable thing?"

"The unsalable thing? My God, don't you know?"

"No."

"No?"

"You never told me."

They were shouting to each other.

"I didn't?"

"Not once."

"Never?"

"No."

"I had to tell you? You couldn't guess?"

"I never bothered."

"Some son."

"Well?"

"Well what? What well?"

"What is it?"

"What is what?"

"The unsalable thing."

"It's me," he said.

A year later Feldman's father began to cough. Feldman was always with him now on the wagon. During the choking, heavy seizures—brought on, it seemed, by the swelling, passionate spiels themselves—his son would take over the cries, shouting madder and madder things into the streets. The cough grew worse. It would begin as soon as his father started to speak. He went to the doctor.

"It's cancer," he told his son. "I'm dying."

"Can he operate?"

His father shook his head. "It's terminal." He coughed.

"Terminal," his son repeated.

"Sure," his father said, coughing so that he could hardly be understood. "Last stop for the Diaspora. Everyone off."

Feldman went to the doctor and conferred with him and made some arrangements.

Three months later the old man died.

Feldman got in touch with the doctor and told him.

They argued some more but it was no use. The doctor, on behalf of the tiny hospital, could offer him only fifteen dollars for the body. □

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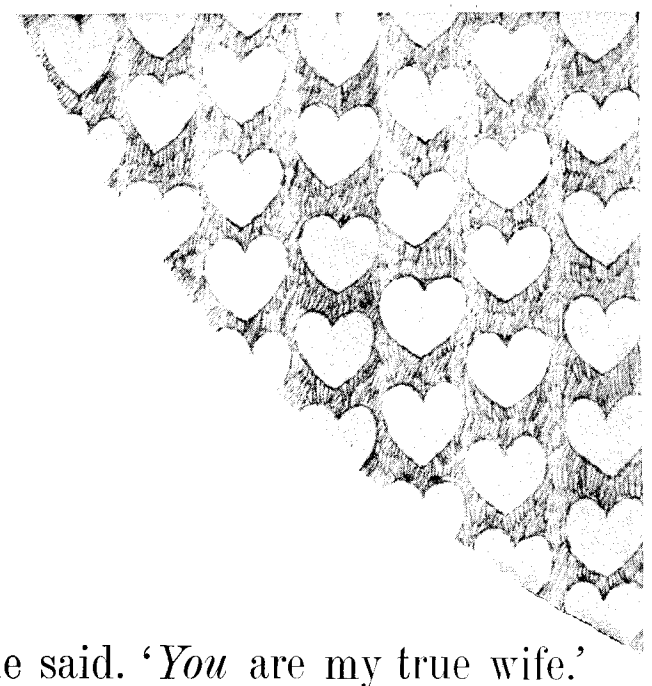


The Chastity of Magda Wickwire

'Amelia is not my true wife,' he said. '*You* are my true wife.'

By EDITH KONECKY

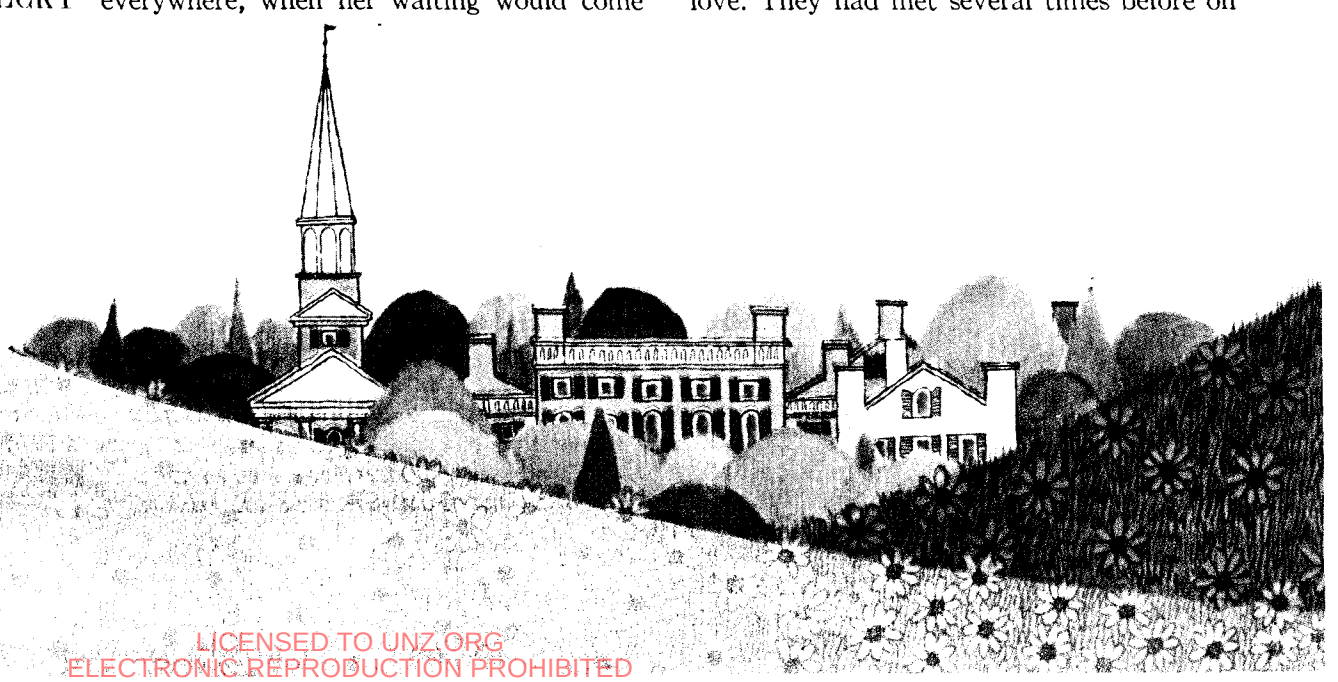
Magda Wickwire spent her birthday alone, feeling feverish and close to hysteria, which was the way literature had led her to believe brides often feel. It was not her bridal day; merely a birthday, of which she felt she'd had a few too many, but it happened that this birthday coincided with the day when a young man named Arlen Abbington was being graduated, without particular distinction, from a small New England college where he had majored in political science. Now, suitably equipped, he was presumed to be ready for the world.

Magda had never met Arlen Abbington, but it was upon his readiness for the world that her own had come, in the last decade, to depend. At the moment when Arlen's young hand closed round his diploma, the last obstacle to Magda's happiness would be removed. The last except for the divorce, but there was no reason why that should not be accomplished swiftly, and certainly no reason for them to have to wait for it to be final. She had spent so much time waiting! Waiting had become a second heart, beating like a clock inside her breast. The waiting had never completely unnerved her, however, for she had the gift of patience; but it had made the years so slow, so long, filled though they were with the endless details and duties of her academic life. And hadn't she, after all, a glorious fulfillment to be waiting for, and the solace that Harold was waiting, too? It was not that she was like so many of the faculty women she knew, women who were waiting for a miracle that would never happen, or in whom all hope had long since died, turning their hearts to stone. She had love, she had Harold, she had a date, marked on calendars everywhere, when her waiting would come to an end. This date. The tenth of June. The day of Arlen Abbington's graduation.

Arlen was Harold Abbington's third and youngest child, and Harold, being a fastidious father, felt obliged to subordinate his own happiness to the needs of his children. He could not cut his moorings until his children were launched. He had escorted one daughter into marriage and another into a career as a librarian. Now, at last, his youngest, Arlen, who had taken so long about it, being an indifferent student, had achieved his education and set Harold and Magda free. Magda, who had come to hate Arlen, though she knew him to be innocent, gave herself the special birthday present of forgiving him and, having done so, regretted not being in a position to send him a graduation present. She would have enjoyed the quiet irony of exchanging gifts with Arlen, and she knew exactly what her gift to him would have been: a wristwatch, the gift of time.

Time. How sluggishly the ponderous years moved while her life, her youth, flew by. She bent herself with vigor to rebuffing the physical incursions of age. She watched her diet, creamed her face with hormones, submitted her flesh to a masseuse, and slept in chin straps. Twice a week she went to a modern dance class where, in leotards, she writhed, painful and contorted and martyred. It was not vanity that drove her. Time had cheated her; why, then, should she not cheat time? If love was late, it would find her young. She would keep herself supple and smooth for Harold. For that, she would suffer endlessly.

It was during a two-week summer conference at Crabapple Hill that Magda and Harold discovered they were hopelessly in love. They had met several times before on



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"How can your hair be so fine," she said, "and your moustache so wiry?"

ILLUSTRATED BY N. M. BODECKER

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similar occasions when their academic duties had brought them together, but her memory of their earlier meetings was vague, and this, in view of the intensity of their newfound love, was a puzzle to her, one that she contemplated often and tried to translate into terms of fate and the wonder of the human spirit. How close she had come to missing the focus of her life; how marvelous that she had not missed it after all!

Harold Abbington was a middle-sized man with reddish hair and a rather romantic moustache. He wore tweed suits with leather elbow patches and favored knitted ties of a solid color. He smoked a pipe that went out often enough to allow him to keep busy at it; to knock out the dottle against the heel of his loafers (out of doors, of course; indoors he used a folding, three-pronged tool and was careful not to miss the ashtray), to draw from his pocket an oilskin pouch, to stuff the pipe's bowl with fresh tobacco, to tamp it down, to light endless matches, to suck and puff, and all the while to manage to look absorbed, not in what he was doing, but in something far graver or more amusing, as though the business with his pipe was a function of his body in which he was not really involved.

If Magda had noticed Harold on those earlier occasions, she had failed to notice anything to set him apart from his fellows. This, too, became a source of wonder to her, for once she knew that she loved him, she saw that he was unique. She was unable to comprehend how she had missed noticing the whiteness of his teeth, the sensitivity of his long, delicate hands, the charm of his nose with its boyish scattering of freckles, the nobility of his gently sloping brow, the flat perfection of his ears, the solemnity of his gray eyes. He became entirely beautiful to her, and she was distressed that she had failed to discern this beauty at once. It indicated a lack of perception that she felt was entirely at odds with her character, which was poetic. She had had three poems published in highly respectable quarterlies with small circulations. These poems were not enough to give her a reputation, but they had helped to forge her sense of herself as a woman of taste and sensitivity.

Their love was unfolded to them early one morning over breakfast. The oatmeal was tepid and gluey, but she had eaten it anyway, feeling that it would give her strength for the morning lectures which she dreaded. She was a woman who did not hit her stride until midday, when the sun was at its zenith.

Magda had always thought of herself as a "sun" person and it was not until Harold Abbington that she became a "moon" person.

She spooned her oatmeal, alert to the conversation of the people at her table, none of whom was more than slightly acquainted with another, since they had gathered from universities and colleges all across the eastern seaboard.

"Academically, this was a rich year for me," Harold Abbington said, in answer to an expression of boredom from a fierce little Sarah Lawrence woman named Potter. "I was asked to give a colloquium course and I found it consistently exciting."

"Rot!" was what Magda, who was sitting closer, thought she heard Miss Potter grunt, but Harold Abbington apparently heard it as encouragement to pursue his revelation.

"I was compelled to read straight through the major classics," he said. "It is quite an experience to see how well they stand up."

Magda rested her spoon in the bowl of oatmeal, where it slowly sank, swallowed as if by quicksand. She looked at Harold Abbington, seeing only his moustache, and thought about how well the classics stand up.

"But some of the implications of this are disturbing," Harold continued. "Aeschylus and Thucydides were aware of most of the things that we are aware of today."

"I have always shied away from Thucydides," Magda said shyly. "And Tacitus, too."

"Well, good Lord, *don't!*" Harold Abbington commanded, and Magda's gaze moved down from his moustache to his mouth, which was pink and firm and which he promptly parted, to soften his injunction with a smile full of white, even teeth. "It's so frightening to realize that the classic historians knew so much and that, in all these centuries, it has done so little good."

"Yes," Magda breathed, deciding to abandon the oatmeal entirely. "After all the wisdom and warning of the period of the great tragedians, the Greeks went right ahead in the Peloponnesian War and did everything they'd been warned against."

"With the unhappiest consequences," Harold said, and they looked at one another and smiled.

"Pass the sugar," Miss Potter said in her deep angry voice, and both Magda and Harold reached at once for the sugar bowl, which lay midway between them. Their hands touched. Magda was the first to withdraw, for she had felt more than accident in that touch. A current of sympathy had passed, she felt sure, between them. Miss Potter was given her sugar.

"Great literature enables us to contemplate life richly," Magda said, after a moment, reluctant to leave the subject that was binding her to this man, "but it doesn't seem to affect our behavior much."

"Or even to afford permanent purgative satisfaction," Harold added. This seemed to be the final word on the subject, but it was enough to enable Magda to raise her gaze to Harold's. A little embarrassed, they contemplated one another. His eyes, she saw, were gray and clear. They were regarding her with interest. They had agreed on doom and found love. She flushed and bent to her coffee.

Later that afternoon, when the day's lectures were over, they met again by chance. She was strolling back to the women's dormitory, enjoying the sunlight now that she was able to feel, with relief, that she had acquitted herself well. There had been a ticklish moment when she had been absolutely unable to remember a questioned line of Gerard Manley Hopkins', but then it had flooded back and from then on she had been in complete control. Now, like an omen of luck, a regal fritillary fluttered by, its wings like flames in the sun, and there was Harold Abbington walking toward her.

"Miss Wickwire," he said, placing his pipe between his delightful teeth, "I believe I have read one of your poems."

"Oh?"

"Yes. *Witchburning*. In the *Pachysandra Review*."

"Ah."

"I found it immensely affecting."

"Thank you."

"Delicate and fragile as a wildflower."

She smiled modestly.

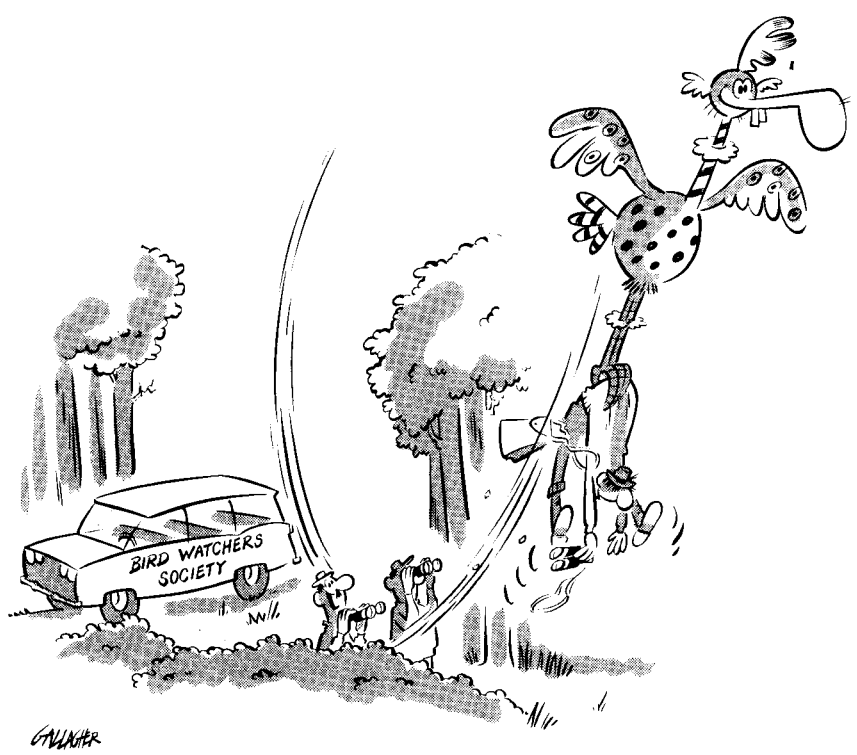
"And yet deeply felt. You are, if I may say so, a woman with rare insight."

"No, I fear not," she sighed, glowing.

"I wonder if you would care to have a cocktail with me before dinner."

"I would love to have a cocktail with you before dinner."

"They have favored me, Lord knows why, with a room of my own. Since it is



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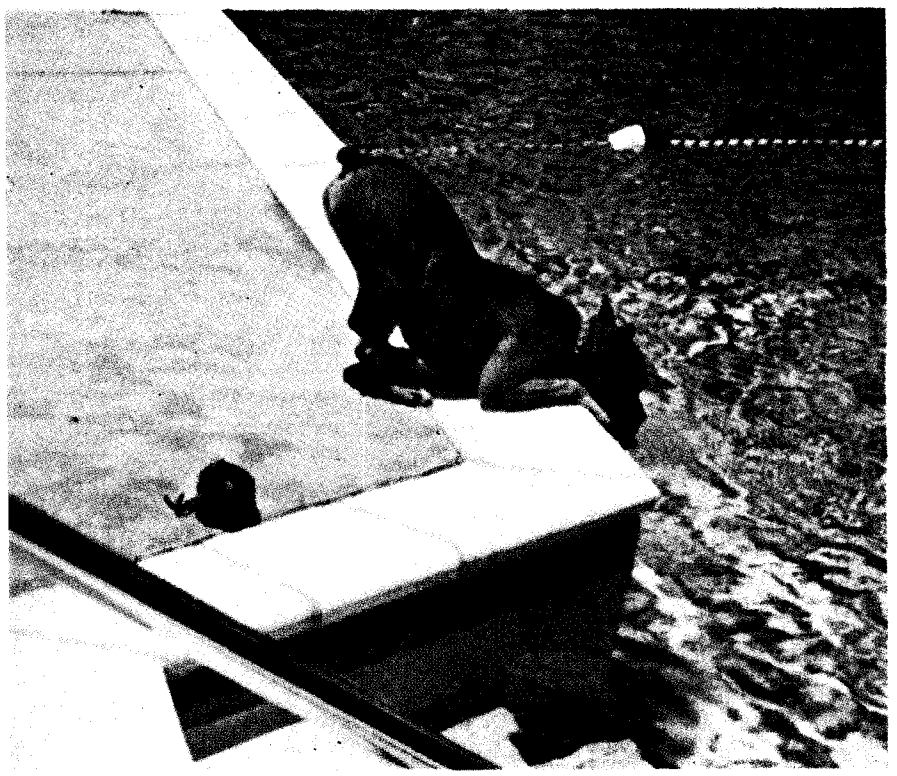

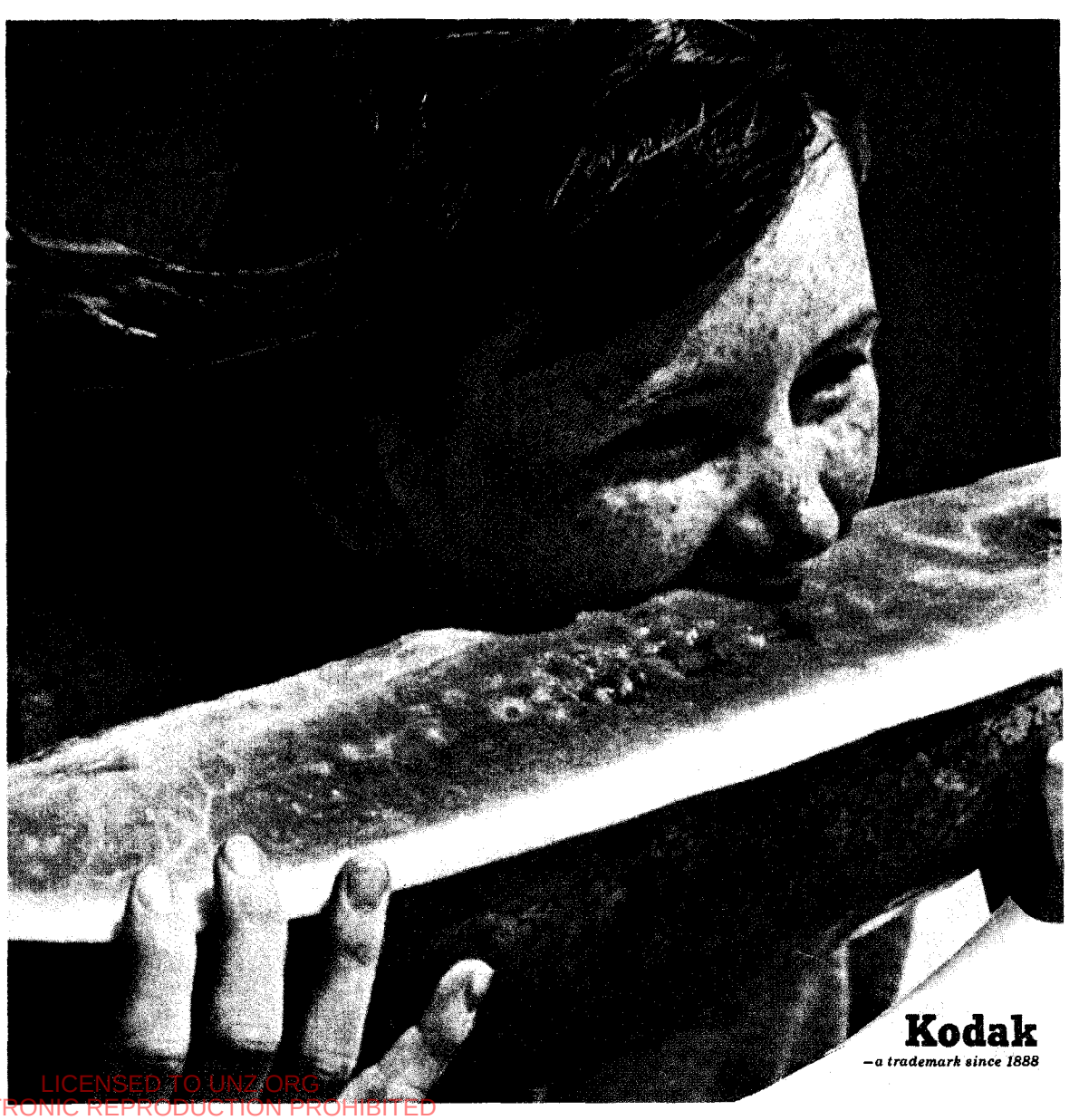

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more studio than, ah, sleeping room I'm sure we can meet there with perfect propriety."

She was a woman who had given some careful thought to the differences between lust and love. She had led a cloistered life, guarded into her majority by her father, a minister, who treated her with such gentle love and who was so clearly afraid that he would fail her (her mother had died early) that she could, of course, not fail him. She remained pure. In her earlier twenties she had fallen in love with a distant cousin who had gone to war and died of an intestinal ailment before their love, which had grown passionate by airmail, could ever be consummated. She had tried to remain true to his memory. After her father's death, there came a time when it was no longer clear to her to whose memory she was being true, and she began to suspect that the dead are tyrants, perhaps against their wishes. She was ready to give herself again in love, but by this time the opportunities were few. She taught at a small girl's college where the handful of men on the faculty were either intensely married or else not especially interested in women. An instructor in the romance-language department had approached her once, but he had been too fat.

Harold Abbington did not strike her as a lustful man. He was thoughtful and intelligent. He had responded to her poem. His socks were held up as carefully as his tie was knotted. He handled his pipe and his speech with restraint. She felt no compunction about meeting him in his studio. He explained to her where it was, and they parted.

She spent a long time deciding what to wear. She had lately come to favor flamboyant clothes and had collected several richly embroidered flaring skirts and scoop-necked blouses that went well with her Mexican jewelry. In the end, however, she decided on a simple sleeveless black cotton (her arms were good) and her cultured-pearl necklace. Then, because it was still early, she stood in front of a mirror and stared at the white oval of her face. Her eyes were large and dark and a little mournful and were perhaps the feature that most inspired men to protectiveness, or perhaps it was her height, for she was barely five feet tall. Her hair was pulled back a little too severely and she tried to soften it. A face, particularly one's own, stared at objectively for any length of time begins to lose its meaning, becoming a blur of orifices and excrescences—an arbitrary pudding—and Magda had finally to turn away from the mirror, thinking how ridiculously our selves are encased. There was possibly a poem here.

When she got to Harold Abbington's room, she saw that he had already mixed a pitcher of Martinis and laid out a plate of crackers. She was pleased to think that he was masterful enough to assume that she would drink whatever he provided. They sat opposite each other, their knees only inches apart, and sipped their Martinis.

"Magda," he said. "May I call you Magda?"

"Yes, please."

"A beautiful name. It suits you perfectly. You have a very special glow."

She felt that she was blushing and tried to hide it by coughing, but Harold, apparently not noticing, began to tell her of his college and of the associates he had been privileged to know and, in many cases, to supersede in his rapid rise in the academic hierarchy. He spoke with a combination of wit, enthusiasm and modesty that she found delightful. During the second Martini he questioned her about her own career, and by the end of the third Martini she felt that they were old friends. They came to a pause in their conversation, a comfortable silence in which they smiled happily at each other. Then, a look of sadness clouded Harold's face.

"Magda, I feel I must tell you this," he said. "I have a wife."

"Oh," she said, her heart sinking, her voice rising in an effort to keep her sunken heart from showing. "I thought perhaps you had. You look so well cared for."

"And three children," Harold said gravely.

"How nice. What are they? I mean, boys or girls?"

"The two oldest are girls. The youngest, who is thirteen, is a boy."

She smiled, trying to indicate that she thought it was lovely that he should have two daughters, and a son who was thirteen. She could think of nothing to say.

"I tell you this at once," he said, "because I have fallen in love with you."

"Oh," she said again, her heart rising and her voice sinking, "how dreadful."

"But it isn't dreadful at all," he said. "Though, of course, it is. I have fallen in love in a way that I no longer believed could be possible for me. I have fallen in love—*joyously*."

The Martini trembled inside her glass.

"You scarcely know me," she murmured.

"I have known you always," he said. "I have known you and have been waiting for you since the first moment when, as a small boy, I was touched by beauty."

She was moved. Her eyes filled with tears.

"You are terribly romantic," she said.

He put down his glass and leaned toward her. "But time has cheated me," he said. "It has brought you to me too late."

Too late. She was no longer a girl. He had a wife and three children. But she was prepared to negotiate.

"Time has cheated me, too," she said.

"Tell me."

She told him her life. He listened, his eyes solemn and adoring. When she told him about the distant cousin, she saw that he was disturbed, and so she came to the part about his death quickly, anxious to spare him. She tried to keep her voice steady, but she knew that, in the telling of her life and in the way that she was telling it, she was letting him know that she consented to his love and was equal to it.

When she had finished, he put down his glass and, taking hers from her, put it down beside his own. Then, leaning forward again, he kissed her chastely on the brow. It was the last thing in the world she wanted him to do. She wanted him to sweep her into his arms, to crush her, to kiss her with passion. She wanted an embrace in which she could lose her self-consciousness. She had no idea how to bring it about.

He drew back and stared down at his hands, which lay forlornly in his lap.

"What are we to do, Harold?" she said. It was the first time she had said his name.

"I don't know. I can't leave my wife. The children."

It was no more than she expected. She could hardly love him if he were not an honorable man, a man who took his responsibilities seriously. But still . . .

"Perhaps we ought not to meet again," she said with courage.

He looked at her despairingly and said, "I don't think I could bear that." She reached out her hand and touched his cheek, feeling bold and sad, and said, "I'm glad. I couldn't bear it either. At least, not yet." And then he did take her in his arms and kiss her, though it was difficult, for she was sitting down and he was half leaning out of his chair. She had not been kissed much, and never before by a moustache, and she was distracted from the meaning of the kiss by the combination of the softness of his mouth and the toughness of his bristle. The sensation was a peculiar one, and she was just deciding that she liked it when he withdrew again. The dinner bell had rung.

In the days that followed, they met as often as possible without risking gossip. They could not afford a scandal. They met at meals; and when the day's seminars and lectures were over and the afternoon still bright, they took long walks up and down Crabapple Hill. They gathered wildflowers and Harold sang old English ballads in a pleasant tenor voice. When they felt themselves entirely alone, he would take her hand and swing it gaily as they walked. Often they would sit in a meadow or, if the sun was too bright, under a tree, he with his head in her lap, and they would talk and talk and talk some more. They had endless things to talk about. They had shared so many things in their separate lives, books and music and plays. Their tastes were so similar, their passions so parallel, it was hard to believe there had been all those years when they had not even known each other. There was so much to discover about each other, and in that discovery they found they were rediscovering themselves.

"In love we are so increased," Magda said, and it was true. She was the sleeping princess, and his love was returning her to life. He was more than an object of love; he was a mirror in which she found herself anew. The reflection he gave back to her, colored by his love, was one in which she could find it possible to love herself. And it was the same for him.

Their two weeks were almost at an end. The weather, as though conspiring in their idyll, had been exceptionally fine, and on this day the cloudless sky was so serenely blue that it was impossible to believe that there could ever again be, anywhere in the world, storms and anger and violence. She sat with her back against a tree. His head was in her lap, and she stroked his hair, marveling at its silkiness.

"How can your hair be so fine," she said, "and your moustache so wiry?" She was almost completely happy. A bee droned in the tall, dry grass, and overhead, in the tree, a bird trilled a sudden lovely note.

"C sharp," Harold said. He had perfect pitch. She smiled down at him adoringly.

"Oh, Harold," she said, "it's almost over."

"It will never be over," he said.

No, she was not completely happy. Two things stood in the way of that: He would be going back to his wife, and, also, she wanted more than his tenderness, his gentle kisses and his held hand.

"I'm a passionate man," he said, "but I won't sully you with my lust."

She demurred. This was noble of him, surely, but perhaps, in the circumstances, a little foolish. In love, one is not sullied by physical passion. The body has its voices, too, and they must be allowed to speak. But she was not quite bold enough to say this, perhaps because she was a little afraid of her body, unsure of its voice.

"You mustn't put me on a pedestal," she murmured.

"I haven't put you there," he said. "You *are* there."

"I am not so pure," she said. "I

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You're a very lucky girl—you'd never get a drink like that if the bartender wasn't a personal friend of mine."

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want our love to have its fullest expression."

"You *are* pure, my darling, the purest thing I've ever known. And I won't violate that purity until I have the right to do so."

"The right?"

"When I can belong to you entirely. Only then will I feel I have the right to take you entirely." His voice trembled.

"But Harold . . ."

They had not discussed his wife. Magda had tried not even to think of her. But it was useless to deny her. She existed. She was at the seashore with the children, but her head was as much in Magda's lap as Harold's was. Magda felt a sudden chill and bravely tried to imagine this shadowy woman who called Harold "my husband," who had borne his children; whose years of intimacy now, admitted to Magda's consciousness, threatened to obliterate all the beauty and reality of this moment. Harold belonged to his wife, not to poor deluded Magda. Still, she trusted Harold. He had given her every reason to trust him. He had asked nothing of her but to be allowed to love her, taking nothing. That he had come so quickly to their love, to this need of her, could mean only that his wife had failed him. As though he had read her thoughts, he began to talk about his wife.

"We were very young," he said, "and the children came almost at once. I suppose I thought I loved her then, in the beginning. I was more innocent than Amelia. She had a way of deciding things. I needed that then, being so unsure of myself. I was a lonely boy. I can't remember my mother, I was terrified of my father, and other boys made fun of me."

"Poor Harold."

"I was a dreamer and very bad at games."

"Dearest."

"In a way, Amelia swept me off my feet. She was so firm and sure and practical. I know it sounds brutal and unkind, but it has come to be like living with a certified public accountant."

"Oh, my poor darling."

"We have grown so very far apart that, if it were not for the children, we would have separated years ago."

Magda, relieved that it should be as she had hoped, continued to stroke his hair with a hand that was, thank heaven, small and pale and delicate.

"She is not my true wife," he said. "You are my true wife."

He lifted his head from her lap and was about to fold her in his arms when they spied Miss Potter briskly rounding toward them. They leaped apart. Harold found his pipe and put it between his teeth, and Magda contemplated the horizon as Miss Potter charged forward, oblivious of them, though they sat directly in her path. Her target was the shade of their tree, and it was not until she had stumbled across Harold's feet that she realized it was occupied.

"I'm nearsighted," she said, sitting down beside them, "and I cannot bear to walk with my glasses on because the landscape is so ostentatious."

"Oh, do you think so?" Magda said. "I find it rather gentle."

"Too damn much green!" Miss Potter said. She drew a banana from the folds of her voluminous skirt and began, methodically, to strip it. "Give me a dirty gray city any day. Country makes me nervous." She offered to share her banana with them, and when they declined, she took a huge bite of it. "All those trees!" They sat, watching Miss Potter eat her banana while the afternoon dwindled.

Harold's first letter to Magda assured her that, although sixty miles separated them, they were as one. Besides, the new superhighway made it possible to bridge the gap in little more than an hour. In his second letter he said that he could not live without her, that he had been giving much thought to their situation, and that he had arrived at certain decisions. In order to discuss these decisions, they arranged to meet for lunch at a town midway between their campuses.

On the appointed day, Magda drove to their rendezvous with a heart that managed to soar and flutter at the same time. Once removed from Crabapple Hill and returned to more familiar surroundings, the shape of their romance had seemed to alter. It was not that she doubted their love; it was simply that in retrospect it seemed too perfect not to have been dreamed. She was afraid it would slip away and become lost, as dreams do—that it was not tangible enough to endure.

Her first sight of Harold reassured her. They met at an inn in a small village, the perfect and appropriate kind of place that only someone as remarkable as Harold could have had the luck to find. The inn was dark and cool, all mahogany and copper, burnished with time. Harold was there, waiting for her. She slipped in quietly and was rewarded with a moment in which to view him before he saw her. He was smoking his pipe. He looked troubled and tragic, and her heart went out to him. She wanted to take him in her arms and soothe him. He saw her then, his face brightening, and they crossed the room quickly toward each other. For a moment, she was sure he was going to kiss her, but he only clasped her hands.

"Magda, Magda," he said.

They had cocktails before lunch, and the lunch itself was excellent: an omelet, fried potatoes, wilted lettuce salad. The only thing that marred the atmosphere was the place mats—scalloped-edged paper doilies printed with a map showing their exact location on Route 82. A tablecloth would have been so much nicer, for the place mats were insubstantial islands separating them, reminding them that they were transients.

He had missed her. She had missed him. He loved her. She loved him. He could not live without her. Nor could she live without him. Life had become meaningless. Life had always been meaningless. Could she wait? If she must, she could wait. For how long? Forever, if need be. No, not forever. They did not have forever. He had fixed a time. The very night of the day Arlen was graduated from college, he would come to her; they would never be apart again. He reckoned it would take about nine years. Yes, she could wait nine years. He would make it up to her. They would not, after all, be so old. The years that remained would be the best years, the mature and ripe years. It would be an adventure, a new life. What were nine years against the eternity of a love like theirs? Yes, yes, yes.

But meanwhile . . .

"Oh, Harold," she said, suddenly inspired, "it's Saturday. I don't have to be back until Monday morning. Let's stay here. It's such a charming place. Do let's stay and make it our own place!"

He stared at her. Then, taking her hand and clasping it, he said, "Magda, you have great courage, my darling. But no, you must help me to be strong. It's a struggle for me, but we mustn't debase our love. We must keep it whole or it will not keep."

It was her purity he loved, her self-perpetuating purity. For a moment, she thought she might hate him and was tempted to say something that would truly shock him. But she could think of nothing, and the moment passed. He was there, with his clear eyes and his gentle hands and his beautiful flat ears, and she was back in the Victorian novel of her life, where she would have to find a way, for nine years, to remain.

She drove back to school and plunged herself into the affairs of her college. She lectured ferociously. She gave difficult assignments so that she would have endless papers to grade. She took on extra duties. She helped to decorate the new Meditation Lounge, making trips to the city to choose suitably inspirational fabrics. She gave little teas for her better students, where they chatted about how to combine marriage with careers and which courses would best fit them for life. She went to all the faculty meetings, many of which she was asked to chair because of her rare tact and her intricate knowledge of parliamentary procedure. She worked and studied and had four more poems published, and she was so assiduous that she soon became the head of her department. And meanwhile, though she met Harold twice a month for lunch, her stack of letters from him grew and grew, moved from a desk drawer to a shoe box to a hatbox and, at last, to a huge corrugated cardboard box in which her winter coat had been delivered.

Today! The day, finally, of Arlen's graduation. Nine years! Nine years

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ground in the mill of the past. Still, there was plenty of time for life, she told herself. A dozen times that day she ran to her mirror, assuring herself that time had not much damaged her. A hundred times she looked at the clock, for Harold was coming that night, directly from Arlen's college, his bags packed the previous night, his wife informed sometime in the past week. Over and over she tried to imagine the encounter between Harold and his wife. Amelia could hardly be expected to mind, Harold had assured her. She would perhaps be relieved, it was so long since there had been any pretense of love between them. She might be wounded, of course, to know that Harold had nurtured a secret love for nine years, but then she would be forced to recognize the sacrifice he had made for their children. She would respect that. She knew that he had never been really happy, that she had been unable and unwilling to give him the kind of love he needed. It had come up again and again in earlier years, in arguments she invariably won unfairly by dismissing his need as fantasy and adolescent nonsense. In a way, though he knew it was ignoble, he looked forward to the moment—indeed, he could scarcely wait—when he could tell Amelia he was leaving her, and why.

It was three days since Harold's last letter had come, and the letter had told Magda, aside from the usual assurances of his continuing love, that he could not predict the precise hour of his arrival, since that would depend on the length of the graduation ceremony. It was a letter filled with subdued gaiety, sparked by the kind of boyish excitement that is, without much success, being held in check by a man who cannot allow himself the luxury of outright hysteria. The letter had brought tears to Magda's eyes. How much she loved him! She would set him free, exactly as she had been waiting all these years for him to set her free.

It was after seven in the evening, and the apartment was filled with the smell of roasting meat and of the cake she had baked earlier in the day. Baking was one of her more recent accomplishments, learned in anticipation of Harold, for it had always seemed wasteful and indulgent to bake for herself alone. The cake had succeeded; it was a magnificent cake. She had bought a pastry tube and spent hours frosting and decorating the cake, inscribing upon it in tidy Gothic letters, HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HAROLD AND MAGDA. This birthday belonged to both of them. This was truly, in every sense, a birthday.

She went a dozen times to the window, which she had opened wide to the soft June twilight. Over and over, she examined the rooms of her apartment, trying to see them as they would appear to Harold, who, for fear of compromising her, had never been there. She had straightened and dusted and polished, and it looked perfect; there was nothing to add or to subtract. She would have preferred it to be winter, with perhaps a light snow falling, so that there could be the added cheer and coziness of a fire burning on the hearth, but there was enough romance in this warm spring evening with its promise of a moon to offset that loss.

There was nothing more to do. There was nothing to do but wait.

She sat, sipping sherry, jumping up at intervals to check the roast, to admire the cake, to look out the window. She tried to read, but it was impossible to focus her attention. She put a Mozart sonata on the record player and told herself that before it was over, Harold would be there; but she should have chosen something longer. She followed the Mozart with a Schubert quartet and sat listening to it with her eyes closed, listening beyond it for other sounds. At intervals, cars approached in the street outside her window, and her heart leaped and sank as they passed. Then, at last, a car approached that did not pass, and she sat, frozen, unable to go to the window, listening to the sound of the braking, the motor being cut, the car door slamming, a step, another, a sound at the door below and, finally, the pealing of her doorbell. For a moment, she sat in terror, unable to rise from her chair to press the answering buzzer that would admit him. In that moment, all the years of waiting crowded upon her, paralyzing her. She gulped the last of her sherry and, with an effort, rose and went to press the buzzer.

She heard him coming slowly up the stairs. It was not the step of a man rising joyously to a long deferred paradise. It was a slow and heavy step. But then she remembered that he would be weighted with luggage, and she flung the door open to him.

He was not carrying bags, only his hat. He stood at her threshold, trying

PHOTOS BY FRED SCHNELL

At Manned Spacecraft Center, Houston, Texas, space-suit engineer steps to simulated "moonscape" from lunar excursion module; the vehicle scheduled to land two men on the moon by 1970. Employers Mutuals policyholder, Ets-Hokin Corporation, is contractor on several electrical and control facilities for the Center, focal point of America's space research, crew training and flight operations.

Employers Mutuals helps protect builders of the road to the moon

Wausau Story

For most of us, manned flight to the moon remains barely imaginable. Yet today we already have traveled a good part of the way along the lunar road with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Project Apollo. While the round-trip flight itself will take only a few days, the pre-launch journey must be measured in years of research, planning, training and building. Much of this has now been accomplished and the physical evi-

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to smile, and she saw at once that he was frightened. Well, why should he not be frightened?—she was frightened, too. She stepped aside to admit him and, closing the door, watched him carefully set his hat down on a table. It was a hat that she had not seen before, a courageous hat with a gaily colored feather in its band.

"How nice," he said. "What a lovely room." He sounded surprised, almost relieved, and she wondered what he had been imagining. Had he feared it would be a pigsty, that she lacked taste, that it would be bare as a convent cell?

"I try not to become too attached to things," she said. "But I suppose it's unavoidable. One gathers possessions, and, in spite of oneself, they become dear and familiar."

Why were they being so formal? It was not at all the way it ought to be. Perhaps Arlen had not been graduated after all. She spurred herself to the sideboard and poured out two glasses of sherry. She handed him one and said, "You must be tired. Did it go all right?"

"The graduation? Yes. But it's been a long day."

She urged him to sit down, offering him the deepest armchair, sitting across from him on the divan with her feet coiled under her, trying to show him that they were not strangers.

"It's been a long day for me, too," she said. "The waiting. And I've been preparing our feast. Are you starved?"

He looked down at his glass. "No," he said. "Yes."

"Shall we eat right away?"

"No, let's wait," he said. "That's nice, the Schubert. I've always been fond of it."

He was mumbling. She had never known him to mumble.

"*Especially* fond of it, I mean," he said.

"Are you all right, Harold? Is anything wrong?"

He looked up at her and, for the first time, met her eyes. "Magda, I have something painful to tell you."

She felt herself turn pale. "You haven't told Amelia!" she said.

"Yes. That is, I started but she cut me short."

"What?" Magda said. "Why?"

"I don't know how to tell you. It's so difficult."

"Try," Magda said. "Inarticulateness has never been one of your failings."

"Well, you see, she's not, as you know, a young woman, Amelia. Do you have any whiskey? I think I would prefer it to sherry."

She's ill, Magda thought, going to fetch him whiskey. She's going to have a painful and lingering illness. Nothing swift and final. Years of operations and hospitals and invalidism, damn her. Her hand shook as she poured the whiskey. She poured quite a lot of it. Then, turning to bring it to Harold, she saw that he was suffering, too. Poor Harold.

"We never believed," Harold said, taking a long swallow, "—that is, we thought she was past all possibility of that kind—that sort of thing."

She stared at him. "*What* sort of thing?"

He took another long swallow and coughed. "But it sometimes happens," he said.

"Harold. What are you trying to tell me?"

He drained his glass, and his face turned very red. "She's going to have a baby," he said.

Stunned, Magda sat listening to the lengthening silence, fumbling for a reaction to match the monstrousness of Harold's news, staring at him, waiting for him to look up so that she could find in his eyes the answer to her horror.

"You mean, you did *that?*" she said, at last. "All the time, you were, you have been . . .?"

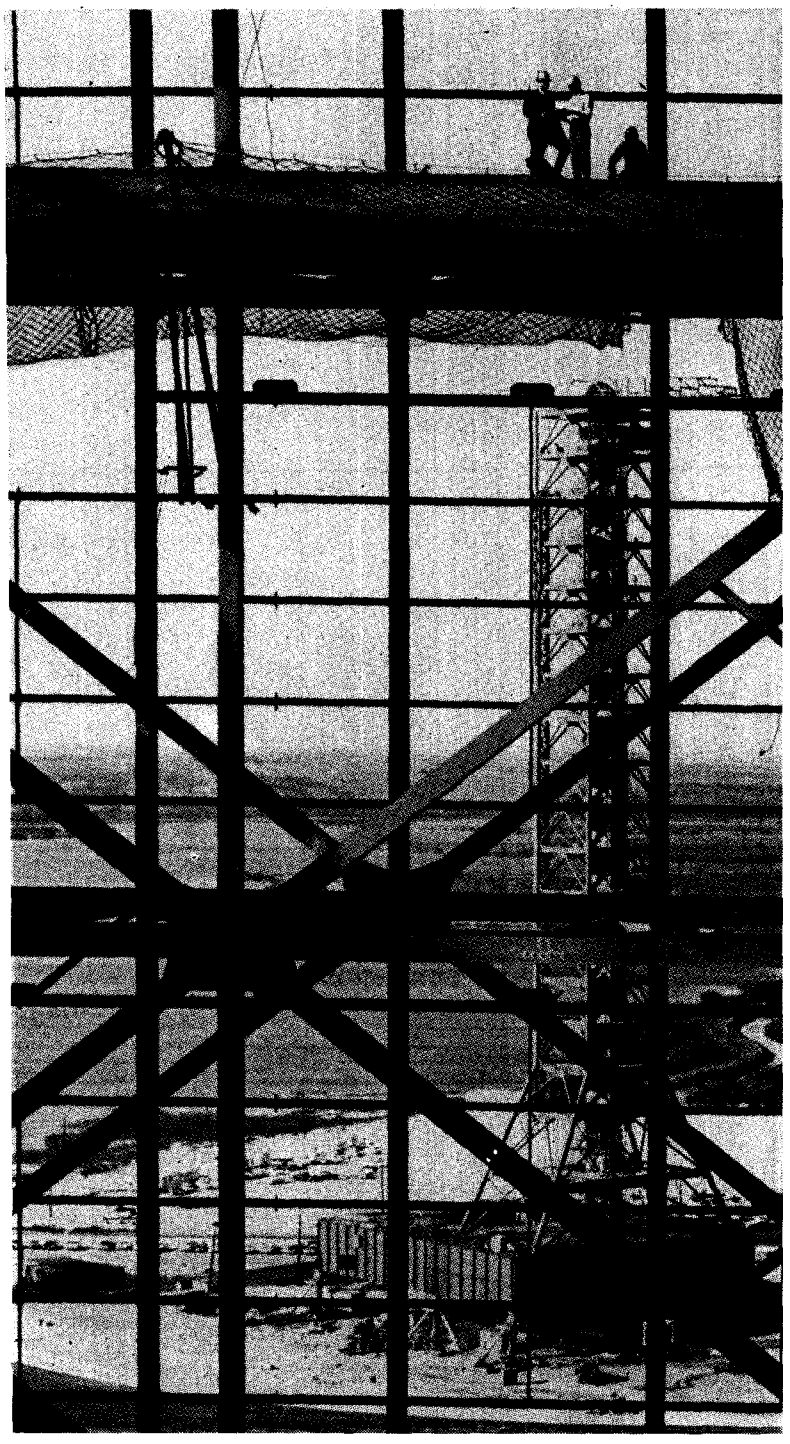
And now he did look up, surprised. "It meant nothing, Magda. It was perfectly meaningless."

She sat transfixed, unable to do anything but echo him. "*Meaningless!*"

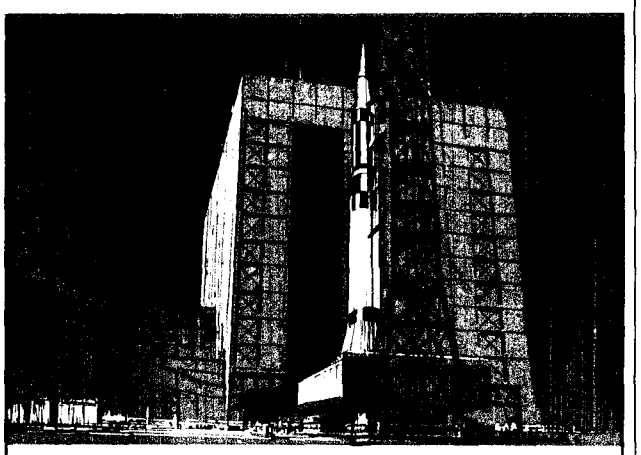
"Habit," he said. "The habit of years. It had nothing to do with us. How else could I keep you pure? Surely you know that a passionate man . . ."

"*Passionate!*" she said. "*Pure!*"

They sat in silence, listening, now that the Schubert had died, to the clock ticking on the wall of the kitchen where the roast was burning. Time, time, she mourned, and, looking at Harold, she saw that his hair was almost gone, that his chin was weak, that his ears lay too flat against his head, that his moustache was ridiculous, that his feet were small. He had taken his pipe out of his pocket and was filling it with tobacco when she rose from her chair and, crossing to where he sat, began to beat him about the head with her pale and delicate fists. □

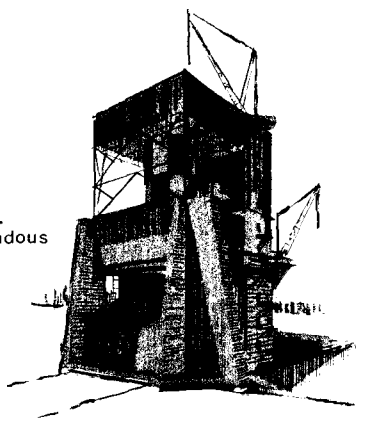


High over Kennedy Space Center's Merritt Island spaceport, near Cape Kennedy, Fla., VAB (Vehicle Assembly Building) rises in construction. Within vast interior, launch vehicle and spacecraft will be assembled vertically. Building contractor is Employers Mutuals policyholder, Morrison-Knudsen Co., Inc., with associates, Perini Corporation and Paul Hardeman, Inc.



Drawing shows how VAB, world's largest structure, will appear as newly assembled launch vehicle emerges on its way to nearby launching site. Giant building will enclose more than 129 million cubic feet.

Sketch of completed test-stand under construction in photo below. Rocket stages, placed upright, fire downward at deflector. The noise is so tremendous that no residence will be permitted in surrounding 200-square-mile area.



In Hancock County, Miss., Employers Mutuals policyholder, Leavell-Kiewit, is construction contractor on test-stands for rocket stages which will power space launchings. Scoop-shaped deflector will take the roaring blast of Saturn-II's million-lb. thrust.

dence is rising around the country.

As insurance carrier for many companies engaged in NASA projects, Employers Mutuals of Wausau has an important role in the moon-flight preparation, helping to prevent loss resulting from accidents. The job calls for imagination, skill and services quite beyond the ordinary, with policyholders working in the most advanced areas of technology.

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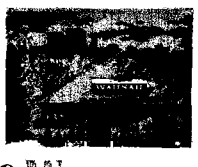

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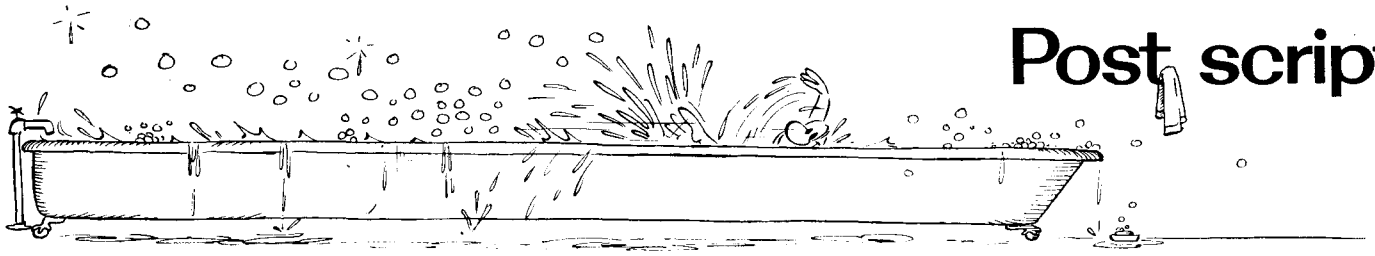
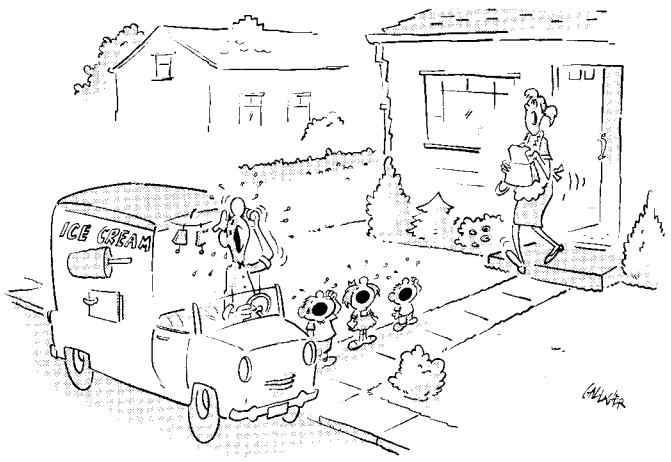
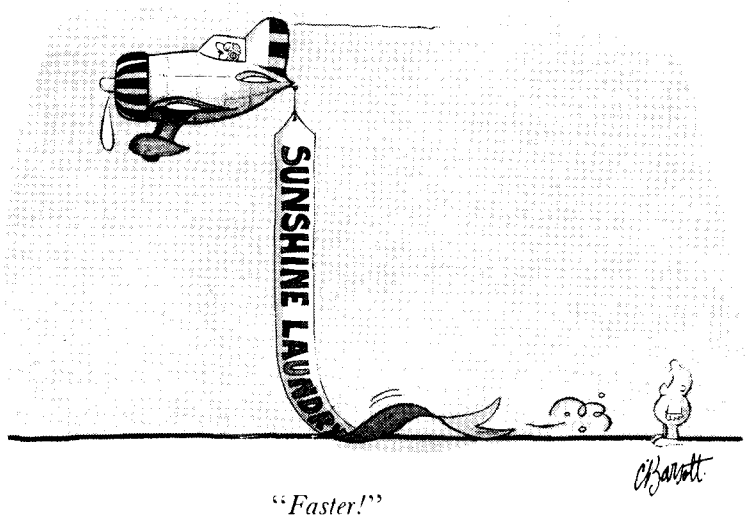
Post scripts



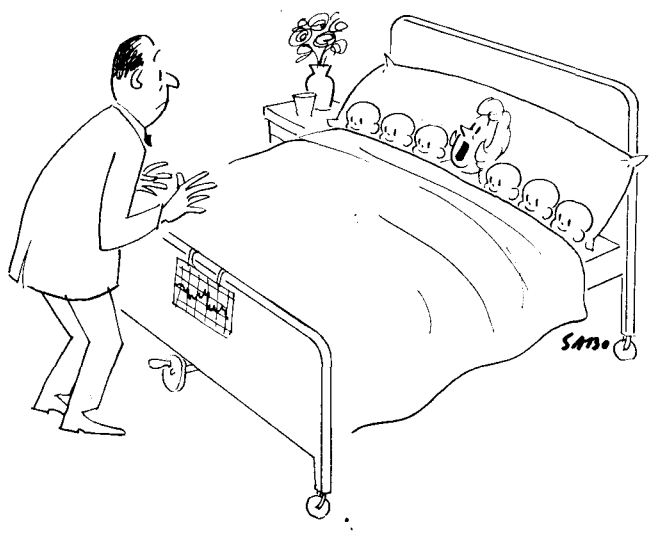


"Oh, all right! All right!"

"My name is William J. Hall. A witch transformed me into a duck. My wife can be reached at Klondike 5-1338. Please call her and tell her I'm well."



"Faster!"



"Don't just stand there! Call The Saturday Evening Post!"

"It's for catching girl skin divers."

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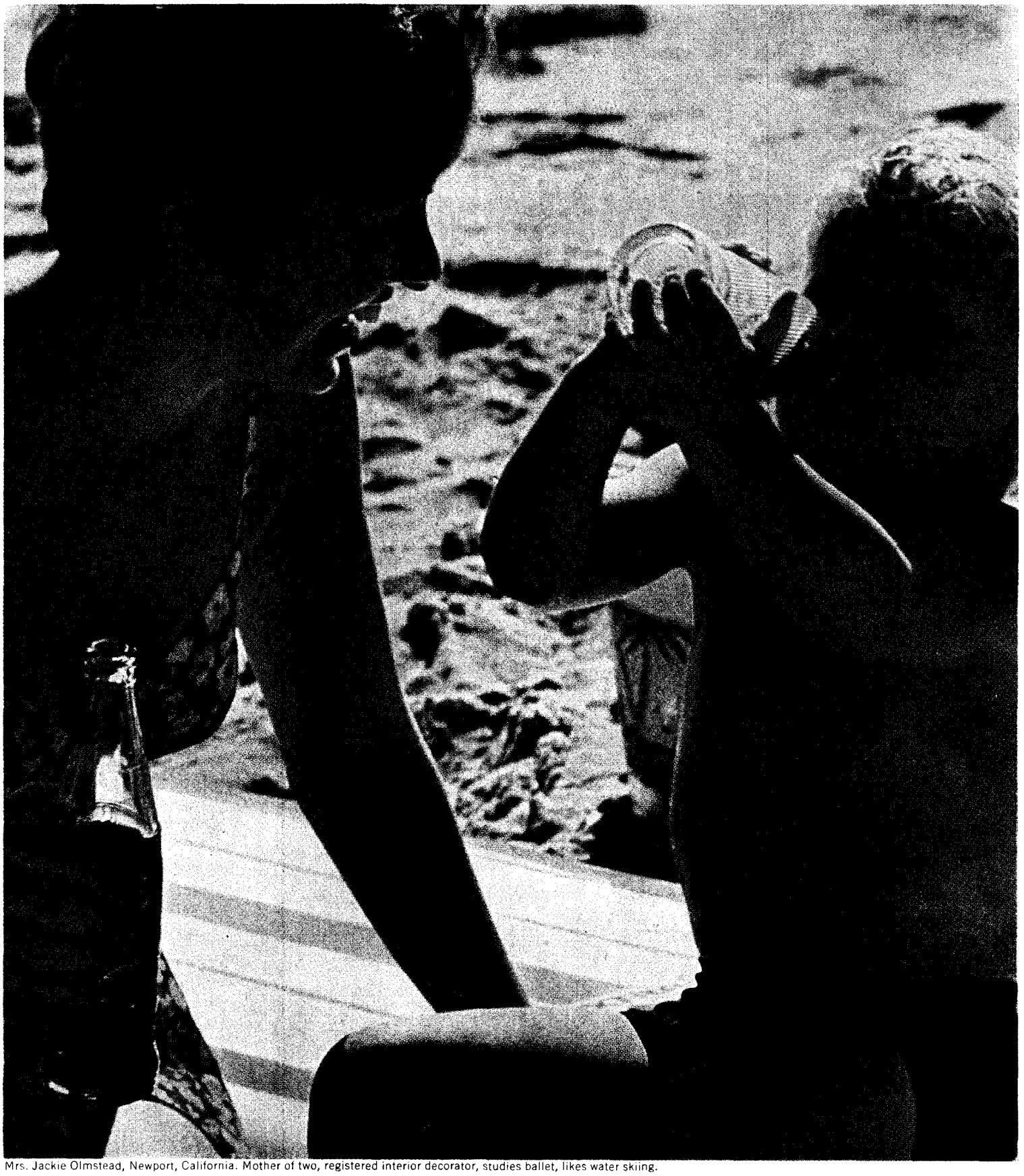
Tab. How can just 1 calorie taste so good?



Mrs. Jackie Olmstead, Newport, California. Mother of two, registered interior decorator, studies ballet, likes water skiing.

Mrs. Jackie Olmstead likes Tab to help keep herself and her husband slimmer. Trimmer. Looking more in shape than ever. Her 4-year-old son just likes Tab, period.
(He couldn't care less about calories. All he cares about is taste.)

The Olmsteads aren't alone, either. Lots of people are changing everywhere. Living trimmer, more active lives.
And Tab is a part of it. How can just 1 calorie taste so good?
Easy. The Coca-Cola Company kept the flavor in Tab.

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The torment of Alberto

GIACOMETTI

Although museums vie for his sculpture—much of it now in America—he considers all his work a failure.

By JOHN KOBLER

Carving, gouging, thumbing, the sculptor's hands wrest art from clay. His haunting figures (such as the Head of a Man on a Rod, *above right) represent humanity unprotected by pretense, unrelieved by laughter and unredeemed by grace.*

ANDRÉE ABECASSIS

Although few contemporary artists have aroused greater critical enthusiasm, received wider public recognition or commanded higher prices than Alberto Giacometti, not a single piece he has ever produced pleases the creator himself. To the Swiss-born Paris sculptor and painter, looking back at the age of 63, the entire array represents so many fumbling steps along a road to total defeat.

"What I've been trying to do all my life can't be done," he says with the self-mocking grin of a man admitting a ridiculous weakness. "I want to copy reality exactly as I see it. Impossible, of course, because what you see continually changes in time and space, *non?* You would need absolute knowledge, and who can attain that, *hein?* Nobody. Only an imbecile would persist, *non?*"

The major art event on both sides of the Atlantic this summer is a retrospective show of Giacometti's sculptures, paintings and drawings. Some 300 exhibits divided between New York's Museum of Modern Art and London's Tate Gallery range over four decades from his early surrealist fantasies to his latest bronze heads. Among them are some of the most disturbing human figures ever wrought from clay. Attenuated, stretched to the breaking point as if on a torture rack, skeletal, gnarled, grim-mouthed, they loom in majestic desolation. However short of perfection they may fall in Giacometti's eyes, they powerfully and poetically symbolize the *malaise* of 20th-century man, his aloneness, his insecurity, his terrors.

While some critics value Giacometti's painting above his sculpture—for which the public knows him better—others consider his sculpture superior. He himself expresses no preference, however, although sculpture preoccupies him more because he finds the three-dimensional medium harder, more challenging. He has swept the field of top honors in both media, winning the Guggenheim International Award for painting last year and—for

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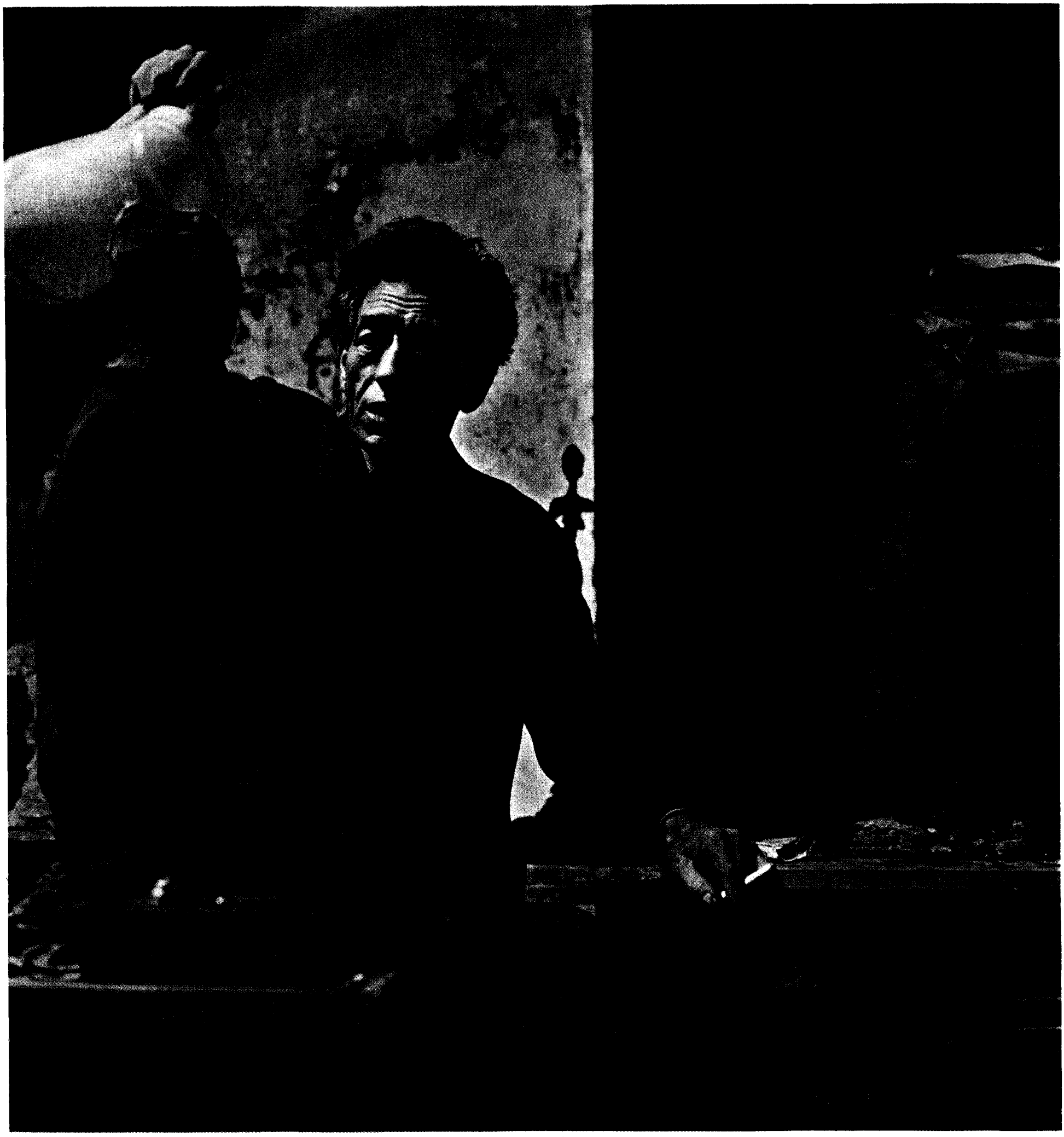

Giacometti douses a work in progress that appears mummylike in the moist rags which keep it from hardening. Other uncompleted works—he never considers a sculpture finished—surround him in cluttered studio where he has lived 38 years.

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'I DISLIKE BATHS. WHEN I MUST TAKE ONE, I GO TO MY WIFE'S APARTMENT.'

sculpture—the Carnegie International Exhibition prize in 1961 and the grand prize at the Venice Biennale in 1962. "What a joke, *hein*, to give my failures prizes?" Such failures enrich many a great museum and private collection. Nelson Rockefeller owns five sculptures; six adorn Peggy Guggenheim's Venetian *palazzo*. "Not one is finished. I can never finish any piece. I could work on the same head forever. Just to get the bridge of the nose right would be a triumph. No question of capturing the whole thing. Eventually I have to let somebody take the piece away. It's merely an interruption. I begin all over immediately, I continue, I fail again."

What he considers an abortive effort may fetch as much as $40,000. The Zurich Museum of Fine Arts is currently trying to raise about $500,000 to acquire nearly a hundred pieces collected by G. David Thompson, a retired Pittsburgh industrialist. "I can't conceive of any material value. The idea of money in connection with art is ludicrous."

To a friend who asked him where all his money went, Giacometti replied, "Taxis, I spend a lot on taxis. Then my wife needs things. . . . It all mounts up, *non?*" What he never mentions are the sizable sums he devotes to the support of struggling artists and to a number of families in his home village.

The scene of Giacometti's foredoomed artistic struggle has not changed since 1927, after he had come to Paris from his native Switzerland. He occupies the same dingy quarters on one of the dingiest streets in one of the city's dingiest working districts. Passing the scabby stucco walls at No. 46 Rue Hippolyte Maindron, nobody would imagine that behind them works and lives an artist of the first magnitude. The interior is as stark as duty. The studio, measuring about 12 by 15 feet, faces a narrow alley. Daylight filters thinly through a grimy window. Two naked light bulbs provide the only artificial illumination. For heat, there is a coal stove. A long bench holds a chaos of squeezed paint tubes, brushes, jars of turpentine, rags, clay, armatures. Plaster debris fills the dark corners—for every sculpture to leave his hands, Giacometti smashes dozens. A sagging divan would offer a place to sit were it not piled high with letters, old newspapers, abandoned sketches. The alternatives are a rickety kitchen chair and two tall, backless stools—one for Giacometti, the other for his model. Cigarette butts litter the concrete floor. He smokes three to four packs a day, despite frequent violent spasms of coughing. A film of plaster dust covers everything, including Giacometti.

ANDRÉE ABECASSIS

Stark, dour, stretched almost too thin to stand, three figures loom above the garden of New York's Museum of Modern Art, where a 145-piece show opened last month.

Giacometti's nonworking activities are today as circumscribed as a monk's. With increasing intimations of mortality he conserves his energies. He seldom leaves Paris, declines most social invitations and sees even intimate friends infrequently. Formerly, however, he was a conspicuous ornament of Paris avant-garde circles, drinking and arguing away half the night in the bistros of Bohemia. Picasso acclaimed Giacometti as a true innovator. The King and Queen of Existentialism, Jean Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, recognized in his art an existentialist spirit, and both wrote about him at length—not to his unbounded joy, however, for the friendship has since cooled. Another former café companion who wrote about him is Jean Genet, the ex-convict made famous by his novels and plays. Now apolitical, Giacometti once had distinct Marxist sympathies.

During the life of his mother, whom he adored, Giacometti would visit her two or three times a year in Stampa, the tiny Swiss hamlet near the Italian border where their antecedents settled six centuries ago. Every night he talked with her on the telephone. Since she died last year at 92, Stampa has lost much of its savor for him.

I spent several evenings with Giacometti recently while he was struggling with a new piece for the London retrospective. I would arrive around eight, when he normally takes a short breather. His working day starts in midafternoon, not to end until the following morning as fatigue overwhelms him. I always found him in a state of frantic frustration. He was sculpting the head of a friend, a photographer named Elie Lotar. He had been at it six months, building up, tearing down, rebuilding dozens of times. Perched on his stool, squinting at Lotar through smudged spectacles, he attacked the clay as if it were a mortal foe. Self-scorn poured from him in torrents. "I've bungled it. It's no good, zero. I'm not seeing it clearly. The chin is horrible. I must hollow out more. Ah, *mon Dieu*, nothing works. I'll have to scrap it. . . ."

Few men his age or constitution could endure the strain of sitting hours on end, arms outstretched, with no back support. He is slight, frail and stoop-shouldered, and when tired he limps, the result of an injury inflicted many years ago when an automobile jumped a curb and ran over his foot. Two years ago he underwent a serious stomach operation. But in his face there is monumental power. A thicket of spiky, iron-gray hair crests a massive brow. His heavy nose and mouth, bracketed by deep lines, seem hewn from granite. His smile, ironic, mischievous, exposes big, widely spaced teeth. His long, thin fingers, the nails encrusted with clay and pigments, are seldom still. No matter where he happens to be, he sketches compulsively on any available surface. His habitual dress consists of a seedy old tweed sport jacket and dark slacks to which cling gobbets of dried clay. He believes he has two formal suits someplace, but he cannot remember when he last wore them.

He showed me around the rest of the establishment. He sleeps in a small room next to the studio, containing the barest minimum of furnishings. There is no hot water and no bath, and to reach the toilet he has to cross the alley. "I dislike baths," he remarked. "When I have to take one, I go to my wife's apartment."

Though devoted, they no longer live together. Annette Giacometti stoically endured the cramped squalor of the apartment up to a few years ago, when she moved to reasonably comfortable quarters nearby. "I couldn't follow," Giacometti explained to me. "I can't accept possessions, because I still feel provisional, temporary. I've never matured, you see. I'm always in a beginning stage. I'll be an old man without ever having been a man at all."

A third room at the end of the alley is the domain of his younger, bachelor brother, Diego, who fashions household ornaments. Diego also patinates Alberto's bronzes after they come from the foundry. Heating the metal, he applies various acids, depending on the desired hue of the patina, then rinses them and brushes them with a wire brush. Acutely shy, in contrast to his extrovert brother, he tends to avoid strangers.

It is not surprising that so many Giacometti figures bear a family resemblance. He has sculpted Diego 1100 times, initially in plasteline during their boyhood at Stampa. Their father Giovanni Giacometti, who was a prominent impressionist painter, supplied his 13-year-old son with the plasteline. "The little bust of Diego is still there," the son says nostalgically, "and I have done nothing better since. At first I had the impression art would come easily to me, that I was getting at what I wanted. Now, fifty years later, I am no closer."

His wife joined us. She drops in nearly every evening to tidy his bedroom, sort out his correspondence, retrieve assorted objects he has mislaid. A pretty, delicately built Swiss, 20 years his junior, she too serves as one of his favorite models. She treats him with the amused, indulgent affection of a parent toward a brilliant, charming but difficult child. It was during the war that he first saw Annette Arm on the terrace of a Geneva café, hurried over to her and introduced himself. They resumed the acquaintance in Paris when she went there to work as a secretary. Five years later they married. They are childless. "The thought of fatherhood appalls me," says Giacometti. "Since I never feel adult myself, it would be terrible to have to worry about other children."

Giacometti usually has several works in progress at the same time, some made directly from nature, some from imagination. On the stand beside the head he was doing of Lotar stood a bust composed of invented or remembered features. It was almost 11 o'clock and I was starving when Giacometti finally mentioned food, but another hour passed before he could bring himself to leave the bust. He would start for the door, then duck back to alter an angle of the nose, deepen an eye, pinch a corner of the mouth. "What's the use?" he asked himself at length. "Anyway, it's of no importance." He soaked some rags in water and wrapped them around the clay to prevent it from hardening.

Annette kissed him gently and returned to her apartment. He took me to the Montparnasse café where he customarily eats his only proper meal of the day. (Upon arising around noon he drinks black coffee in a bistro near his studio; toward nightfall he goes there for a hard-boiled egg or

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slice of ham and a glass of wine.) During a spirited dinner conversation he retraced for me his lifelong pursuit of the unattainable.

His early illusion of achievement, he recalled, did not survive adolescence. At 19, in Rome, he began two small busts, only to find his frame of reference disintegrating. The model appeared to him amorphous, without fixed boundaries. He could establish no point of departure or arrival. He demolished the busts. Two years later, in Paris, where his father sent him to study under the sculptor Antoine Bourdelle, his dilemma worsened. "I was incapable of encompassing the whole figure. If I started with the nose or mouth, the ensemble eluded me, and if I tried to analyze the nose, its form simply broke down into a mist of vague dots."

He had meanwhile suffered a trauma that profoundly affected his entire life. He was touring the Tyrol with a rich, elderly Dutchman. One morning, after contracting a cold, the Dutchman awoke in his hotel bedroom wracked by chest pains. The doctor that Giacometti sent for diagnosed a failing heart. Giacometti sat by the bed all morning, watching his friend slowly fading. He died that afternoon. "In those dreadful hours I thought, 'So this is the absurd, ugly nothingness we come to.' For the first time I understood my own mortality, and I realized that any night I too might go to bed and never rise."

He has feared the dark ever since, which is why he sleeps by day or with a lamp lit, and through his gaunt, lonely figures he conveys his excruciating sense of transience. It is this sense that further explains his aversion to possessions. "They're meaningless, *non*, when you're always aware of imminent extinction?" Twenty-seven years after the Dutchman's death Giacometti produced, as a kind of exorcism, his terrifying *Head of a Man on a Rod*, which, with its screaming mouth and straining eyes, epitomizes man *in extremis*. [See photograph on page 68.]

At 24, despairing of grasping reality in nature, he sought it in memory and imagination. He experimented with various styles, culminating in surrealism. The high priest of the then fashionable movement, André Breton, welcomed him and helped arrange his first one-man show. But Giacometti proved a recalcitrant disciple. It was Breton's caprice that green should be the color of surrealists' food. Giacometti ate oranges. By 1935 his interest in surrealism had flagged, and he reverted to his original approach. Breton read him out of the club. Art dealers would no longer touch his work. To ward off starvation he designed lamps, candlesticks and vases for an interior decorator. He slept four or five hours a day, frequently on a bench in his studio. For five years he worked with the same model in the same pose. "But we all know what a head is," Breton told him in exasperation. "No, nobody knows," Giacometti replied. "We can only try to discover."

His search led him into bizarre bypaths. Hardly understanding why, he kept whittling down his figures almost to the vanishing point. At one point he carried the entire production of four years in six matchboxes. Only years later did he surmise the reason. So that details would not distract him from his total impression, he had visualized the figures at a distance, retreating farther and farther to obliterate more and more detail. He extricated himself from that snare only to fall into another. Now his figures grew thinner and longer, some rising nearly nine feet, until there remained little more than a skin of clay around his armature. He later concluded that because people in motion appear weightless to him, he had unconsciously striven to render weightlessness by elongation.

Until the mid-'40's he limited his sculpture to inexpensive and relatively impermanent plaster casts because there was no demand for his work. Then Pierre Matisse, the son of the French painter, and a naturalized American who heads a New York art gallery, proposed to have a group of figures cast in bronze at his own expense if Giacometti would consent to a sale exhibition. The exhibition, from which Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III bought her first Giacometti, took place in 1948 and created a sensation. Soon after, the prestigious Maeght Gallery became the artist's Paris outlet. The Giacometti boom was on.

His latest figures are fuller and less distorted. "I am back where I started," he told me, "no nearer my goal."

"But then your work must be a continual anguish," I said.

"Not at all. To be sure, I suffer when it goes worse rather than a little better. But there's no anguish, even though I know I can't reach the end if I live a thousand years. It doesn't matter. What matters is the game itself, *hein?*—not the outcome. Art for me is merely a way of seeing. I don't give a damn about sculpture or painting for its own sake."

"Do any works of art fully satisfy you?"

"None, least of all my own. I used to haunt the galleries and museums. Today they bore me. I only like looking at people and things, that is, at life. The greatest paintings in the world seem pitiable beside the beauty of reality. Take the chair you're sitting on. I could look at it all night and try forever to project my vision of it. I don't really need to hire a model. Any object will do, big or small, the same one over and over. Everything, everybody is beautiful."

"Yet you can never finish a sculpture?"

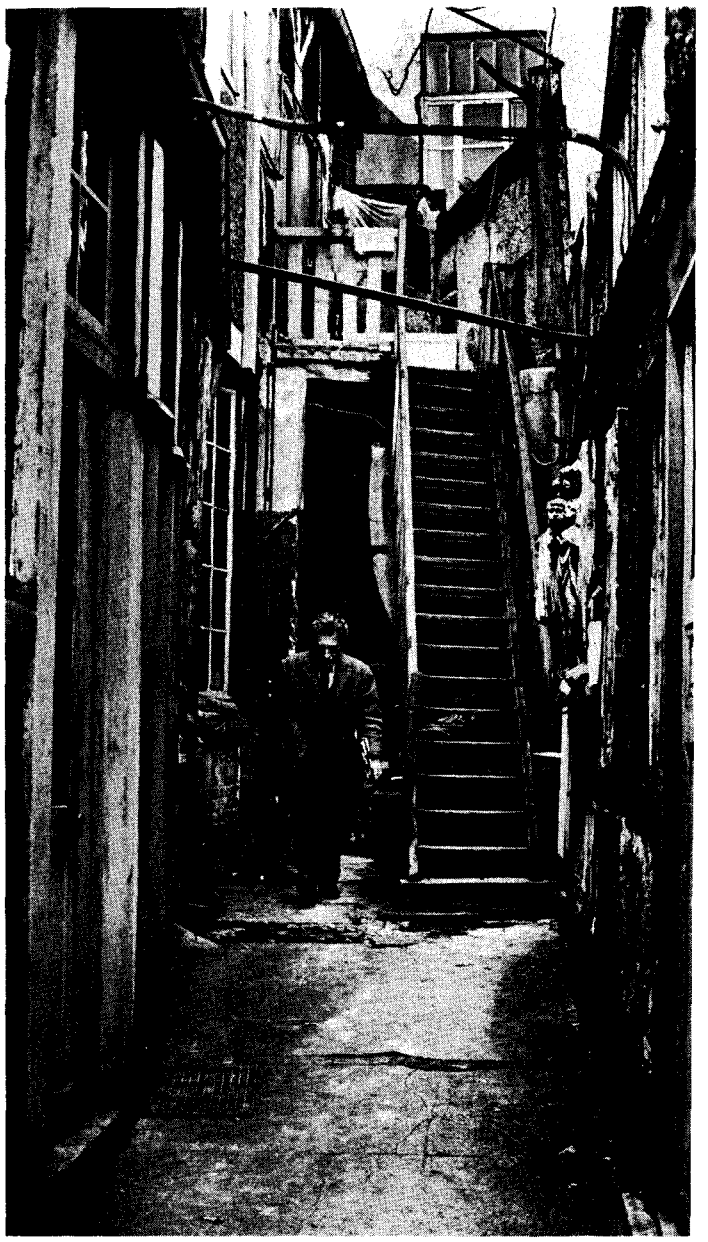
"Of course not. To finish means to know everything not only about the object but about your vision of it. It's easy to turn out a utilitarian object—a cup, a table, *non?* Because you have the concept in your mind beforehand. You know its function and so you know how it must be made. But art is like an interrogation. You can only touch certain points, never the totality. Too many stages, too many levels, it's all subjective. That man across the room, perhaps fifteen meters away—from where I sit he's tiny. His natural size doesn't exist. Or your head. If I look at your full face, I don't see your profile, and if I look at your profile, I don't see your full face. Still the problem is to seize the whole. And that's precisely what enthralls me—the very impossibility of it. If I could solve it, I would lose interest. Happily, there is no solution."

In his obsessive curiosity about every aspect of reality, Giacometti cheerfully accepts experiences from which most men would recoil. He positively enjoys his own terrors. Recalling the injury to his foot, he told me, "As I fell, I seemed to be watching myself detachedly. 'Oh, you poor devil,' I thought, but I was glad the accident happened, because it taught me how pain works. You don't feel it until quite a while after you've been hit. In the hospital I was enchanted by the crutches they gave me. It's amazing how easily you get accustomed to not using your own legs."

Facing his stomach operation, he observed his responses with the enthusiasm of a spectator at an engrossing play. The action of the anesthetic sodium pentothal, before they wheeled him into the operating room, he found too swift. He would have preferred ether, as he remembered it from the time his appendix was removed, and he fought to prolong consciousness.

As a younger man, he confessed, he felt a recurrent urge to kill. He had no specific victim in mind; it was just the abstract idea of murder that appealed to him.

An American friend and biographer, James Lord, once asked him if he ever thought of suicide.



Stalking down the alleyway that connects his bedroom and studio, the artist leaves home for a nearby café.

"I think of it every day," Giacometti replied, "not because I find life intolerable, not at all, rather because I think death must be a fascinating experience and I'm curious about it."

Playfully, as an exercise of imagination, he enumerated different methods. "The most definitive, courageous way of killing oneself would be cutting one's throat from ear to ear with a kitchen knife. That would really be taking things into one's hands. But I'd never have the courage to do that. Cutting one's wrists is nothing. And taking sleeping pills is hardly killing oneself at all. It's simply going to sleep. But *the* thing, *the* suicide that really fascinates me, is burning oneself alive. That would be something. And I thought of it long before those Indo-Chinese monks started to do it recently."

He talked about it so much to Annette that she finally told him, "Do it or shut up!" But, Giacometti added, he could comply only under one condition—that he could come alive again to describe the sensation.

It was past one when we parted outside the café. "I'm sorry to leave you so soon," he said, "but I have hours of work ahead."

When I revisited his studio a few nights later, he had begun still another head of Lotar, fretting and fuming as usual. "Idiotic, isn't it?" he said. "Painting and sculpting is really an *ersatz* for something missing in your makeup, *non*?" □

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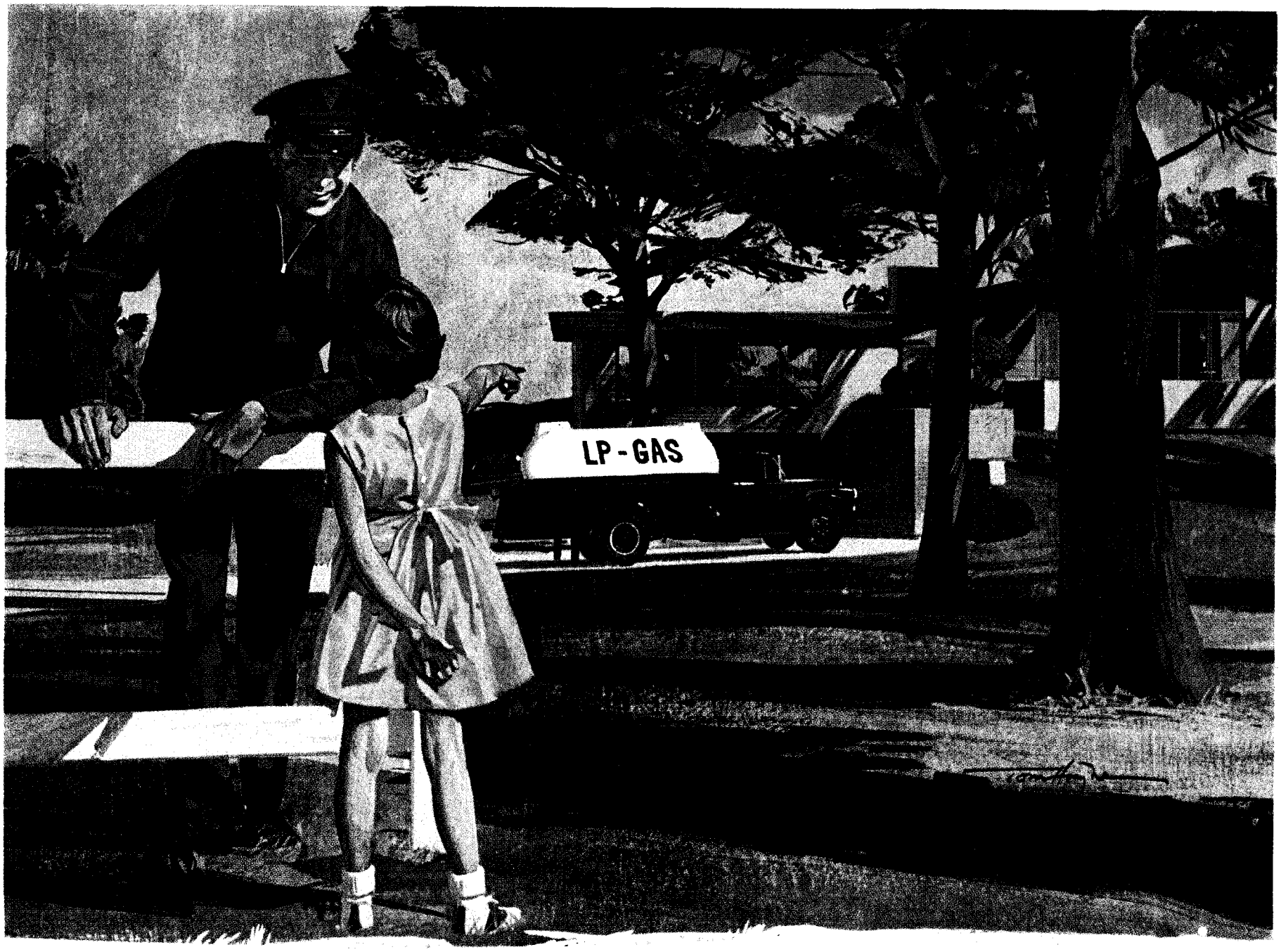

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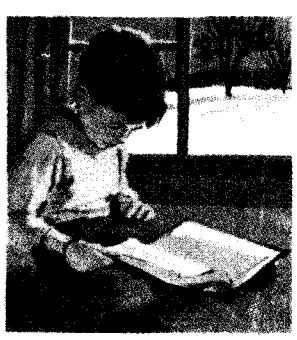

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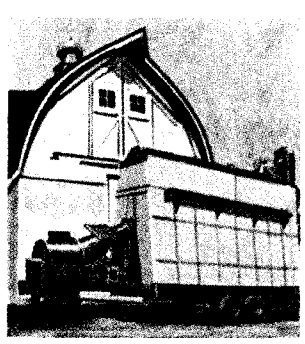

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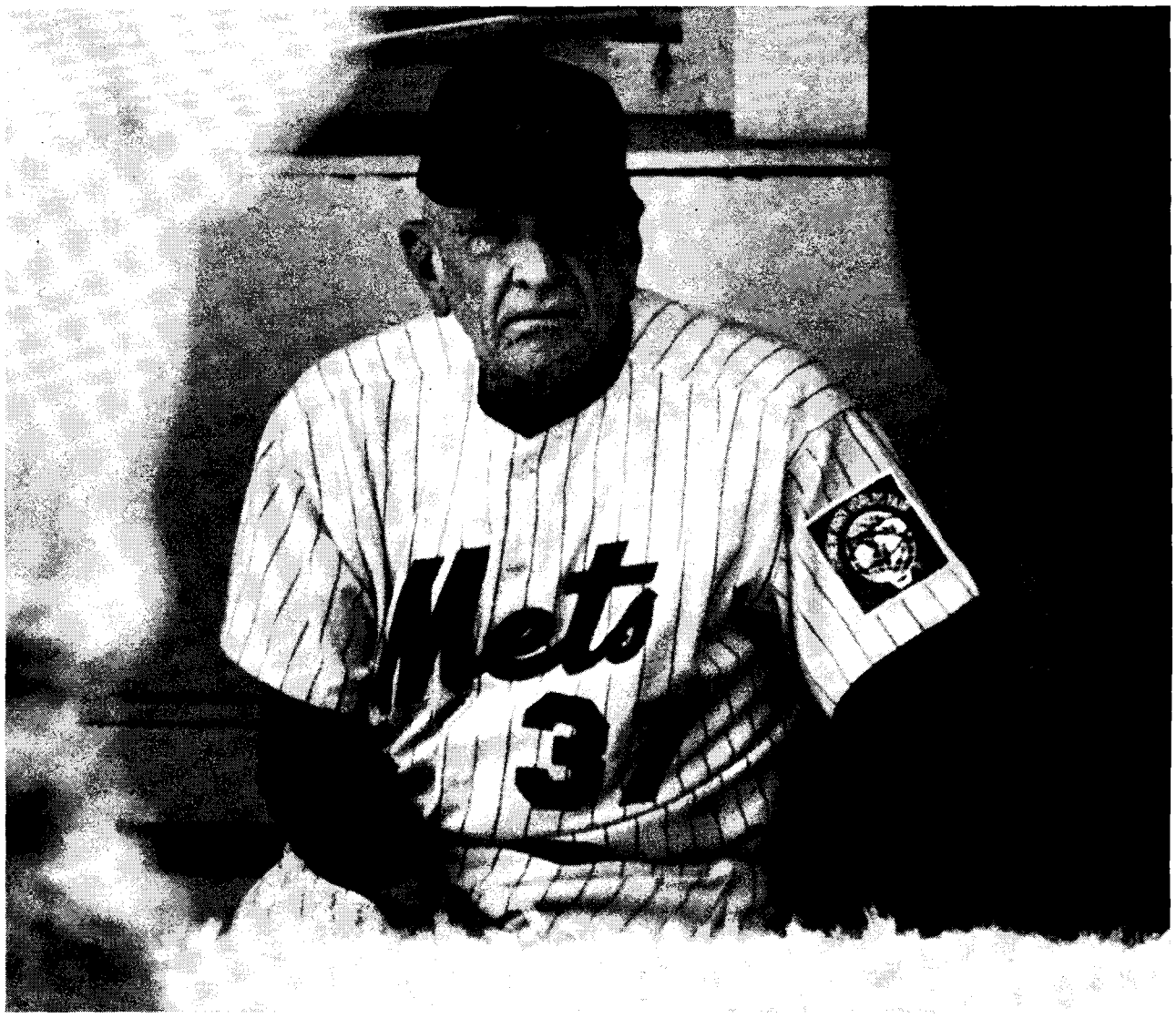
The last angry old man

Casey Stengel seems warm, lovable and shrewd. But those who know him better, know better.

By EDWARD LINN



Now 75, Casey has been accused of losing his mental alertness, even of occasionally falling asleep during ball games. "Casey has forgotten more baseball than I ever knew," says ex-Met Jimmy Piersall. "That's the trouble, he's forgotten it."

When the New York Yankees came back from a 3–1 deficit in the 1958 World Series to win the last three games, Casey Stengel mounted the baggage trunk to deliver the customary victory address to the writers and the television cameras. "I couldn't have done it," he said, "without the players"—a proposition he quite obviously hoped would not be taken too seriously. Casey always wanted as much credit as he could get.

Certainly he deserved a good deal of it. In his first five years as manager of the Yankees, the man once ridiculed as a clown won an unprecedented five straight pennants and World Series. Overall, he won 10 pennants and seven World Series before the Yankees fired him for growing old.

These days Casey wants to take credit for the Mets' incredible success, even though it is financial rather than artistic. They have finished a solid last each year, and their name has become synonymous with ineptitude, but they outdrew the Yankees at home by close to half a million fans last season, and this year's attendance is running even farther ahead.

"Now they say," Stengel goes on, "'if you ever win you won't draw.' That's a lot of bull. We *sold* this team. I get more mail than anybody in the country. I have friends all over this city from playing with Brooklyn and New York and the Yankees."

He is somewhat more modest about accepting the responsibility for their record. He deflects it, very nicely, by ridiculing the players and by blaming the team for the total ills of mankind. Is Casey's arm in a cast as a result of tripping over a doorway at West Point? "I got this broken arm from watching my team," he'll tell a visitor. "We're improving magnificently. All they gave me last year was a head cold."

Casey Stengel, as you can see, is a remarkable man. On July 30, a date to be noted by all serious students of geriatrics, he will be 75 years old. To realize how old that is, you have to remember that when Stengel played his first game in Brooklyn in 1912, the team was known as the Superbas and the opposing shortstop was Honus Wagner.

The most remarkable thing of all about Stengel, though, is that at the age of 57 he was a minor-league manager with no more reputation for wizardry or clairvoyance than one might expect of a man who had managed in the major leagues for nine years without ever getting out of the second division. If you really want to get technical he had a 10th year in there. The Brooklyn Dodgers thought so much of him that in 1937 they paid him a full year's salary *not* to manage.

At the age of 58, when most men are beginning to study the tides and the Social Security tables, Stengel became manager of the Yankees, an appointment which startled the baseball world. After 21 years of working with inferior—and infuriating—ballplayers, the old man finally had players who could (to use his favorite word) execute. The game of baseball has not been the same since. With a full squad to work with, Stengel showed that the bench and the bullpen were just as important as the starting lineup. He demonstrated, almost daily, how games could be won by protecting even the good hitters from their one weakness, and choosing the one best spot to exploit a weaker hitter's strength. It was Stengel who showed them that your top pinch hitter should be wheeled in at the first opportunity to break the game open, instead of being husbanded until the late innings. And it was Stengel who showed everybody that, in the age of the lively ball, the relief pitcher was the most valuable man on any squad.

The man he showed it with was a fast-balling left-hander named Joe Page. Page came in 60 times for Stengel that first season, winning the championship for him and, undoubtedly, saving his job. When Page left two years later with a dead arm, Casey didn't even thank him. "Shake my

He takes full credit for the team's financial success, but blames players for losing.

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hand?" Page has said. "He wasn't even there to say good-bye."

Although it has become customary to talk about the great satisfaction it must have given Casey to come back and take charge of a profession that had written him off as a clown, that is not quite the whole story. When you are 58 years old, you already know who you are and what you are. Success which arrives so late can be more embittering than satisfying.

What does it do to a man to know that he can do his job better than anybody else in the world—to know in his heart that he *knows* how it should be done—and not only be denied his opportunity but to be looked upon as a garrulous fool?

Consider the field of politics. Gen. Charles de Gaulle was not summoned back to lead his country until the age of 68, and he has spent his best efforts ever since trying to settle old scores with his former allies. Konrad Adenauer had to wait until he was 72 before he became chancellor of Germany, and Syngman Rhee was 73 before he finally became president of South Korea. Once in power, they proved to be vain, imperious, stubborn old men, jealous of their authority and, in the end, unwilling to depart.

Casey Stengel is nothing if not a leader of men, and he has his full share of the great leader's vanities. But for a 75-year-old man who has always been a heavy drinker and smoker, his physical condition is incredible. All of his wrinkles are in his face. Casey has a broad chest—far broader than it appears to be in uniform—and he has the clear, smooth skin of a young man.

Casey Stengel has two faces. There is the face the public has come to know and laugh at, the gimpy, dog-eared old man winking, grimacing and babbling on in what is taken, on faith, to be profound—if not always decipherable—wisdom. The public Stengel is no myth. He is a wonderfully funny and engaging man—a wit and a comic both. He can be loyal, too, although he has generally been more loyal to his writers than to his players. His writers are his best friends, his drinking companions and, most important of all, his best and most available audience. He feeds them material daily, and he protects them by giving outsiders—particularly radio and television people—little cooperation and less information. ("Where are they," Casey likes to ask, "on a Wednesday afternoon in Houston?")

There is, of course, another side to that friendship. The writers are the people who help develop his image and who reflect it to the public. When Casey calls them "my newspapermen" and lets them see how he protects them, he is putting a rather subtle pressure on them to look upon him as "their" manager and protect him too.

But beneath the public face there is the face the underlings have come to know and resent. Casey is a strong leader, the kind of leader who not only has to run the entire show but has to know that everyone else knows he's running it. There has always been the strong suspicion that Solly Hemus, one of his original coaches with the Mets, was fired because he ignored Stengel's admonition that coaches should be seldom seen and never heard, and more particularly because he ignored it so frequently on the television show conducted by Howard Cosell, an abrasive critic who has got under Casey's skin.

The most surprising part of it all, at first glance, is that anybody who has lived as long as Stengel and enjoyed so much success should be that sensitive to criticism. "They think I never won anything before I came to the Yankees," Casey will say. "They forget I won four years earlier at Oakland." (Casey's memory is legendary. It is also inaccurate. Actually he won his pennant at Oakland the year before he came to the Yankees. He had won at Milwaukee five years earlier.)

During the height of Stengel's success with the Yankees, a reporter asked him if he had patterned his managing style after John McGraw, a natural-enough question since he had just finished telling a dozen stories about how McGraw had platooned him. "You don't copy another manager," Casey growled, "unless you want to get fired." He was so insulted that he strode up the dugout stairs, turned around and proclaimed, "He was a great man in this town, McGraw, and he won a lot of pennants. But Stengel is in town now, and he's won a lot of pennants too."

By the time Casey came to town the great name was Joe DiMaggio, and Casey—who makes few public-relations mistakes—was always very careful to bow down before the shrine. Casey will still volunteer the information that DiMaggio was the greatest player he ever managed, although the DiMaggio who was playing out his final three

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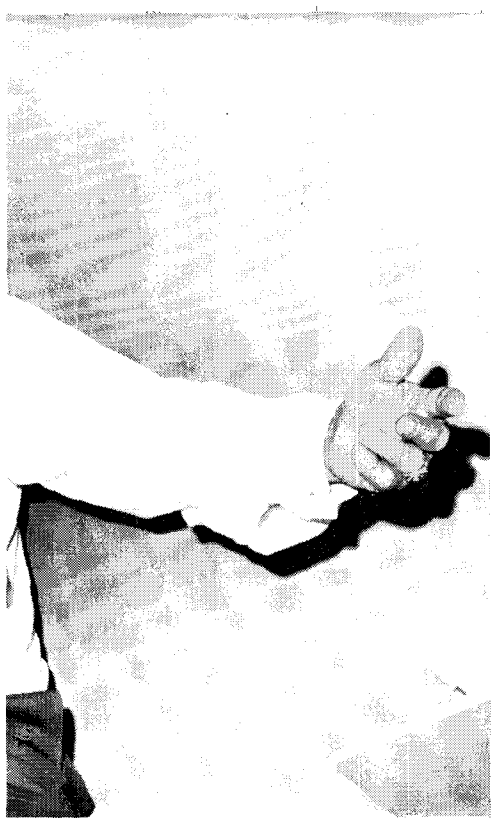

Casey broke his arm in a fall, but puts blame on the Mets. "We're improving," he says. "All they gave me last year was a head cold."

years under Stengel was far from the incomparable ballplayer he had been before the war.

But if Casey had to bow down before DiMaggio, he went to heroic lengths to avoid paying any similar homage to his next superstar, Mickey Mantle. Stengel handled Mantle by turning his back to him. When he spoke about him to the press, in the later years, it was usually to criticize him. The most puzzling incident came during the course of the luncheon that was held to announce what turned out to be Stengel's final two-year contract with the Yankees. To Casey, it was a fitting occasion to list the greatest players of his 10-year tenure. DiMaggio was the obligatory choice as the all-time champion, of course, but from there Stengel went on to name almost every Yankee who had ever made an All-Star team—except Mickey Mantle.

Casey's coldness toward Mantle bewildered the other Yankees, because Mickey, who is a remarkably good-natured, self-effacing man, has always been enormously popular with his teammates. The players not only like him, they admire him. With all that has been written about his bad legs, only the players knew how often Mantle would go back to the trainer's room, before the game, and all but faint from the sheer pain he was enduring.

Even here, Mantle received not the slightest sympathy—let alone consideration—from the master. Casey took the attitude that if Mickey wanted to sit out a game, it was up to Mickey to come and tell him so. Once it was put to him that way, Mantle made it a point of honor never to beg off.

It was no accident that when Ralph Houk took over, he immediately appointed Mantle captain and held forth whenever possible on Mickey's value to the team. Nor was it an accident that Houk told the writers, in his first press conference, that if they ever put him in the position where he had to rap a player or lie to them, he would unhesitatingly lie to them.

The most persistent criticism of Stengel has always been that he would rip his players apart to his friends, the newspapermen, for an item or a laugh. Clete Boyer, for one, never made any great secret of his distaste for Stengel. "You open the paper in the morning," Clete would say, "and you read how lousy you are."

You didn't always have to wait for the paper. Casey once conducted a visitor to the batting cage while Jerry Lumpe, a good, all-round infielder, was spraying line drives to all fields. "That's Lumpe," Casey said loudly. "He's a great hitter until I play him."

There was never very much to be gained, though, in criticizing anything Stengel ever did with the Yankees. You kept running up against that record. With the Mets he is far more vulnerable. While it is true enough that New York's great romance with the Mets seems to be based upon the ball club's lovable incompetence, you do have the feeling that *somebody* should defend the players. Stengel defends his bullpen pitchers by saying, "What am I supposed to do with the plumbers I got down there?"

He can get considerably more specific. The only good defensive catcher the Mets have ever had is Chris Cannizzaro (whom Casey always calls Canzoneri). When Cannizzaro made two errors in one game, Casey told his writers, "He's a remarkable catcher, that Canzoneri. He's the only defensive catcher in baseball who can't catch."

Everybody laughed heartily, except possibly Cannizzaro.

Tim Harkness (whom Casey always called Harshman) found nothing at all to laugh about in his ye[illegible]plus with the Mets, unless he was a[illegible] to find something riotously funn[illegible] in being constantly belittled and debased. In Harkness's first game—the opening game of 1963—the Mets were shut out, 7–0. All Casey seemed concerned about afterward was Harkness's failure to handle a hot shot hit down to him by Bill White, a play so difficult that it was judged a hit, not an error. "I'll give him a week to play himself off the club," Casey snorted.

No matter how strenuously Stengel ridicules his players, however, the manager of a team that has set previously undreamed of marks for losing ("They've shown me ways to lose I never knew existed.") is open to some mild criticism himself. Casey is a remarkable old man, all right, but he is still an old man, given to an old man's wanderings.

Jimmy Piersall, who left the Mets in some acrimony, sums up the rising criticism in his usual puckish way. "Everybody knows that Casey has forgotten more baseball than I'll ever know," Jimmy says. "That's the trouble, he's forgotten it."

Somewhat less puckishly, Piersall says, "Casey isn't a manager anymore, he's just on display."

Jackie Robinson, never a fan of

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Stengel's, observed last May that Casey had grown so old that he had lost his mental alertness, and reporters have written that he has even been known to drop off to sleep on the bench during a game. The Mets were playing a night game in Los Angeles when the story hit the papers, and while Casey has occasionally been caught without a pinch hitter he has never been caught without a line. "I don't want to get involved with Robinson," he told his writers. "He was a great ballplayer once. But everyone knows," Casey said, referring to the firm Robinson once worked for, "that he's now Chock Full o'Nuts."

The Mets were catching a chartered plane to Houston after the game, a trip that took six and a half hours. Casey very quickly gathered a full contingent of writers around him and began one of those nonstop discussions (read *monologue*) which he so enjoys and so completely dominates.

The writers came and went in shifts, and Casey kept talking.

The moment the plane hit the runway, he bounced up and was off and talking again. On the bus to the hotel he announced that he wanted all his newspapermen to have breakfast with him. He talked on through breakfast, holding the writers to his table as long as possible. When the last writer had escaped, Casey went out to the lobby, collected a crowd of strangers around him and continued his marathon talk until he was ready to leave for the park late in the afternoon.

After the game, he took some of his newspapermen to the Coachman's Club, which normally closes at one A.M. Out of deference to Stengel, it remained open for an extra hour that night.

Casey Stengel had remained in view for something like 36 hours, chattering away. The subject of Robinson's criticism never came up, and yet everybody was fully aware that the old man was demonstrating that he was not quite in need of a warm cup of milk and a long night's sleep.

Casey Stengel will not go softly into that good-night; he will expire either drinking Scotch or ridiculing the Mets.

As everybody who covers the team knows, however, Casey *has* dozed off occasionally during a game. It would be astonishing if he didn't. On the road, where he loves to sit up and drink with his writers, his normal schedule seems to call for him to retire at two A.M. and rise at four A.M.

When the Mets are at bat these days, he is almost always standing up, not only to make sure that he remains alert but, it seems, to let everybody see that he is alert. He was surprisingly sensitive about the broken wrist too. When he first came out to the dugout on his return to Shea Stadium, he posed only a few minutes for his friends, the photographers. Then he took off the sling, flung it away and snapped, "Why don't you go take some pictures of the Yankee manager? I hear he's having troubles too."

For the next few days he found occasion to show the out-of-town writers the street shoes that had indirectly caused all his troubles by not being worn, a not very subtle way of making it clear that he had not fallen but had caught his spikes. For who, after all, falls and breaks his bones? Why, old men fall and break their bones.

If you want to see a 75-year-old man bristle, just hint to Casey Stengel that it is hard to see how the Mets could have lost any more games under any manager than they have lost under him. "Who would *you* have played that I haven't?" he shouts. "We're still trying to get ten or twelve men who are *big*-league players in the *second division*. If the man is gonna strike out, you can't call a hit-and-run, can you? So they say you got a bad manager."

It is easy enough to understand why Casey absolves himself of all blame once he is kind enough to point out all the other candidates. There is, first and foremost, the league itself.

Casey has always been bitter about the poor crop of players that was put into the expansion pool. "They forgot us in this league," he says, "even more than in the other." He has become increasingly bitter about the established teams' disinclination to help him even when his need is desperate. Casey knows that money can't buy ballplayers anymore, but he did feel he was entitled to a little consideration when second baseman Ron Hunt, his best player, broke his shoulder early in the year. "They wanted $150,000 for a player they can't use themselves," he said, "twice as much as they'd ask from anybody else. They say they don't. They're fibbing."

He also blames his own front office, not too surprising when you consider that the three other expansion clubs have all improved so much more rapidly than the Mets. He blames the front office particularly for their original player selections. "We took too many *names*. Excellent names. High-salaried names. Wonderful fellows, but at the end of their string."

Stengel's greatest disappointment, his great disillusionment really, came when he discovered that neither his name nor his charm could induce the better young prospects to sign with the Mets. In the Mets' first year, Casey even left the team for a day to try to exert the power of Mrs. Payson's money and his own personality upon that season's hottest young prospect, pitcher Bob Garibaldi. Garibaldi listened patiently, but eventually signed with San Francisco. The experience was so unsettling that Casey has never laid his prestige on the line like that again.

"Why shouldn't they want to play in New York?" Casey was saying earlier this season, as he was changing into his uniform. "Why shouldn't they want to play in the best field in baseball? Our uniform is as good as theirs. We live as good as anybody. They can play here fast if they have the ability. They can *make* this team if they put in the time. They can play in the *big* leagues in the *big* city and if they were in baseball for twelve years that would be something tremendous."

But before long the recruiting speech gives way to an old man's perpetual bewilderment at youth's perpetual lack of wisdom.

"The Youth of America," he snorted. "You say, 'Here is the opportunity,' and the Youth of America says, 'How much are you going to pay me?'

"It's like going to the university," he said. "They want the biggest, the best, the most. All of them twisting around. If necessary, we'll pay the bonuses but they should *earn* it." All at once the old man was shouting angrily, "All right, go make the mistake, but quit making eight or nine of them!"

Then, suddenly, the anger passed. He began to chortle, and he was the lovable Casey Stengel again, serving up a small portion of Stengelese. "They're young enough to field the ball. Are they smart enough to make the play?" He had stripped down to his flaming-red shorts—a sort of trade-mark by now—and he began to make sweeping motions with his good arm. You could all but hear the fandango music in the background. "They protect you in the field," he said, "with the *appliances*. They give them *appliances* that are like a net. The first baseman used to carry a postage stamp, now they carry fishing nets. They used to say 'Two hands for the beginners,' but it counts just as much if he catches it with one hand, don't it?"

Casey was beginning to enjoy himself, and he knew that his visitor was enjoying him too. "They can protect you in the field," he said, in a singsong mocking voice, "but they can't protect you with the bat. These old pitchers are too smart for them and"—a note of satisfaction, close to malice, had crept into his voice—"they're going to *stay* too smart."

He was swinging an imaginary bat now, one-handed. "The Youth of America," he said. "You bring them in and they swing as hard as they can and you tell them to just me-e-e-t the ball, and they look at you. They don't know their hitting area, so they swing at balls they can't hit, and when you try to protect 'em they say"—mincing tone—"'The fellow isn't playing me.' If they'll put in the time instead of saying 'I didn't get a chance,' they can *make* this team. They're lucky. They can find out in two years whether they can make this team, instead of five years. I'll stay with them. I'm interested in building this team. That's why I took the job."

That made it sound as if he were planning on staying around for another epoch or two. "That's *my* business," he says. Has he no plans for quitting? "I don't have to tell anybody my personal business. My job is to get this team rolling. I'll tell you one thing; whoever manages this club next will have better players."

And then Casey was saying, "I have to ask what is wrong with myself and say, 'It ought to be done faster.' We held players too long and some were too independent and not too serious. They didn't progress every year. Things happen and you say, 'Maybe I ought to be in another line of business.'"

But the mood passes quickly. The Old Man did not suffer through all those years of undeserved ridicule in order to discover, here at the end, that he was only a poor clown after all. Fully dressed now except for his shoes, he pointed a finger into his visitor's face. "I should get more help here. I got to do it all myself." He looked down challengingly, then nodded abruptly. "*And*," he said, "*I can do it too!*" □

"I wouldn't, and I'll tell you why. . . ."

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Those swinging beach movies

Surf and sand, bikinis and the Big Beat are among the ingredients that have helped create a pint-sized teen-age aristocracy.

By RICHARD WARREN LEWIS

The line of cars on Highway 69 leading to the Pine Drive-in, in Waterbury Conn., stood bumper-to-bumper for nearly three miles. The owner of the theater had long since abandoned selling tickets. He merely circulated from car to car, collecting dollar bills in a big cardboard box, before waving the patrons through. When the black-topped grounds were filled to capacity, eager teenagers parked their cars where they could and raced inside on foot. They fidgeted as they waited, in silence. Just after twilight a chauffeur-driven convertible slowly made its entrance. Propped on the back seat, a diminutive, five-foot-nine actor with a baby face grinned and waved like Hubert Humphrey on the stump. As his car snaked along the aisles, he heard the frightening sound of 1,000 horns, all of them honking at once. Hollywood's own John Ashley was receiving a hero's welcome on one of many stops in a grinding New England personal-appearance tour. *John Ashley?* As every squealing adolescent knows, Ashley was one of the stars of *Beach Party*, the first of a seemingly endless series of teen-oriented sand-surf-and-sex musicals

There are always certain timeless features in beach movies: Here Deborah Walley (extreme right) heads a lineup of saluting sand bunnies in scene from SERGEANT DEADHEAD, a slapstick spin-off from original surfing theme.

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which have emerged as the most successful California export since the orange. Ashley is the husband of Deborah Walley, a wide-eyed, five-foot-two-inch, 95-pound, redheaded veteran of teen movies, who married him at the age of 20. They are the Lunt and Fontanne of the nation's adolescents.

In Dallas, screaming teen-agers trampled down an airport fence to get a better look at Deborah and Frankie Avalon, the stars of *Beach Blanket Bingo*. Annette Funicello has been carried over the heads of policemen to evade clutching fans while publicizing films like *Muscle Beach Party*. A department store in the Pacific Northwest reported $2,000 worth of damage in its record department after cheering adherents bowled over police and mobbed one of the leads in *Bikini Beach*.

But more important to Hollywood film makers, these adolescents have paid their way into theaters to watch their idols dance the Watusi, to ogle girls in bikini bathing suits, and to hoot at knockabout comedy. Because teen-agers buy records, watch television and patronize drive-in movie theaters, they have become a potent economic force in show business (an estimated 20 million teen-agers spend $1.5 billion annually on entertainment). One generation will have its Sinatra, another its Beatles and beaches.

Originating the beach-movie craze, and still riding its billowing crest, is a smallish, 11-year-old company with an imposing logotype. American International Pictures is headed by James H. Nicholson, 48, a natty dresser who has recently taken to lifting weights in an effort to control his increasing midriff. Two of his three daughters toil in minor beach-film roles. "A.I.P. is the happiest company in Hollywood," Nicholson is fond of saying. His partner and vice president of A.I.P. is portly Samuel Z. Arkoff, a former attorney who chews on as many as 18 oversize cigars a day in a desperate imitation of Darryl F. Zanuck. Both partners maintain projection rooms in their homes, where they hold periodic screenings for teen-agers as a way of keeping tab on their tastes.

Nicholson made his first appeal to adolescent appetites in the '50's, with a series of cheaply made delinquency films titled *Hot Rod Gang*, *Dragstrip Girl*, and *Diary of a High School Bride*. With the grubstake earned in these enterprises, he then cashed in on a sequence of horror movies with titles such as *I Was a Teenage Werewolf* and *I Was a Teenage Caveman*. This cycle was followed by "adaptations" from Edgar Allan Poe stories, including *House of Usher*, *The Raven* and *Masque of the Red Death*. Then, two years ago, A.I.P. stumbled on the most surefire recipe since the pizzaburger. *Beach Party*, made in the summer of 1963, was the creation of director William Asher, who also launched the *Bewitched* series for TV.

The prime ingredient was a fast-rising teen-age fad called surfing, in which bathers ride into shore perched on polyethylene surfboards. William Asher happened to be adept at the sport. Surfing came with its own liturgy of hippy dances and heavy-beat music, a galvanizing offshoot of the rock 'n' roll which had already captivated youthful record buyers.

A.I.P. recruited such singers as Little Stevie Wonder, Candy Johnson and the Exciters, and The Hondells to heat up the scripts. "You keep hitting the kids with this kind of music," says one producer, "and they can't help but get excited, no matter what's happening on the screen."

Even a high-school dropout could follow the plots. The good guys were always clean-shaven, well-mannered surfing buffs. The bad guys were alternately black-jacketed motorcycle riders or predatory adults trying to invade the surfers' cozy little society, a fantasy of life-without-chaperones in a beachhouse, where the sun-tanned beach boys slept in one room and the beach girls in another.

Frankie Avalon, relaxing from DEADHEAD chores, has no doubts about his bright future: "Like, it'll happen."

In the current *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini*, for instance, Frankie Avalon is summoned to Naval Reserve duty on a remote Pacific island. There a friendly witch doctor (Buster Keaton) transforms him into a pelican so he can fly back to the beach, where he fears his girl, Annette Funicello, may succumb to the blandishments of another surfer. As the pelican hovers over the beach, the head of an ad agency (Mickey Rooney) is searching for the perfect American girl with which to stuff the perfect bikini he is merchandising. . . .

After the first film, actors were forbidden to drink or smoke on camera, an ingenuous palliative for parents whose offspring already were puffing a pack a day. Gooey love scenes were bypassed in favor of tentative pecks on the lips and cheek.

Plot sequences included pie throwing, paint throwing, pillow fights, and fist-swinging skirmishes between the surfers and the motorcycle gangs. Whenever a lull occurred in the script, someone would yell, "Surf's up," whereupon everybody ran across the beach and paddled surfboards into the ocean. Chimpanzees on motor bikes and Martians descending from outer space provided comic relief. To beef up marquee value, producers hired such stars as Bob Cummings, Dorothy Malone, Buddy Hackett, Keenan Wynn, Martha Hyer and Dorothy Lamour.

Once A.I.P. makes a movie, A.I.P. promotes it. Typical was an appearance John Ashley recently made in Calgary, Canada. Stepping off a plane, he received a thunderous, prearranged welcome from thousands of fans, most of them girls with their hair up in curlers. Following suggestions in hundreds of radio spot announcements and newspaper ads, they carried banners reading WE LOVE JOHN. Ashley autographed textbooks, pieces of paper, hands, arms and legs. Photographers shot pictures of him and the two local girls who had won "A Date with John Ashley."

Four motorcycle policemen, their sirens blaring as they ran through red lights, escorted him into town. They headed a caravan of hot rods, jalopies and sports cars that carried 30 young girls, clad in bikinis, and a live band, the yellow-jacketed Calgary Echoes, playing *Twist and Shout*, *Beach Party* and *Long Tall Sally*. Ashley sat in a shiny convertible and waved enthusiastically at curious citizens who lined the streets. "Anytime I get depressed and feel I'm not doing as well as I should," says Ashley, "I go on the road for a week. I come back to my wife thinking I'm Rock Hudson."

Buster Keaton, hired to give a marquee boost to HOW TO STUFF A WILD BIKINI, plays a friendly white witch doctor. Bobbi Shaw (in lap) and Irene Tsu cooperate.

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As soon as he checked into the hotel, Ashley began playing Hollywood star. "I tipped like it was going out of style," he explains. "When I walked through the door, I looked at the bellhops and said: 'OK, boys, line up.' I gave them all a ten. And I said: 'Be there when I need you.' And man, they followed me into the rest room. You've got to play the role, they expect it of you. I got a shine and a manicure every day I was there. Every day I left five for the maid."

Ashley also dressed like Hollywood's concept of a goodwill ambassador. His beige gabardine trousers were tapered and cuffless. He wore dark-brown suede shoes and a muted gold shirt with French cuffs and a roll collar. He smoked an expensive panatela as he played host to a press conference in his suite. "There's always a couple of bottles of Scotch in the room when I arrive," reports Ashley. "When I'm on tour, I drink a lot to keep my energy going. But I never go to an appearance with liquor on my breath, or stoned, and I never say anything derogatory about the business. It's kind of I-love-everybody-and-everybody's-my-friend-and-they're-all-great."

His whirlwind Calgary visit lasted three days. During that period he visited three theaters, dropped into every pop-music radio station, taped two television shows, toured newspaper offices and autographed arm and leg casts at a children's hospital. "We sell 'em and keep selling 'em the whole time I'm in town," he says.

The effect of such deliberate campaigning is reflected in American International's fat box-office receipts. The movie which launched the fad, *Beach Party*, was filmed in two weeks for under $500,000 and had a promotional push of approximately the same cost. It returned an estimated six million dollars. A.I.P. officials are loath to reveal exact figures, but *Bikini Beach*, budgeted at $600,000, should ultimately gross about 10 times its cost. Since an actor's status in Hollywood traditionally is equated with the financial success of his last picture, the performers in A.I.P. films have also reaped some significant dividends. A motley new Establishment of movie royalty has emerged, composed in large part of pint-sized actors.

The queen of the beach is pudgy Annette Funicello (pronounced foona-sello), a graduate of television's *Mickey Mouse Club*. Miss Funicello does not enjoy swimming, does not surf, and does not fit comfortably into a bikini. "The only part I don't like about filming them is at the beach," she admits in a squeaky voice. "I don't really enjoy that."

Yet Annette is a full-fledged living doll to millions of teen-agers. They know all about her sequin-topped car that has 40 coats of purple-colored lacquer baked on its body, plush purple carpeting and purple tuck-and-roll leather upholstery. They copy her wardrobe and devour articles written about her with provocative titles such as, "The Men in My Bedroom." (The men were the stuffed animals she used to collect.) They have made her wealthy on royalties from Annette cutouts, makeup kits, dolls, coloring books, games, recordings and T-shirts, and solicit advice from her in as many as 5,000 letters a week. The most uncomplimentary criticism has not succeeded in dislodging her from her enviable perch. "Miss Funicello's most noteworthy assets," Dale Olson once wrote in a *Variety* review, "are the measurements she has developed since her Mickey Mouse Club days."

Her figure has not been lost on A.I.P. cameraman Floyd Crosby, who has a habit of using her full-length profile to frame dull dialogue scenes. She also impressed 34-year-old Jack Gilardi, her Napoleonic five-foot-four-inch agent. He married his star client in Hollywood last January. Three months later, the week before she began shooting *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini*, Annette excitedly announced she was pregnant.

If Annette is the queen of the beach, the king is one-time teen-age singing idol Frankie Avalon. He is now nearing 25, and most of the acne that once dotted his forehead is gone. So are a number of other reminders of his early career. The manager who guided Avalon from being a skinny, $75-a-week Philadelphia trumpeter to a $7,500-a-week nightclub heavyweight, and who served as best man at his wedding, was unceremoniously dumped last year. So was the press agent who constantly reminded the world that even with the $250,000 Frankie had accumulated in trust by age 21, he was still an unaffected, innocent boy.

The shy posture once adopted by Avalon—and perpetuated in most of his film roles—is also a thing of the past. Ten days before his marriage to a blonde, former Miss Rheingold contestant in 1963, front-page headlines in a Los Angeles newspaper announced a paternity suit had been filed against Avalon. The suit charged that he was the father of a two-year-old daughter, born out of wedlock. The child, its mother claimed, had been conceived in a car parked outside Avalon's Frank Lloyd Wright-built house. While the suit was quietly settled out of court, the two sons since legally born to Avalon have been loudly trumpeted. So have his newfound interests in scale-model trains, stamp and coin collecting, astronomy, landscape painting and dahlia raising.

Avalon recently signed for 10 pictures with American International, which has granted him a percentage of their profits and associate-producer billing in five of them. The company pays him roughly $35,000 a film to sing a couple of songs, to function as Miss Funicello's boyfriend, and to simulate the form of a champion surfer.

"Every kid thinks he can sing as well as Frankie, and they know they can surf as well as he can, even if it's on a skateboard," says one of his co-stars, actress Yvonne Craig. "When he doesn't make out with the girl, teen-agers think: 'Hah, hah. I could make out with her.' They don't laugh with him, they laugh at him. It makes them feel superior, therefore they like him. The situation is completely different from that of two generations ago when stars were idolized because they were larger than life." "I don't doubt that I will become one of the great matinee idols," Avalon predicts. "Something has come over me where I have the confidence. Like, it'll happen."

Supporting Funicello and Avalon in many of the beach films are the team of the Ashleys. Both share loftier ambitions than beach movies. "I consider myself a fair-to-middling actress, and I'm not working as hard as I am just to be in these pictures for the rest of my life," Deborah explains. "I wouldn't see these films if I wasn't involved in them myself. But it's better to do something and gain the experience, exposure and recognition than to do nothing and hope."

Her husband agrees with her. "If you're going to survive, you have to do mass-appeal films," says Ashley, who holds a B.A. degree in economics from Oklahoma State University. "People forget that Cagney and Bogart and Wayne cranked out fifteen or twenty pictures a year in the 'forties. They weren't good films, but they gave them great exposure to the audience. I needed that kind of exposure. I can't knock these films. They keep me in a high tax bracket. You have to stash it away while you can, and if someone important spots you in one of these pictures, you're off. Then I can forget the tours, and those screaming girls."

The scream problem has not faced singing star Donna Loren (born Donna Zukor), the Nellie Melba of beach movies. "The other people on these pictures are screamed at and scratched apart," she says. "But me, nobody grabs me. They just stand and wait and treat me with all the respect in the world. I'm on a little pedestal."

Miss Loren's self-analyzed uniqueness often

Another marquee booster, Mickey Rooney, claws his way through Salli Sachse (left), Linda Opie Bent, and a horrified Sue Hamilton to see WILD BIKINI *in action.*

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Polyethylene surfboard, a beacher trademark, is toted by John Ashley, off-screen husband of companion Deborah Walley.

extends to her activities on the set. She has committed the heresy of *refusing* to wear a bikini in *Bikini Beach* or any other films "I don't believe in going up there and sticking a bikini on and shaking around," she insists. Donna's father, Morris Zukor, agrees: "If you have real talent, you don't have to show your body."

Either Zukor or his wife is in constant attendance when Donna is working, and so are the tutor and welfare worker required by California law for all actors under 18, and they all provide Donna with a shield from some of the more unsavory elements of quickie film making. "On one of these sets you can learn about life in three weeks," Donna says. "Thank God, I have parents who are guiding me and helping me."

Miss Loren's superior singing voice has won her a contract with Capitol Records, and she, too, has plenty of upward motivation. "My eleven-year-old brother can go to these shows and memorize the lines," she says. "It's always the same sort of dialogue, never anything fresh or new. I go for something more grabbing, more significant."

Despite their obvious flaws, however, there is no doubt that beach films are grabbing a huge repeat audience of teen-agers. "It's the titling of these films that is really important for the kids," says Director Asher, who now usually collaborates on the scripts. "It's like a television series, in a sense, these sequels. You can't call each one the same. But the similarity of titles identifies the product, and the teen-agers go and see it."

Clad in fox-head *espadrilles*, Asher spends the bulk of his time directing his wife, Elizabeth Montgomery, in her *Bewitched* episodes. But when working shoeless on a stretch of Pacific sand north of Malibu called Leo Carrillo Beach, Asher is more properly in his element. Bare-chested to display his stocky, heavily muscled torso, he prowls the sand in walking shorts or a bathing suit, puffing incessantly on cigarillos. To complete these assembly-line productions within their tight schedules and budgets, he rarely shoots more than one or two takes of the same scene.

Often, while directing, Asher must assume the added burdens of a combination den father and disciplinarian for many of the young beach boys and girls who serve as a human backdrop in every production. One older actor, 30-year-old Jody McCrea, at first caused some concern.

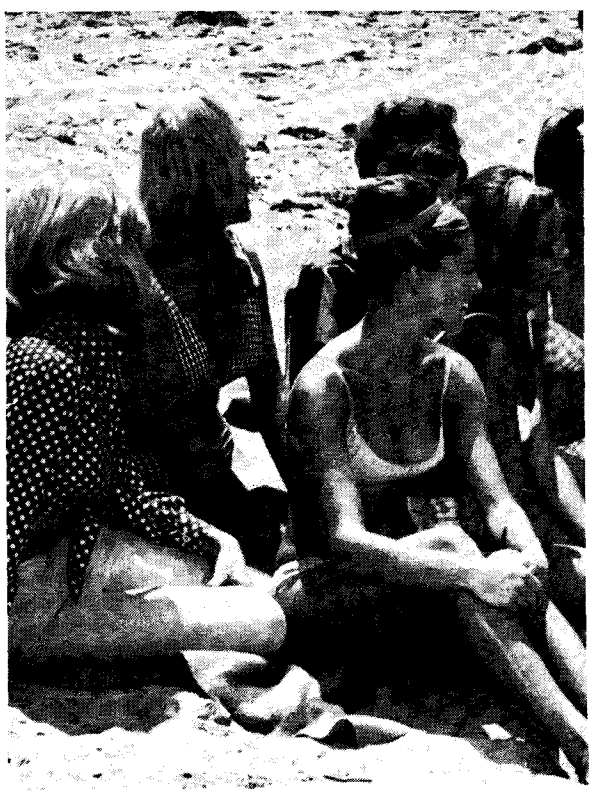
A strapping, six-foot-three-inch son of former Western actor Joel McCrea, Jody's screen image is that of the clown prince of the beach. Early in his career he doubled on horseback for the elder McCrea and later worked on films his father produced. He is most always introduced and publicized by A.I.P. as the son of Joel McCrea.

When not on camera, McCrea has been known to roughhouse and frolic in the sand with some of the beach girls. On *Beach Party*, for example, McCrea apparently took the title too literally. His constant target was Dorothy Malone, mother of two, who at the time was embroiled in a divorce action with actor Jacques Bergerac. He started making a play for her, John Ashley recalls. "She was too much of a lady to say anything," says Ashley. "It got so bad, I threatened to punch him out."

A.I.P. executives are said to have called McCrea on the carpet and threatened to cancel his contract. This prospect apparently has caused McCrea to reform. His conduct has been impeccable for more than a year. Perhaps to prove his turnabout, he wrote letters to the Duke of Edinburgh as well as to Washington agencies, offering himself for membership in the World Wildlife Fund, a group dedicated to the perpetuation of nearly extinct animals.

Twenty-four-year-old Tommy Kirk, another multiple-picture-contract A.I.P. actor, has not been as fortunate as McCrea. Shortly after he enjoyed top billing in *Pajama Party*, Kirk had the bad luck to be arrested on suspicion of possessing marijuana. He spent most of Christmas Day, 1964, in jail. The charge was dismissed, but the notoriety is believed to have cost him a plum role in a John Wayne film, *The Sons of Katie Elder*. In the spring of 1965, he was cast as the lead in *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini*, only to be hastily relieved of this assignment on the first day of shooting. The studio gave no reason for its decision.

The most toothsome participants in the A.I.P. formula films are a dozen gum-chewing, physical



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specimens known as the Beach Girls. Most of them are sun- or bottle-bleached blond novices who were discovered surfing on the beaches at Malibu or stopping traffic on the Sunset Strip. Their sole specialty is the manner in which they fill a bikini.

In every beach film, for little more money than minimum union scale, they twist their torsos to lowdown music while alert cameramen focus on their sometimes spectacular anatomy.

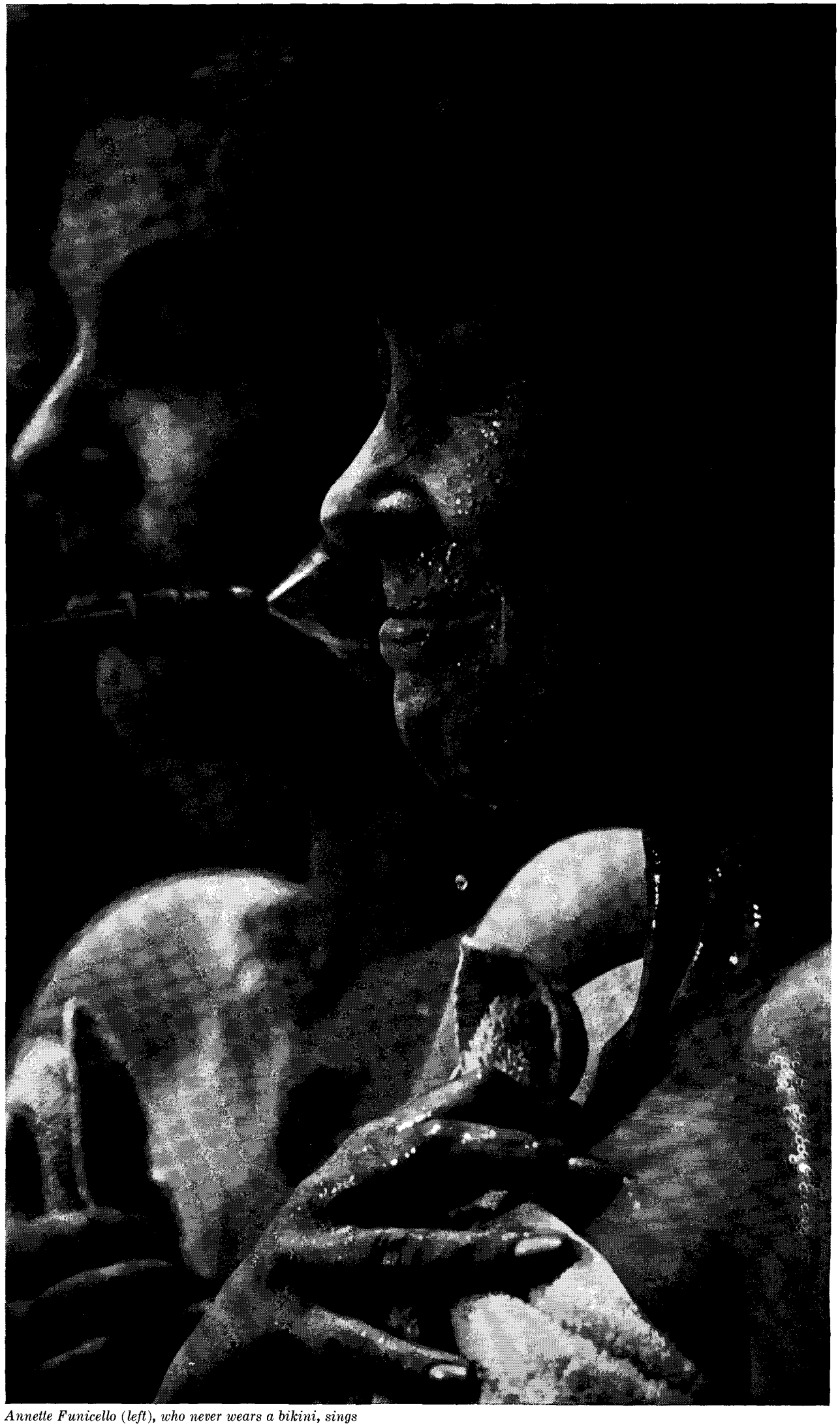
One of the memorable figures in the beach group belongs to Susan Hart, a 23-year-old brunette of Indian-Scandinavian extraction who caused a minor stir in *Pajama Party* by performing a scorching dance number in a heavily padded outfit. Before this debut, Miss Hart had signed a three-picture contract with A.I.P. Suddenly, she was released from her mundane beach chores and handed the lead in one of the company's science-fiction films, *War-Gods of the Deep*. Her promotion was accompanied by propaganda describing her as the prototype of a plan in which A.I.P. was attempting to create its own new stars.

Perhaps more accurately, her overnight prominence reflected her romance with A.I.P. president, James Nicholson. Currently involved in a contested divorce action with his wife of 26 years, Nicholson has said he plans to marry Miss Hart. Nicholson's wife, Sylvia, 43, meanwhile contents herself with $1,650 temporary monthly alimony payments and newspaper comment on the Hart-Nicholson romance, until her auditors are finished examining the A.I.P. books.

These findings should explode the well-guarded secret of exactly how many dollars the beach pictures are earning—and perhaps give some idea of the future for teen-age movies.

"There's a great danger that too many of these films are being made," says Len Weinrib, who directed *Beach Ball*, a competitive movie that cost $130,000. "Oversaturation makes you nervous, but it's also very good for your creativity. It makes you ingenious. You have to find a new way to say something that's been said over and over."

That new way will take the bikini girls and Watusi dances away from the surf and transfer them to Alpine lodges and ski lifts. Already three independent film makers have shifted focus and are aiming films like Snow Job, *Snowball* and *Winter A-Go-Go* for fall bookings. Meanwhile A.I.P. has already released *Ski Party*. Reno Carell, a bespectacled producer who a year ago labored as a Vic Tanny instructor, has conceived just the sort of gimmicks necessary for the $275,000-budgeted *Go Go* to attract the existing audience. His film features girls skiing in bikinis and gliding through a new dance step he has dubbed "The Ski." "These tight ski pants and sweaters," Carell says happily, "they're pretty sexy too." □



Annette Funicello (left), who never wears a bikini, sings for girls in WILD BIKINI *cast. Makeup will not stay on in the surf, so the best way to get Jo Collins, of* DEADHEAD, *wet is to have a prop man turn on a shower.*

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Editorials

Marilyn Monroe versus Uncle Sam

Marilyn Monroe was not really the great comedienne that some of her intellectual admirers claimed she was. But she was one of our heroines. To look at her was enjoyment, and we delighted in her delights and sorrowed in her sorrows, and when she killed herself, we were all left the poorer for the loss of her.

All of us except the Internal Revenue Service. On page 16 Stewart Alsop remarks on the benefits that accrue to those who find ways of not paying taxes. We wish them all the best. But we also remember Marilyn Monroe, who did pay heavy taxes, and who left an estate estimated at $1 million. In her will, she created a $100,000 trust fund to pay $5,000 a year for the care of her mother, who is a mental patient in California, and the income from this trust fund was eventually to be spent on research on mental illness. There were other bequests that were typical of Miss Monroe—some money to a half sister, some to a former secretary, some to a friend and his wife for the education of their daughter.

There were creditors too. An agent, a psychiatrist, a drama coach, among others, all claimed a share of the dead star's money. But the most insistent and most powerful creditor was the Internal Revenue Service. Successful artists and performers, the very people who make life enjoyable, come into a very high tax bracket, of course—though many of them twist and squirm to find ways of alleviating the financial pain. Miss Monroe, presumably on the advice of tax experts, claimed a lot of deductions which the government has disallowed, and her contracts called for a lot of deferred income that is only now being paid to her estate—income for which none of the usual deductions can be claimed. After the tax collector has his way, there apparently will be no money for the star's mother, or her friends and relatives, or the child she wanted to put through school.

To the conventional admirer of our economic system, it might once have seemed that Marilyn Monroe's financial career was a testimonial to that system. She was a girl who came from nowhere, and, according to the last estimates, her movies had grossed $200 million. It might be thought that she had some right to bequeath some money to somebody she cared about—but that requires an invulnerable knowledge of tax laws, trust funds and all the rest of it. The Internal Revenue Service follows the rules, and its computers have no prejudices that favor beautiful blondes. So Marilyn Monroe, in death, must pay her share of the space program, Vietnam, farm subsidies, veterans' benefits and the interest on the national debt. And the rest of us, in all probability, will eventually have to pay for the care of the hospitalized woman who could not be helped by her own daughter.

Our man in Saigon

Since we are fighting for peace and democracy in South Vietnam, Americans would do well to become acquainted with the head of the government we are supporting with thousands of troops and millions of dollars. This may seem a little difficult, since there have been nine governments in 20 months, but as of this writing, the successor to General Minh, General Khanh, Doctor Oanh, Tran Van Huong, and Doctor Quat is a bizarre 34-year-old pilot named Nguyen Cao Ky. Air Marshal Ky wears purple scarves and flies a purple airplane. He recently had a suspected Communist terrorist executed in public, which prompted the Communists to execute an American prisoner. He also broke off diplomatic relations with France, ordered the closing of Saigon newspapers and threatened to shoot anyone he considers guilty of profiteering. As an added oddity, he likes to recite his own love poems in public. He is indeed an unusual man to serve as leader of the forces of freedom.

Don't breathe deeply

It has been charged that breathing New York City air is the equivalent of smoking two packs of cigarettes a day—which is quite a lot for nonsmokers. There's a comic line that runs "Visit New York—but don't drink the water or breathe the air." If the currently diminishing water supply holds out, a person who is not too fastidious can count on being able to drink it, but there is some doubt about the air. New Yorkers claim that at times they can chew the air, and that if you drop it, it will bounce. People can learn to smile when they are taking deep breaths of soot, but it might be worth thinking of future generations before we let ourselves turn the air above us into a giant dumping ground. If New York can boast the foulest air, the air is also foul in cities across the nation, and the reason for it is the same everywhere. The air is filthy because of greed and apathy. People dump their industrial garbage in the air because that is the easiest way to dispose of it, and people uncomplainingly breathe it because it doesn't actually kill them (unless they have respiratory diseases). The problem is that there is no quick, commercial profit in clean air. In fact, we're lucky that nobody has yet discovered a commercially profitable use for polluted air.

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